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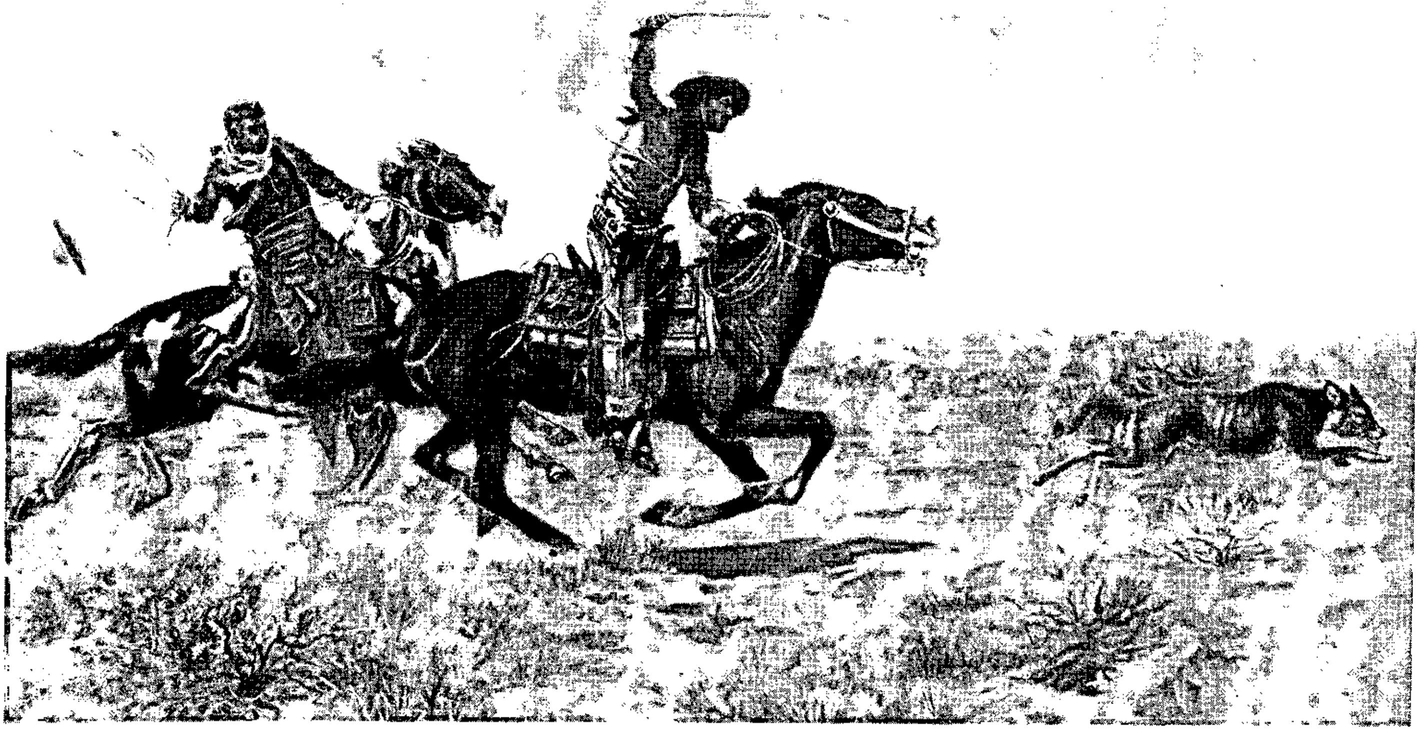

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1—Ambushed, 10x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 10x14
3—A Loose Cinch, 8½x11
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 10x13
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 8x11½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 9x12
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 8½x15
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 9x12
9—Bucking Bronco, 9x12
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15—Close Quarters, 10x11
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25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
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42—The Jerkline, 10x14
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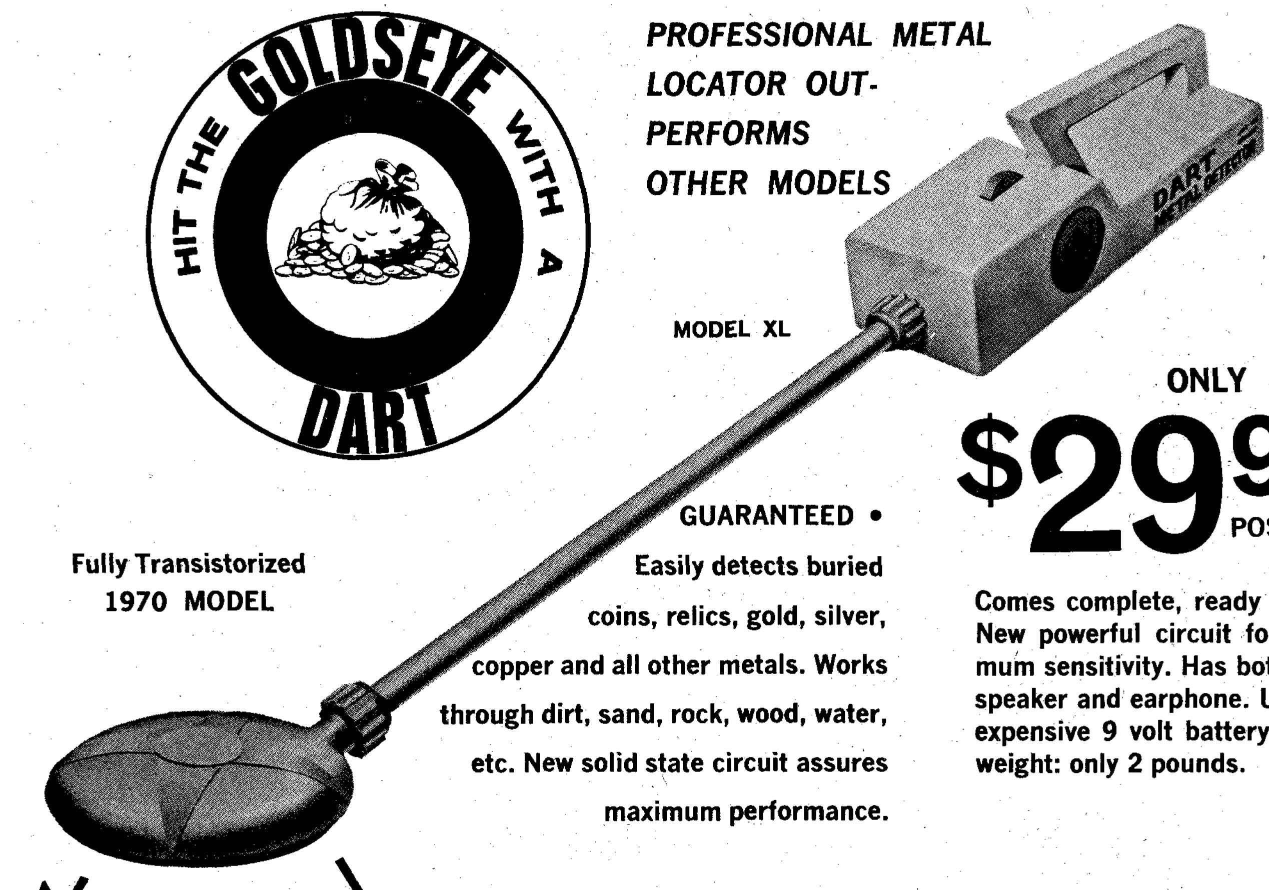

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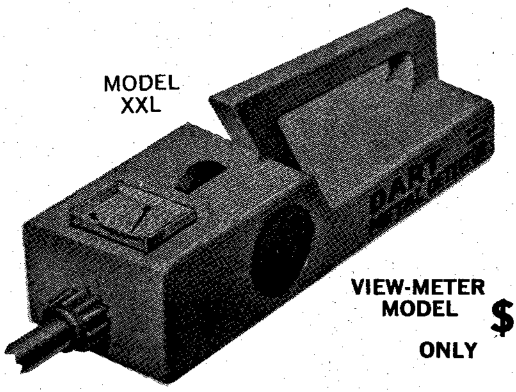

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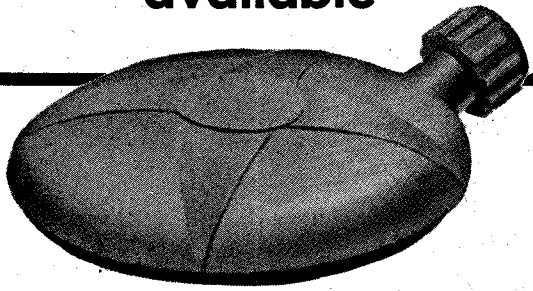

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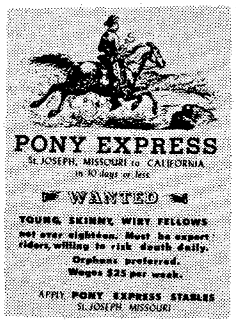
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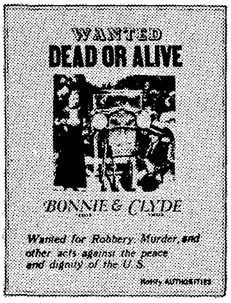
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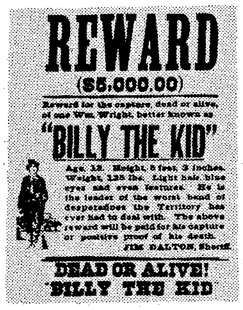
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April-May, 1970
Vol. 44, No. 3
New Series No. 6

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Cover: Darwin Van Campen
"Spring in Saguaro Land"

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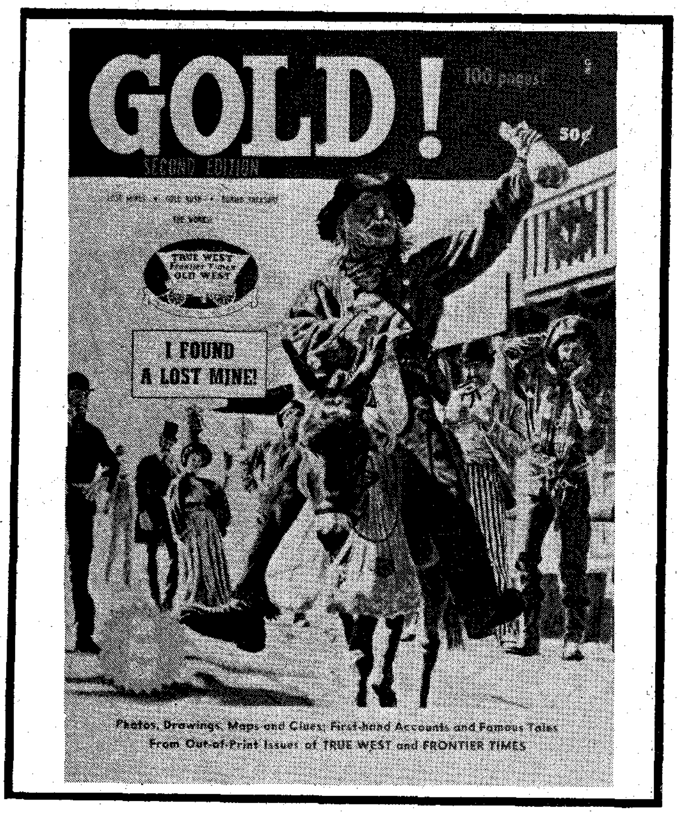

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SINCE WE WENT TO PRESS!

Gentlemen: Just noticed on page twenty-six of your GOLD! magazine a picture of the Jarbidge country up in northern Nevada. The story of the lost Sheepherder Mine is interesting for one reason; it's no longer lost. It was found in 1931 by an old Reno prospector, and I was his man-Friday who helped him dig out $23,840 in the summer of '32. We took out three loads of gold to Elko and he shipped it to the Frisco mint. That fall as the snow fell and the cold wind blew down from the Silver City region of Idaho we covered over the remaining gold vein and left. There appeared to be as much gold left there as we had taken out.

The old man gave me a quarter of what he had taken out in cash and I went to Australia where I bought into a black-opal mine. After eight years "down under watching the Billy bile and waltzin' Matilda' round" I came back to the States and landed in Seattle with a stake made for life. I had had no contact with the old Jarbidge prospector nor his aged sister with whom I had left him in Frisco. Not till '65 did I get down to Frisco and check on him again. I found out from the neighbors next door to his sister's house that they had both died the winter I left for Australia. I had always figured he had gone back the next summer and dug the rest of this gold vein out. H-ll! No! that d-mn gold we left there in '32 is still there!!

At my age I don't need it, but I do hope that sometime some poor man finds it again and lives happily forever afterwards. It's above Jarbidge towards Idaho and over the ridge to the left down on the Bruneau River side. It's on a bench about a quarter mile below a high rocky peak on the ridge. The rocky peak in your "Gold" picture, just to the right of center on the skyline, looks very similar to the peak I refer to. That whole country looks too much alike to be sure of any directions. The Jarbidge country is no doubt the country God forgot to finish; it either stands on end or leans over backwards a little. The Devil can have the rest of the old man's gold, I don't want it now! You can publish my letter if you wish but leave my address out, for obvious reasons.

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FRONTIER POST

FT Cover Embroidery a Winner!

Dear Editor:

I wrote you in August asking if I could use the cover of the November 1967 FRONTIER TIMES for a picture to embroider and enter in the County Fair.

You said I could, and that you'd like to see a picture of it. Well, I won first prize at the District Fair and third prize at the County Fair. I am enclosing a picture.—Mrs. Jessie Moore, Burbank, Oklahoma 74633

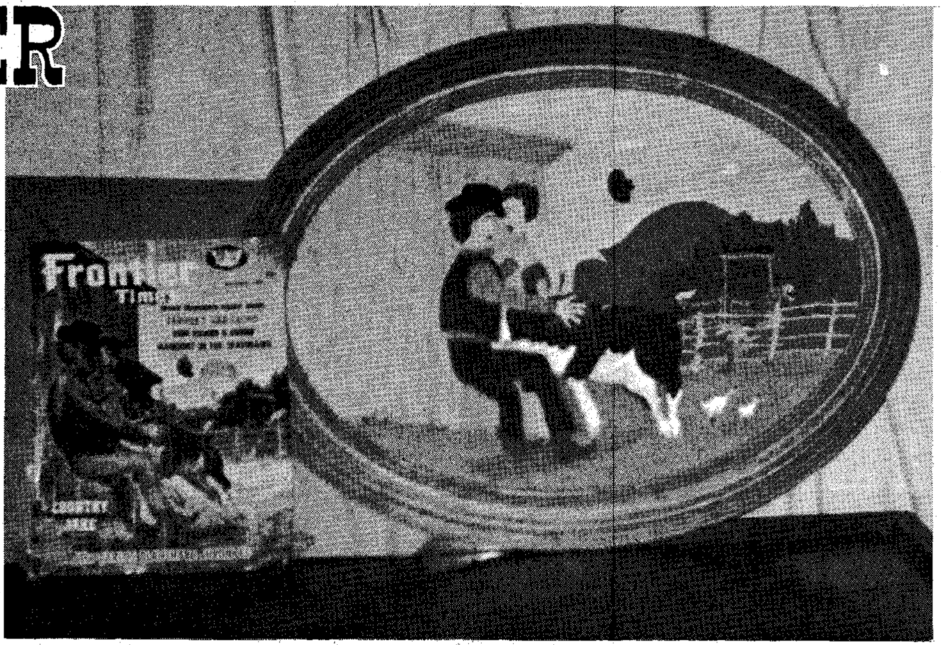
Dear Pat:

I'd appreciate information on films made in New Mexico. I know Tom Mix filmed in Las Vegas, New Mexico around 1914-15. Perhaps some of your readers will know about this. I do need help. I'm trying to get New Mexico's film story together as I am the newly appointed Film Historian of the State.—Phil Cooke, Box 1847, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

"Ten Worst Badmen"

Dear Sirs:

I have enjoyed reading your magazines and I find that the readers who submit letters are very thoughtful. So I've made a careful study of the "outlaws" and made a list of the "10 worst badmen." They are: William Clarke Quantrill, John Wesley Hardin, Jesse James' gang, Dalton's gang, Billy the Kid, Bill Longley, Henry Plummer, Sam Bass' gang, Clay Allison and Ben Thompson. I'd appreciate any response from your readers. —Tom Julian, 1626 69th, Lubbock, Texas 79412



Mrs. Moore perpetuates a FRONTIER TIMES cover with a prize-winning job of embroidery!

Great Electric Train Wreck

Dear Sirs:

I read in the September 1968 FRONTIER TIMES about the "Great Electric Train Wreck" in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Well, I have all the names and some ages of everyone on that train. Also the deaths, injuries, extent of the injuries, where they had lived, and who their survivors were. You have the date as of July 21, 1909. It actually was July 31, 1909, but who wants to disagree over ten days! I can prove every word and am eager to share the information.—Mrs. Donald Shove, Route 1, Hayden Lake, Idaho 83835

Riders with the Youngers

Dear Sirs:

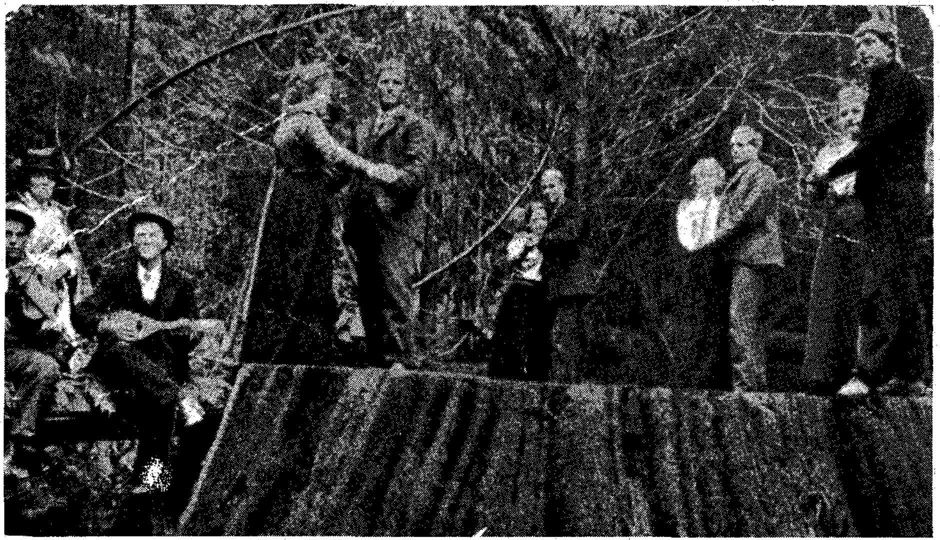
My husband introduced me to your wonderful TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES about six years ago and I have been reading them ever since. I enjoy reading about the Old West and the wonderful people who made it possible for me to be here today.

My grandfather, whom I'm sure most people would say they could have done without, was an outlaw and used to ride with the Younger brothers. Five of my great-uncles also rode with them. But as they were part of the Old West, I would like to know if anyone can give me any information about them. I don't know their full names but here are the names my mother gave me: Robert Riley Maxwell (my grandfather), Jess and Wess Maxwell (twins), Ben Maxwell, George Maxwell and Ed Maxwell.

My mother tells me that a book was written about the Youngers, the Starrs and the Maxwells. I don't know when it was written or if it was ever published. I don't know the title and I know I am not much help but I am sure if there is such a book, it would be rare. All of my great-uncles and my grandfather came from Porum, Oklahoma and my mother says she thinks that is where the book was written. It had to be in or around 1896 to 1900.

I do hope you or some of your readers can help me. It would be nice to know about the Maxwells, even though they were outlaws!—Mrs. John C. Arnold, 14148 Gain Street, Arleta, California 91331

Dancing on a stump in Washington State, 1911.



Washington Wood

Dear Pat:

You'll recall my brief letter in the March FRONTIER TIMES about several couples dancing on a stump of a cedar tree in the "big woods" of Washington State about 1910 in connection with pix and story of a post office in the stump of a tree.

Well, Mrs. Ruth Hamp of Alma, Michigan read my story and sent me these two postcards. The "dancers" one is identical to a card we had in an old family album Dad brought home when he came from working near Bellingham in 1910.

The raft of logs was common in those

(Continued on page 69)

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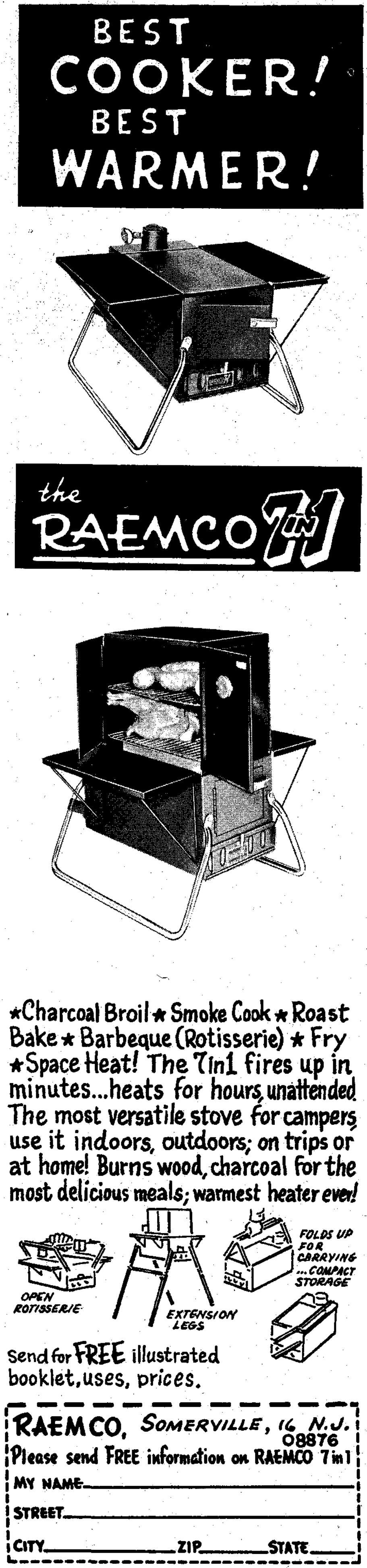

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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DELIGHTFUL!

Old-timers and others interested in the pioneering era will get a kick out of *Wimberley Hills, A Pioneer Heritage* (Von Boeckmann-Jones but order from PIONEER GAZETTE, Pioneer Town Box, Wimberley, Texas 78676, $5.00) in a limited edition by C. W. Wimberley. The book contains a rollicking series about country life in the central Texas hills where limestone breaks surround the granite basin. Writing in humorous, folksy style this country philosopher-author describes the unique happenings to local characters around Wimberley Hills. Also he tells how to make old-style sorghum molasses, cook charcoal, fix a windmill, swap horses, cut cedar posts and line out a hound dog. Unique features are numerous illustrations depicting vehicles, utensils, arms, etc. used by pioneers. This will add a lot to your book shelf provided you get in before the 500 copies are gone.

THUS THEY LIVED

Anyone wanting to buy a gift book for a friend interested in the Montana locale will find a fitting one in *Way Out West* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) collected and edited by H. G. Merriam, former editor of *Frontier and Midland*, a regional magazine printed in Montana from 1920 to 1939. Reminiscences and tales selected from the magazine form the body of this book. Bold, tearful, benevolent and shady experiences of Montana pioneers are told by professional writers as well as by some of the people who wrote about their own pleasures or tragedies. From their diaries, hand-to-mouth stories and personal experiences comes a rich spectrum of pioneer life that includes Indians, mountain men, cowboys, railroads, military campaigns, badmen, peace officers, homesteaders, divorce and theater. Frank Bird Linderman, E. A. Brininstool, Luke D. Sweetman as well as Pat (Tommy) Tucker are some of the pros who contribute. Tommy gets a little breezy in a couple of tales where he brags considerably about his pals, Charlie Russell and Frederic Remington.

YUMA AND ITS HELL HOLE

The History of Yuma and The Territorial Prison (Carbob Publishing Co., $5.00 hardback, $2.25 paperback), by Robert Woznicki is "the first complete history written of Yuma." In spite of some inconsistencies (he gives the area of Yuma County, as 9,985 and 9,783 square miles on the same page), Woznicki's book does present a tremendous amount of information on Yuma. He treats many facets of the history of Yuma as disconnected subjects when many occurred simultaneously or merged together. Statements concerning the Prison are not always consistent—for example, "The Arizona Territorial Prison was a model of cleanliness." Then when describing the "snake den," "There were no sanitary conditions. The prisoner usually used one corner of the floor." Yet the material presented, together with the bibliography, make the book a valuable reference on one of the West's earliest and most colorful outposts. The book begins with the Spanish Period, describes early Yuma, steamboats on the Colorado, Yuma Indians, railroads, agriculture and irrigation, the Catholic Church, and famous Yuma politicians. Several of the chapters were written by contributing authors.

GREAT WESTERN PEACE OFFICER

Bill Tilghman, Marshal of the Last Frontier (Doubleday & Co., Inc. $5.95) by Floyd Miller is the life story of the great western peace officer who became a legend in his own time. Tilghman was a buffalo hunter, Indian fighter, rancher, horse race enthusiast, and even made a movie. He was sought after by politicians —usually when they needed help, and needed it bad. Above all, he was a lawman who, like the famous Texas Ranger, Frank Hamer, chased bad guys on horseback and then progressed to automobiles and modern crime detection methods. Oklahoma was Tilghman's adopted state after he left Dodge City to homestead in Oklahoma Territory. He became wealthy from land and livestock but Tilghman could never leave the exciting life of the lawman for long. Perhaps his most difficult assignment was that of tracking down and destroying the Bill Doolin Gang which terrorized Oklahoma for four years. Tilghman met an ignoble death when he was gunned down in Cromwell, Oklahoma. Tilghman had been summoned from retirement at the age of seventy to clean up the town, booming from oil and corruption. His death apparently shocked the town back to decency. Highly recommended.

BANNISTER RANGED!

John R. Bannister was a member of the Texas Ranger Company that fin-

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TREASURE HUNTERS ATTENTION
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GARRETT HUNTER
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2nd Place, Ladies Division, World Championship Meet, Holdenville
2nd Place, Junior Division, World Championship Meet, Holdenville

Our congratulations go to Doyle Williams, Rt. 1, Box 67, Okemah, Okla., who was last year's champion at the Prospectors Club Meet. This year, he EARNED FIRST PLACE AT BOTH THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MEET AND THE INTERNATIONAL PROSPECTORS CLUB MEET. To see Doyle work with his detector is a joy. Previously, Doyle had used other brands of detectors. His choice of instruments this year was one of our NEW BREED OF HUNTER DETECTORS.

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WHO KNOWS MORE ABOUT BEAT FREQUENCY METAL DETECTORS THAN THE PEOPLE WHO PERFECTED THEM?

ished Sam Bass at Round Rock, Texas, July 21, 1878. Bannister's group under Lieutenant Reynolds had made an heroic horseback ride from San Saba and actually arrived in Round Rock some few minutes after Bass had been mortally wounded and his comrade slain. Bannister covered the entire state of Texas and several other states as ranger, cattle inspector, treasury agent, and finally as Sheriff of Coleman County. *Bannister Was There* (Branch-Smith, Inc., $6.95) by Leona Bannister Bruce is the biography of Bannister by his daughter. Mrs. Bruce draws on the intimate family knowledge of her father, his letters and other records, and the writings of such authorities as Walter Prescott Webb and J. Frank Dobie. Her first book *Trickham Texas* is a record of the section of Texas where she grew up and served to launch her into the job of constructing her father's biography. Like many others before and since Bannister, his experience and training as a Texas Ranger prepared him for a diverse and colorful career as a lawman and public servant. Mrs. Bruce's book adds a worthy chapter to Texas history.

LONE STAR HISTORIES

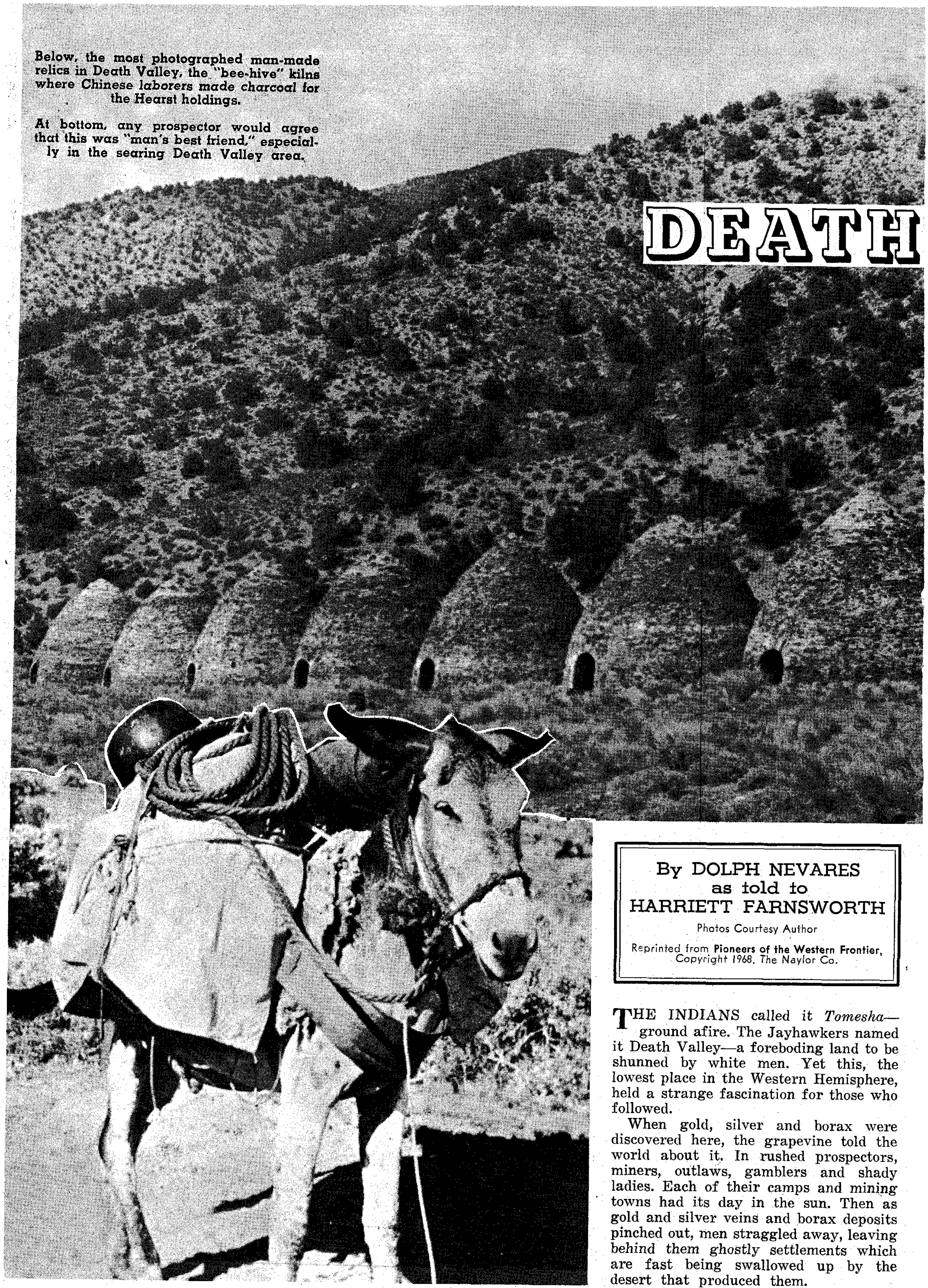
Those who know and appreciate the Southwest will enjoy the new three-volume Texas history, *Never Again* (Naylor, $10.00 each or $25.00 for the set) by Clayton Williams, a native of the arid lands of the Lone Star State. This Texas history trilogy is a readable account of major occurrences from the time of the pre-Columbian Indians to Indian campaigns prior to the Civil War. The author deals with the geography and incidents of a land well known to him. He begins with the Ice Age mammals and plants that flourished and fed the primitive Stone Age Indians and continues with the advent of the Spaniards and Anglos and the mixing of cultures of Indians and European adventurers, pioneers and settlers. The book deals with the heroic accounts of the Austin Colony, domination by the despotic Mexican government, succession of wars with Mexico as well as with Indians who tried to defend their homeland and also prevent white migration to California. The gritty experiences of early Texas explorers and pioneers are described and one example of privation was that suffered by members of the Hays and Highsmith Expedition who, much of the time, froze and barely subsisted on roots of native plants. Agricultural and industrial development came after 1861 and are not covered. There are numerous illustrations of historic scenes and the abundant notes and references vouch for the depth of research undertaken.

Texas history from Coronado's search for the Seven Golden Cities of Cibola to oil gushers and the Jet Age is compressed into an attractive book for lower grade classmen by Carolyn Adams. Also Texas newcomers of any age can get an easy briefing from this quickie history entitled *Stars Over Texas* (Naylor, $4.95). Donald Yena's bold black and white drawings provide dramatic emphasis to key historical features in appropriate places. The author didn't miss much of importance and her chapters include highlights on pioneers, Indians, missions, contributions to culture by people of various nations and races, cowboys and cattlemen, peace officers, outlaws, railroads, oil, churches and education.

WOLFVILLE REVIVED

Old Wolfville (The Antioch Press, cloth $6.00 wraps $2.50) is a selection of stories from the once popular *Wolfville* books of Alfred Henry Lewis. Louis Filer did the choosing and a right good job—he also contributed the introduction, "The West Belongs to All of Us." Lewis, a native of Ohio, spent ten years in the Southwest as cowboy, newspaperman and lawyer and his tales were pretty realistic —in fact based on events and characters he knew first hand. J. Frank Dobie put your reviewer on the trail of the Wolfville Stories in 1943 when he wrote of them: "Sketches and rambling stories faithful to cattle backgrounds, flavor and humanity through fictionalized anecdote. 'The Old Cattleman' who tells all the Wolfville stories, is a substantial and flavorsome creation." I found him so then and I do now. In addition to the stories, Lewis' little known essay, "Some Cowboy Facts," is used as background for the yarns. The book is illustrated with a photo of Lewis and with a frontispiece in color and some twenty line drawings by Frederic Remington.

DEATH



Below, the most photographed man-made relics in Death Valley, the "bee-hive" kilns where Chinese *laborers made charcoal* for the Hearst holdings.

At bottom, *any* prospector would agree that this *was* "man's best friend," especially in the searing Death Valley *area*.

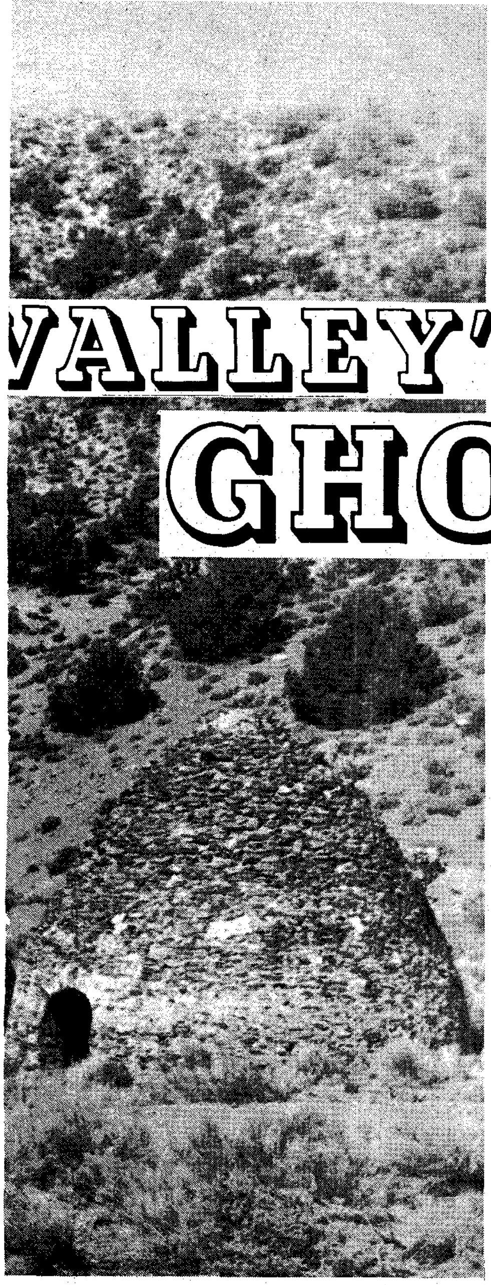
By DOLPH NEVARES
as told to
HARRIETT FARNSWORTH

Photos Courtesy Author

Reprinted from **Pioneers of the Western Frontier**, Copyright 1968, The Naylor Co.

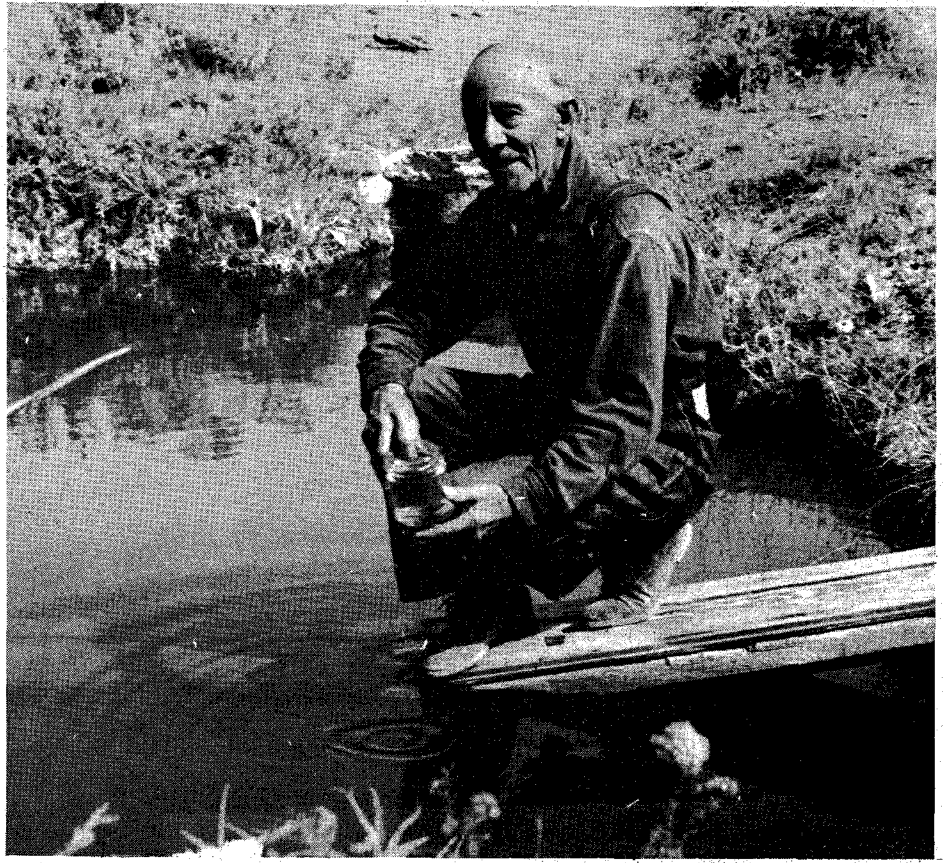
THE INDIANS called it *Tomesha*—ground afire. The Jayhawkers named it Death Valley—a foreboding land to be shunned by white men. Yet this, the lowest place in the Western Hemisphere, held a strange fascination for those who followed.

When gold, silver and borax were discovered here, the grapevine told the world about it. In rushed prospectors, miners, outlaws, gamblers and shady ladies. Each of their camps and mining towns had its day in the sun. Then as gold and silver veins and borax deposits pinched out, men straggled away, leaving *behind them ghostly* settlements which are fast being swallowed up by the desert that produced them.



They were as temporary as the hopes which gave birth to them—and abandoned as quickly as rumors spread of a better strike elsewhere. Many will soon be reduced to rubble. Many already are . . .

VALLEY'S FAST FADING GHOST TOWNS



Dolph Nevares at one of the pools which are fed by the stream running by his cabin.

On my numerous trips to Death Valley my old friend, Dolph Nevares—owner of Cow Creek Ranch at the foot of the Funeral Mountains—guides me through these old camps and crumbling ghost towns. On one sparkling November morning, his red truck eased up and over the serpentine road coiling its way around the edge of Tucki Mountain. At 6,000 feet we stopped at Skidoo, perched high, dry and deserted, its weathered buildings and shacks squatting atop the windswept mountain.

As we browsed through these old buildings, floorboards creaked, sagging doors banged in the wind, broken windows splintered the sunlight—and only a few weathered headboards in Boot Hill remained to remind one of the people who had gone.

But as Dolph, who had seen all of the camps boom and bust, recalled the old days, it took little imagination to see Skidoo as it once had been—Skidoo which had been tagged the craziest, out-of-this-world town of all.

"Tales of the discovery of rich minerals in this region," Dolph remarked, "are conflicting. One version is that in 1905, John Ramsey and One-Eye Thompson got lost in one of our *rare* fogs up here and made camp for the night. Next morning while poking around they discovered a rich ledge right under their noses. But, most likely, as usual, the one giving credit to their burros is correct. Their burros, turned loose for the night to browse, also as usual, were not around camp next morning and when found, one was straddling an outcropping of almost pure gold."

News of strikes, Dolph continued, spread fast even in those days. When word of this one reached the sharp ears of Bob Montgomery—who had swapped Shoshone Johnny of Death Valley two silver dollars and a pair of new overalls for his share in the big strike at Rhyolite—he was on his way, and inadvertently named the town.

Bob who, on sight, staked out twenty-three claims and then proposed to lay pipe lines twenty-three miles to bring water into camp, was hooted at by a drunk on the sidelines, who shouted, "Twenty-three, skidoo, to you bums! I need another drink," and he left. Since no name had yet been chosen and "skidoo" was a popular phrase, Montgomery suggested it and it stuck.

Word of the strike at Skidoo spread, bringing in prospectors, miners, the usual camp followers. Lumber was at a premium and none was to be had in Death Valley, so many men lived in dugouts and tents and shacks. When a road became a necessity, Bob Montgomery built it; a narrow, crooked one hugging the edge of Tucki Mountain on into Death Valley—no more than a treacherous trail over which heavy machinery and necessary supplies had to be freighted.

Pointing to the big building atop the

Above, barren hot mountains beneath the scorching Death Valley sun.

Below, Death Valley's only garden, at Cow Creek Ranch, complete with fruit trees and vineyard is tended by Dolph Nevares, on right.

windy mountain, Dolph said, "That once housed camp officials and mining offices; buildings huddled around it included a grocery store and hardware store, several restaurants, a post office, seven saloons, open day and night, and a bank opened up in one end of the mercantile store; there was a stamp mill down the hill. Skidoo hooked up a telephone line to Rhyolite. Oh, this was a lively place at the beginning."

Dolph recalled that a printer "dedicated to the truth" was going to tell the world about the excitement at Skidoo. He moved in but glossed over the facts —when the news concerned murder and stage robberies—for the benefit of the town's prominent investors.

"SKIDOO," Dolph recalled, "got some notoriety because of the hanging of 'Hootch' Simpson who owned a saloon across the road from the mercantile store. On April 25, 1908, the Independence *News* carried these glaring headlines: 'MURDER IN CAMP. MURDERER LYNCHED BY GENERAL APPROVAL .... Joe (Hootch) Simpson shoots Jim Arnold Dead and is Hanged by the Citizens.' This was followed by a page of details which said the disturbance 'shook the community to the roots for two whole days.'"

Hootch, who had shot up a saloon at Independence and was still under bond for good behavior, was in a nasty mood when he lumbered into the bank housed in the mercantile store and demanded the paltry sum of $20. Jim Arnold, the clerk, tiring of Hootch's abuse, had him thrown out and thought that would be the last of it. It was not.

Hootch returned several hours later and got pretty rough. Arnold again ordered Hootch out. Instead of leaving, Hootch pulled a gun and shot Arnold down in "cold blood." Ralph E. Dobbs, the banker, probably would have been the next victim had not Hootch's attention been momentarily diverted.

The shooting brought the deputy sheriff, Henry Sellers, who eventually overpowered and handcuffed Hootch only to discover he had a tiger by the tail and no cage to put him in until a warrant could be sworn out for the murderer's arrest. When it was suggested that Hootch be tied securely to a telephone pole until the warrant arrived, the idea was turned down. Instead, Hootch, much calmer by now, was hustled over to the Club Saloon where he promptly fell asleep under the watchful eyes of the sheriff's guards. Upon awaking, Hootch was perfectly sober and tension lessened.

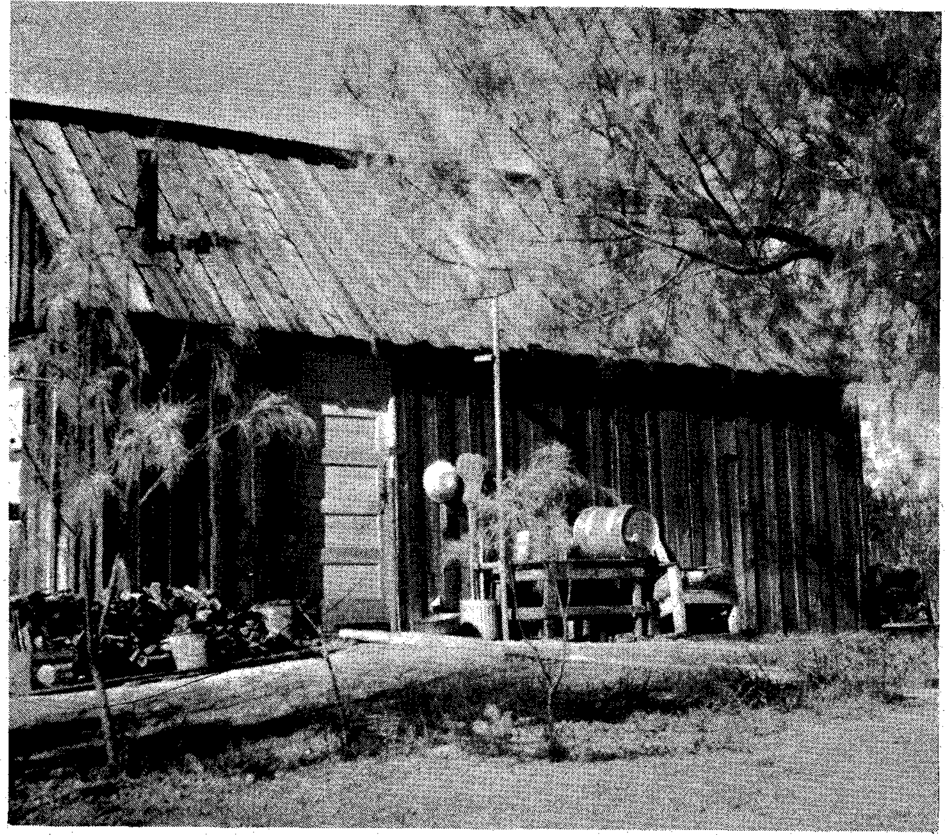
However, on the following Wednesday morning Skidooans looked out in surprise and began whispering. Hootch was dangling from a telephone pole and *nobody* knew anything about it! Judge Thiess, advised of the fact, held an inquest and the Skidoo *News*—dedicated to the truth—merely stated that while the "investigation was conducted with dignity . . . there was a general feeling of levity outside the court."

When residents were questioned, all but one clammed up. This fellow admitted that he had been awakened twenty-three times during the night and told that *somebody* had strung up Hootch. But he ended with a sly grin, "You know, I was *surprised every time.*"

The citizens agreed that it was "surprising" how a hanging could have been conducted so quietly. The only sound anybody heard during that night was made by Gordon McBain while fleeing imaginary pursuers. Why? Gordon, stupid drunk that night, had been seen trying to corner Hootch in the saloon pool room and later, when told of the hanging, was advised, "Run, Gordon! Run like hell!" Next morning he had been glimpsed passing Stovepipe Springs at a dog trot— "a little lame in the near hind fetlock."

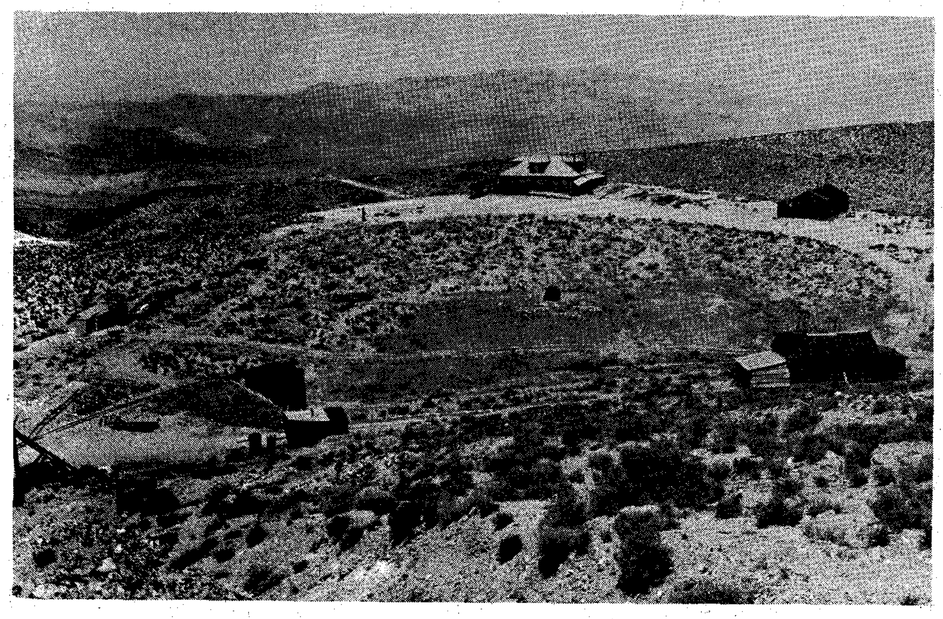
The editor of the Skidoo *News* stated in an article that it would be wise for would-be gunmen, bowling along the road on their triumphal entry into Skidoo, to "please take note of the number and stoutness, and the *great* convenience of the telephone poles and reflect thereon."

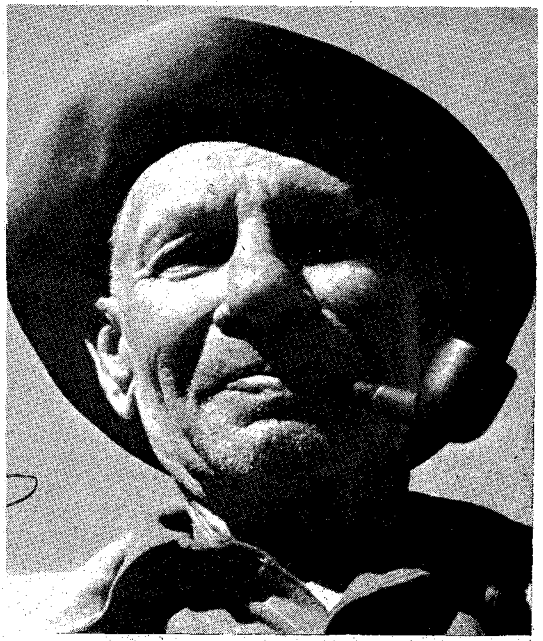
This was supposed to have been the



Above, Dolph's cabin at Cow Creek Ranch, located on the "rim" of Death Valley.

Below, the remains of Skidoo atop wind-blown Tucki Mountain.





Above, Chris Weights of Panamint City dressed like a gent while serving his barroom customers.

Below, Shoshone Johnny, "Patriarch of the Panamints," saw many people come and go in his day.

last public hanging in California, but it was not the last of Hootch. When the news did break outside, photographers rushed to the camp for pictures but were too late. Hootch was buried. However, after due consideration, and as a "gesture of municipal hospitality," the majority of the townspeople agreed it wouldn't be right to send the photographers away empty-handed. So Hootch was disinterred and, as cameras clicked, was hanged all over again. Hootch was then put back into the grave. This should have been the end of it, but Hootch was not destined to rest in peace.

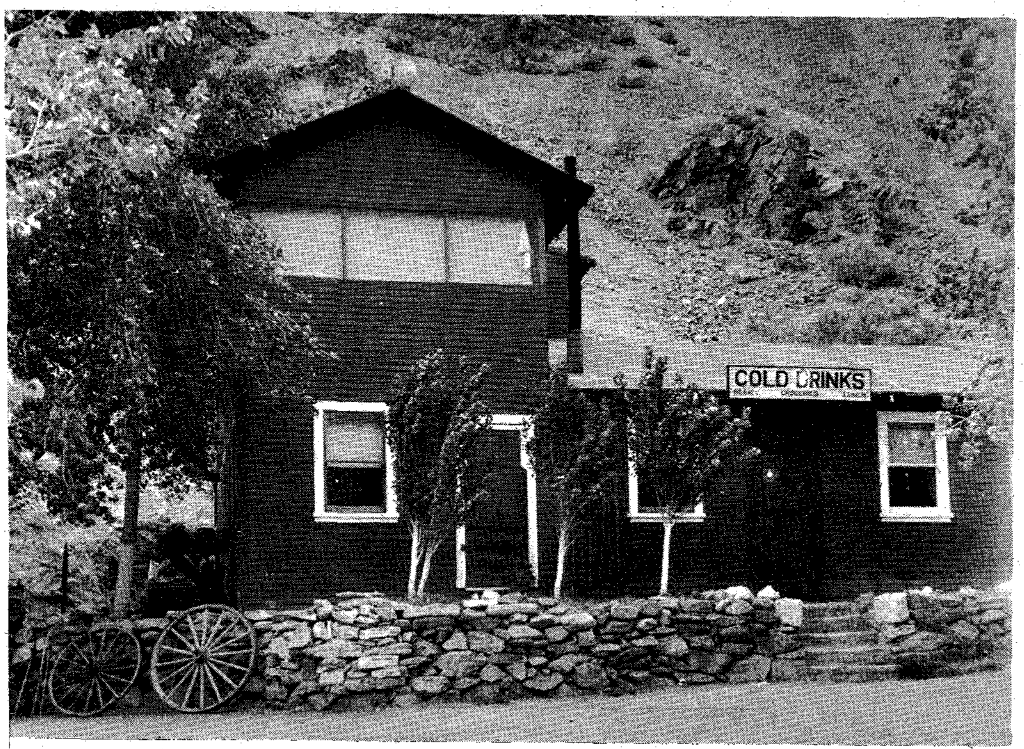
Later, an affable doctor came to town wanting a human skull for his office. Again, after a conference, Skidooans said why not let Hootch oblige? He did. Hootch was disinterred and again laid to rest—minus his head.

DOLPH NEVARES, recalling some of the town's more colorful characters, said Skidoo faced a dilemma when Skagway Thompson passed on. Skagway, a lively, likable fellow, was greatly admired by the "girls" in camp. When the funeral time arrived, there was no man of the cloth to say a few words, no singer to sing a song.

Luckily, an itinerant preacher—a handsome, friendly fellow who had drifted in—volunteered, and pretty Blonde Betty from the cribs offered to sing. After a short eulogy over the coffin, Betty sang, not a hymn as was expected, but Skagway's favorite number, "When the Wedding Bells Are Ringing." Certainly it was an unusual song for such an occasion but the girl sang it so well that she deeply impressed the young preacher. He offered to escort her home, and would have done so had not Shorty Harris, another Death Valley character, stepped up to save this embarrassing moment by taking the fair Betty home himself.

"However," remarked Dolph, grinning, "since women were as scarce as lumber around here, it was a great shock to the male Skidooans when it leaked out that the preacher was going to marry Blonde Betty. But they kept their mouths shut. So the marriage came off as scheduled, the couple moved to Nevada, reared a fine family—and as far as anybody ever knew lived happily ever after.

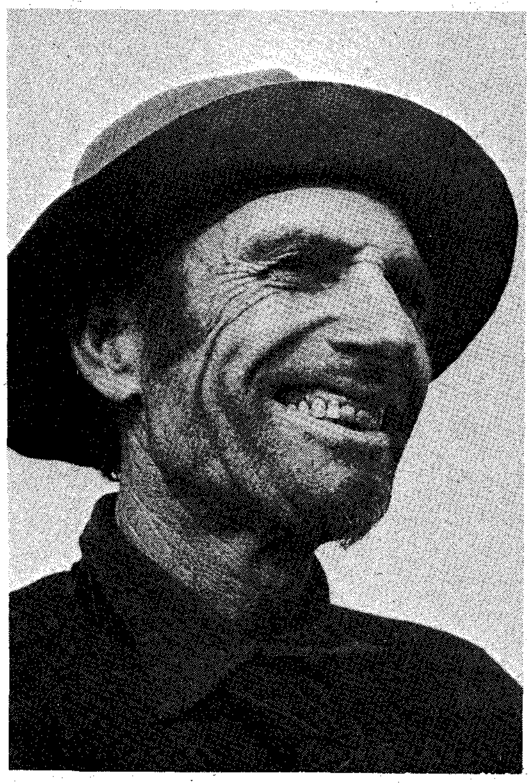
Around 1908 the Skidoo *News* closed its doors and even the faithful few began drifting away from this mining town destined to become another ghost in the Panamints.



Wildrose Station (as it looked several years ago) was built on the site of the old adobe station famous in the mining days.

As Dolph and I strolled back down the hill, we glanced back at old Skidoo now wrapped in wind and silence, deserted except for sporadic activity when some old-timer drifts in to search through the ruins, still hoping to find his fortune.

OUR NEXT stop, at the top of treacherous steep Surprise Canyon, was the site of Panamint City whose reputation for wickedness was unequalled in the Old West.



Seldom-Seen-Slim Ferge, for many years the population of one at Ballarat.

Panamint, with its Main Street twisting up rugged Surprise Canyon, a mile long and a thousand feet higher at the top than at the bottom, was once crowded on both sides with stone houses, merchants' tents, shacks and saloons. It was, in part because of its inaccessibility, a violent city.

Here murderers, outlaws, and desperadoes of every description, wanted in other mining camps, stuck around to pick up their mail. Well-known Madame Martha Camp set up a house on Maiden Lane (in one of the numerous canyons branching off Main Street). Robbers were plentiful. Nobody with a poke of gold, silver or any other form of money was safe. Outlaws thought nothing of slitting a man's throat for it, or of robbing their own kind if they owned a claim in the area.

Records disagree as to who first discovered silver here. Even though numerous prospectors had combed the district before, one account gives the names of R. C. Henderson and two partners who found the big veins in 1872 in Surprise Canyon. When samples assayed $2,500 per ton, they staked out two claims (another record says eighty). They were doing all right until they hooked up with an engaging sidewalk promoter, E. P. Raines—a fellow with a "good front, lots of gall and no money." Raines went on a binge in Los Angeles and sold out his partners for $16,000 to J. P. Jones and William Stewart of Comstock fame, in from Virginia City, Nevada. The pair got full control of the Panamint claims.

After an appraisal of Panamint's mining possibilities, these two tossed in $2,000,000 for improvements, and promptly ran into trouble. In trying to clear titles to claims, they had not anticipated the probability that some of the owners would be doing time in the penitentiary. Because of this drawback, stamp mills did not begin crushing ore until 1875, but then the boom was on! Panamint's population grew, including gamblers and outlaws who were considered only "minor nuisances," until the mining camp was bigger than Los Angeles.

At the height of its boom, Panamint had two of the finest saloons in the West, crowded day and night, also a newspaper (dedicated to the truth) edited by T. S. Harris. Harris was going to print the latest information on mining and other events; however, by the time the Panamint *News* reached the outside, its headlines were old stuff. The grapevine had been faster and far more accurate.

For instance, one outrage after another, termed "atrocious brutality" by others, was referred to in the paper only as an "unfortunate occurrence."

Some 200 Chinese laborers living in huts and tents at the edge of town became the "unwanted element." On one dark night, before a volley of bullets and flying stones, the Chinese had to flee for their lives—everything they owned going up in blazes behind them. Yet this scandalous act was glossed over in the Panamint *News*, November 1874: Chinese laborers suddenly decided to leave town and find work elsewhere.

Wells Fargo stages, carrying passengers and silver bullion regularly out of Panamint, were held up so often that the company said, "Let honest miners find a way to transport silver at *their* own risk," and meant it. This verdict left reputable men in a quandary. What could they do?

The problem was not solved until Jones and Bill Stewart conceived a unique plan which worked. Freight wagons began rumbling down the canyon as usual, but without a guard riding shotgun. As was expected, two of the town's desperadoes, John Small and John McDonald, hurried ahead and stopped the driver, who called out amicably, "Help yourself, boys!" The highwaymen took one look into the wagon bed and, to their surprise, saw the silver bullion cast into 750-pound cannon balls. They had to gallop away empty-handed.

"And that," Dolph chuckled, "put an end to that. It just didn't *pay* highjackers to hold up teamsters who rode their routes as carefree as though there weren't a robber within a million miles!

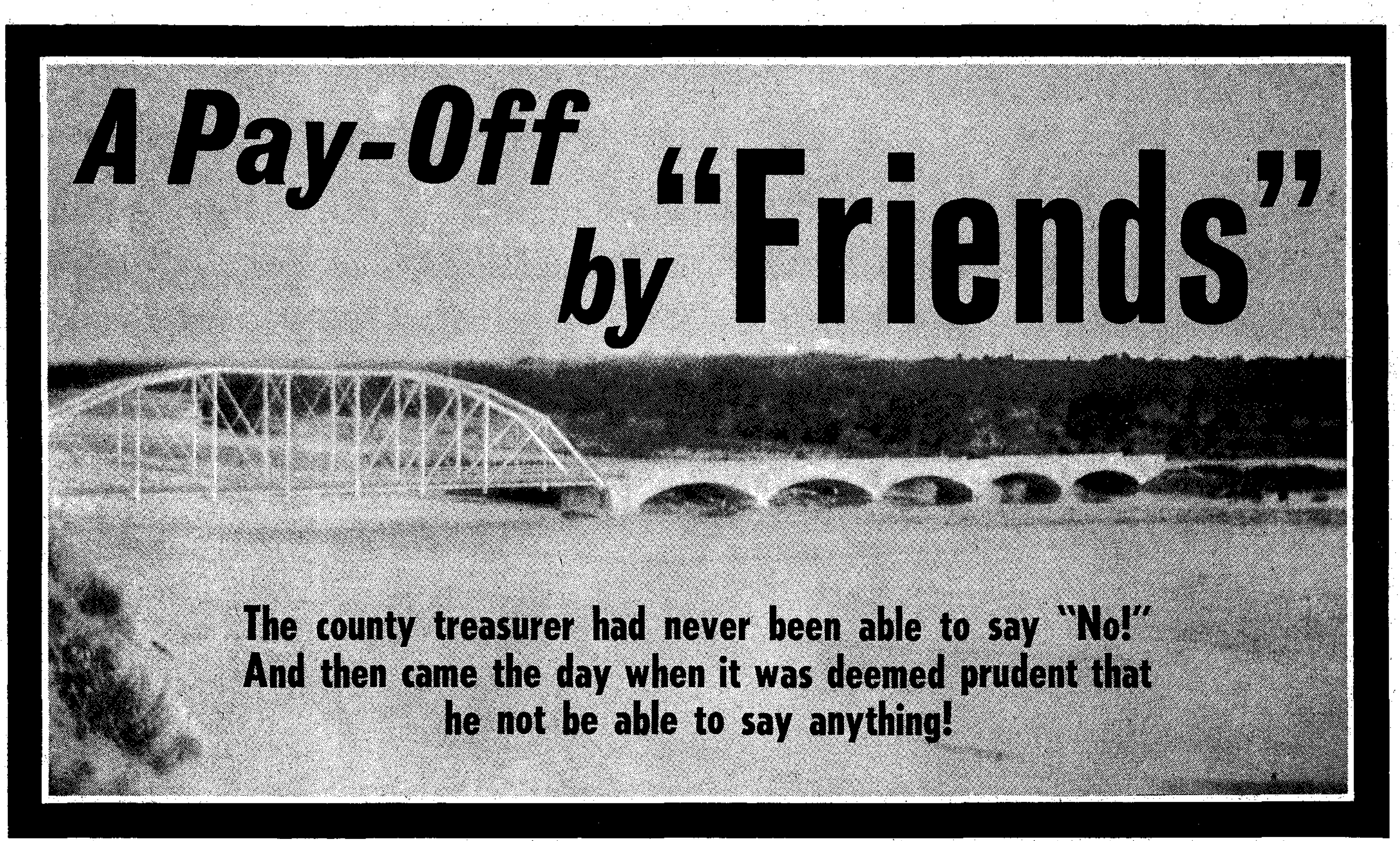
"When Jones and Stewart, who had made back the two million dollars they had tossed into the Panamint Mining Company, found veins pinching out, they decided to return to Virginia City. This was the beginning of the end for hell-raisin' old Panamint.

"Miners and boomtown followers saw no profit in sticking around where the bare necessities of life were so costly. Whiskey and brandy, considered a necessity, cost twenty dollars a gallon; coal oil for lamps and stoves one dollar a gallon; a limp head of cabbage one dollar; butter, a liquid pound by the time it reached Panamint, one dollar.

"Editor Harris made a desperate effort to hold the town together. Even when Panamint's population saw the end was

(Continued on page 44)

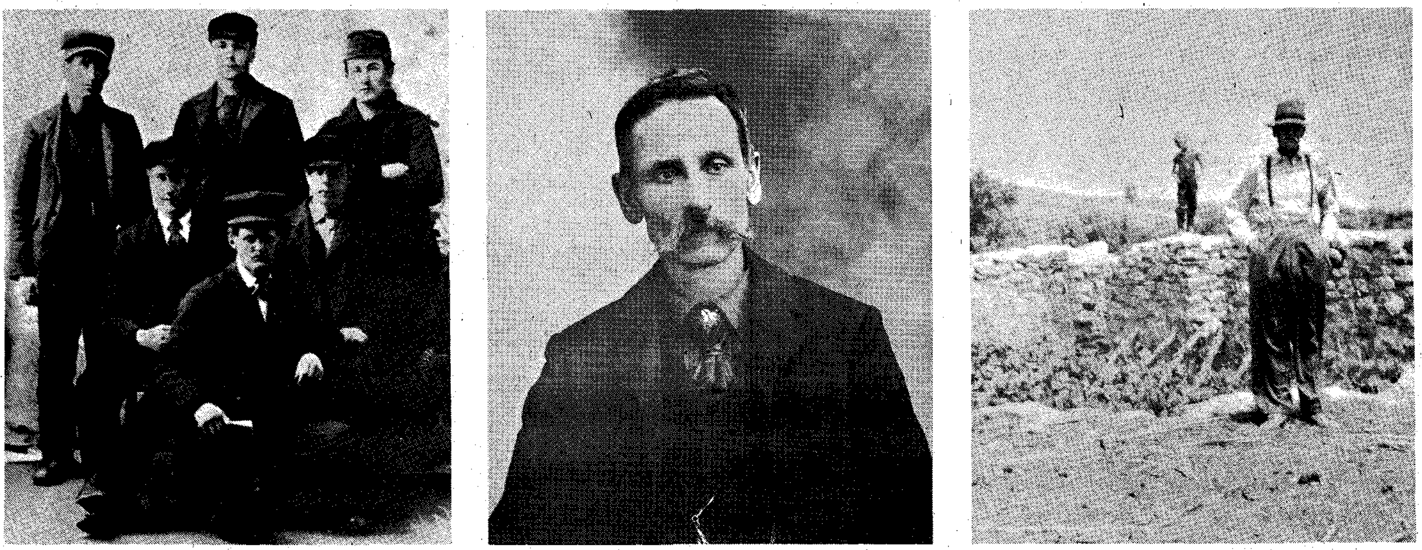
A Pay-Off by "Friends"



The county treasurer had never been able to say "No!" And then came the day when it was deemed prudent that he not be able to say anything!

Above, the old Whiting bridge which spans the Niobrara River was Barrett Scott's "gallows." The concrete portion was added in later years.

Far left, citizens of the Eagle Creek and Blackbird Creek area. Back row, standing, left to right: Frank Spindler (author's uncle), Orlando Blitzke, Will Deval Spindler (author's uncle). Second row: Jake Spindler (author's uncle), Elias Spindler (author's great uncle). In front is Henry Kaczor. Center picture shows Andrew Jackson Spindler, the author's grandfather, in 1888. He was a neighbor of Barrett Scott. Far right, on Eagle Creek, not far from where Barrett Scott was hanged, the ruins of the old Eagle Mills flour mill weather away. Man in foreground is the author's father, George H. Spindler, the boy in distance is his nephew. A 1939 photo.



By WILL H. SPINDLER

Photos Courtesy Author

THE HANGING of Barrett Scott was an incident which rocked the whole countryside, was discussed far and wide and is still often recalled by old-timers. Certainly it added its share of notoriety to north-central Nebraska's and South Dakota's Rosebud country—already known as a wild, lawless region.

It happened in the late fall of 1894—several years after the closing scenes of the old vigilante and horse thief days which gave this area such hard reputation. The crime was laid by many to the vigilantes, but this was a false charge, as this time the vigilantes were not guilty.

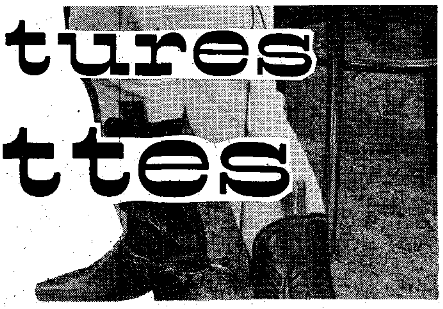
Barrett Scott was the county treasurer of Holt County, Nebraska. He was a very good-hearted, easy-going sort of chap who was a friend to everyone and was easily influenced and swayed by others.

Times were very hard during his term as county treasurer, and many of his so-called friends, taking advantage of his sympathy and generosity, hit him up for loans. Somehow he just couldn't refuse these men who came to him in need, and began lending out his money right and left.

Everything went along smoothly until Scott finally ran out of money. But these friends, knowing that he was easy, continued to hound him, begging him to advance them some of the county funds, insisting firmly that their need was great and that they would repay the loans promptly as soon as the money was actually needed in the county's business. The all too trusting treasurer took them

(Continued on page 48)

Motion Pictures Vignettes



Sid Jordan—from real deputy to reel outlaw

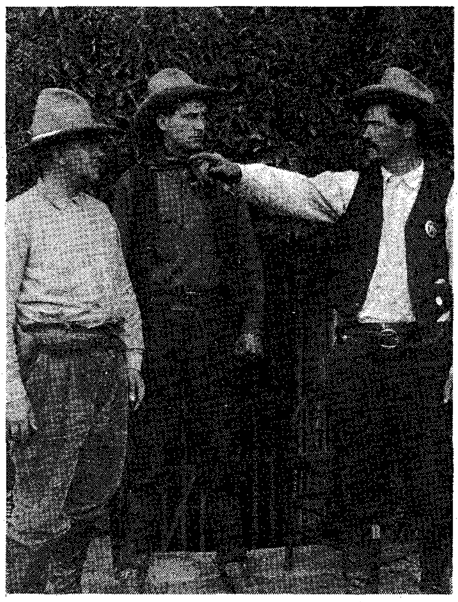
By ROBERT S. BIRCHARD ©

Photos Courtesy Author

Above, Sid Jordan looks on as Tom Mix demonstrates his ability with his handguns in "The Daredevil," which Mix also directed (Fox; 1919).

Below, left, Sid's father, John Jordan, the first sheriff (under statehood) of Washington County, Oklahoma from 1907 until his death in 1914.

Below, right, one of Sid's earliest screen appearances, as the sheriff in "The Escape of Jim Dolan" (Selig-Polyscope; 1913).

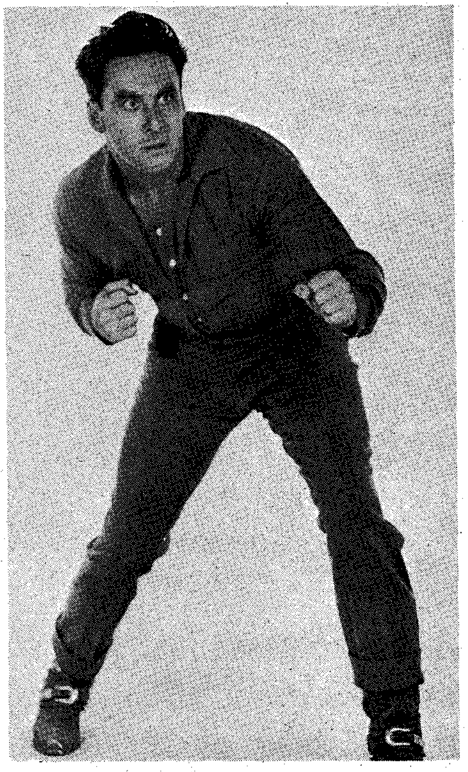


"WE WERE up on location and we'd hired some Indians to do a chase scene. Well, it came time to shoot the scene, and there were no Indians, so we dressed up everyone who was available in blankets and feathers—one of them a prop boy named Marion Morrison. Well, he comes running up to me and says, 'Hell, Sid, I've never been on a horse in my life. What do I do?' And I told him, 'You just keep that horse between your legs. He'll do the rest.' He got through the scene all right, but there was a lot of daylight between him and that horse."

The name Marion Morrison might not be familiar to you, but there is no doubt that you know his professional name, for Marion Morrison is John Wayne! And the cowboy who gave him his first riding "lesson" was Sid Jordan.

Above, Sid Jordan (on left) and his confederates "take care" of Tom Mix in "The Texan" (Fox; 1920).

At right, one of Tom Mix's favorite stunts—the chariot race. Mix used chariot races in several of his pictures; this one with Sid Jordan is from "A Roman Cowboy" (Fox; 1917).



Above, George O'Brien, who thought so highly of Sid's ability that a clause in his contract guaranteed Jordan would work in all of his pictures.

Sid was born in Muskogee, Oklahoma Territory in 1889. Like his cousins, Len Trainer and Will Rogers, Sid is part Cherokee and he received his schooling at the Cherokee Indian school at Vinita, Oklahoma. His practical training was the best. He rode as a cowhand and as a rodeo performer. He worked with the Millers' 101 Ranch Show, and as a deputy under his father, John Jordan, who was the first sheriff after statehood in Washington County, Oklahoma (1907-1914).

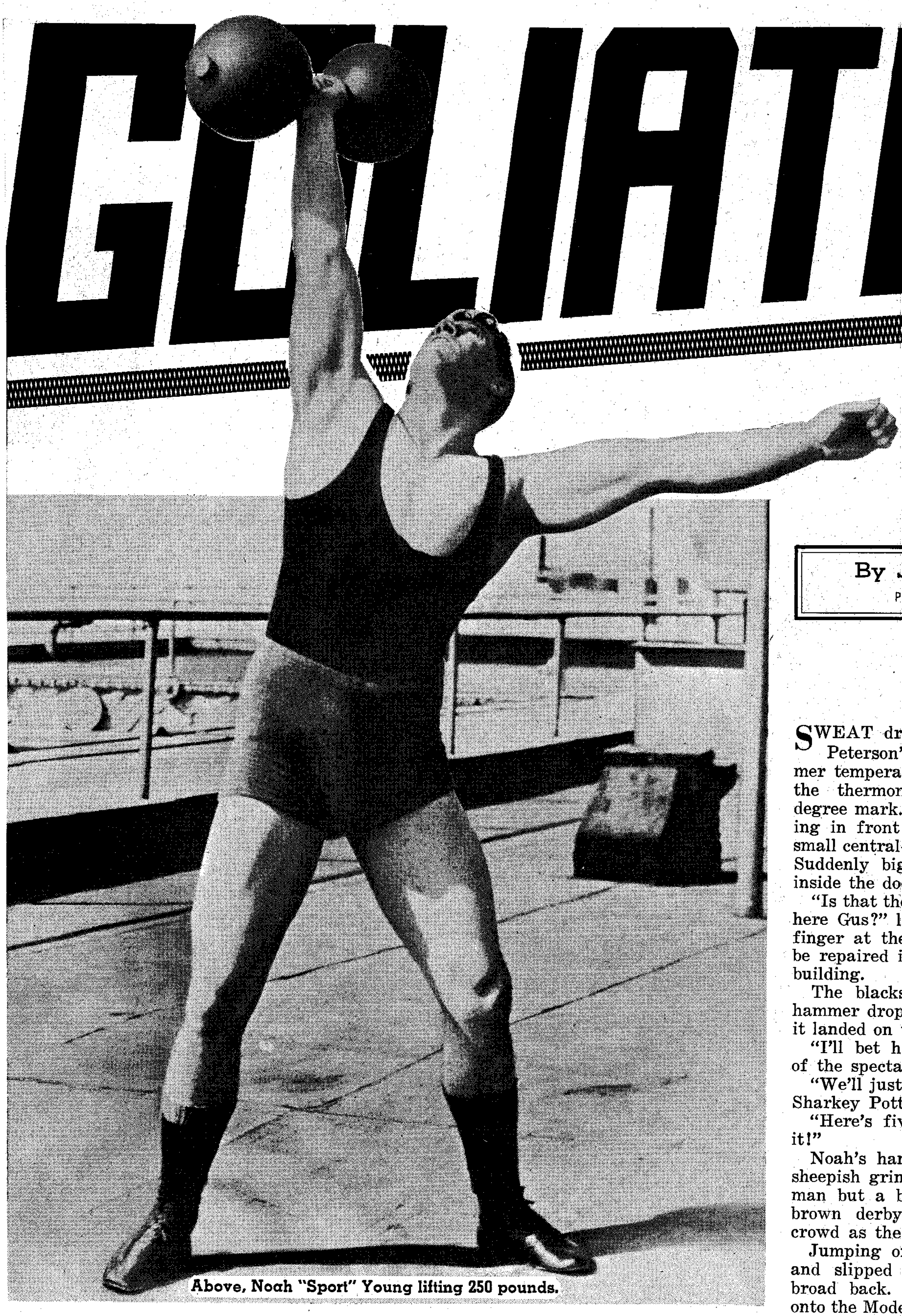
When the responsibilities of statehood began to tame Oklahoma, Sid decided to move along to a new frontier; and so he signed on to take a job in South America.

"When I got to Colorado, though, I read in the newspaper that Tom Mix was making pictures there for the Selig Company. Well, I went up to see him, and he gave me a job. That was in 1913, and I never did get to South America."

Picture making in the early years was informal, to say the least. The films were largely improvised, or at best were shot from only an outline, and Tom directed many of the early ones himself. In one picture Sid would be the "heavy," and in the next he would be Tom's sidekick; the parts varied in importance but one thing

(Continued on page 51)

GOLIATHS



Above, Noah "Sport" Young lifting 250 pounds.

Although these four men, Noah Young and his three sons, were endowed with near superhuman strength, they controlled their ability to destroy. Never once was their might unleashed against another human being in anger or hate . . .

By JOHN BONAR ©

Photos Courtesy Author

SWEAT dripped from blacksmith Gus Peterson's wrinkled brow as the summer temperature pushed the mercury in the thermometer toward the ninety-degree mark. A large crowd was gathering in front of his shop located in the small central-Wyoming town of Glenrock. Suddenly big Noah Young, Jr. dashed inside the door.

"Is that the biggest car you got around here Gus?" laughed Noah. He pointed a finger at the Model T Ford waiting to be repaired in the corner of the wooden building.

The blacksmith frowned and let his hammer drop, barely missing his foot as it landed on the plank floor boards.

"I'll bet he can't lift that car!" one of the spectators shouted.

"We'll just take that wager up," spoke Sharkey Potts.

"Here's five bucks that says he'll do it!"

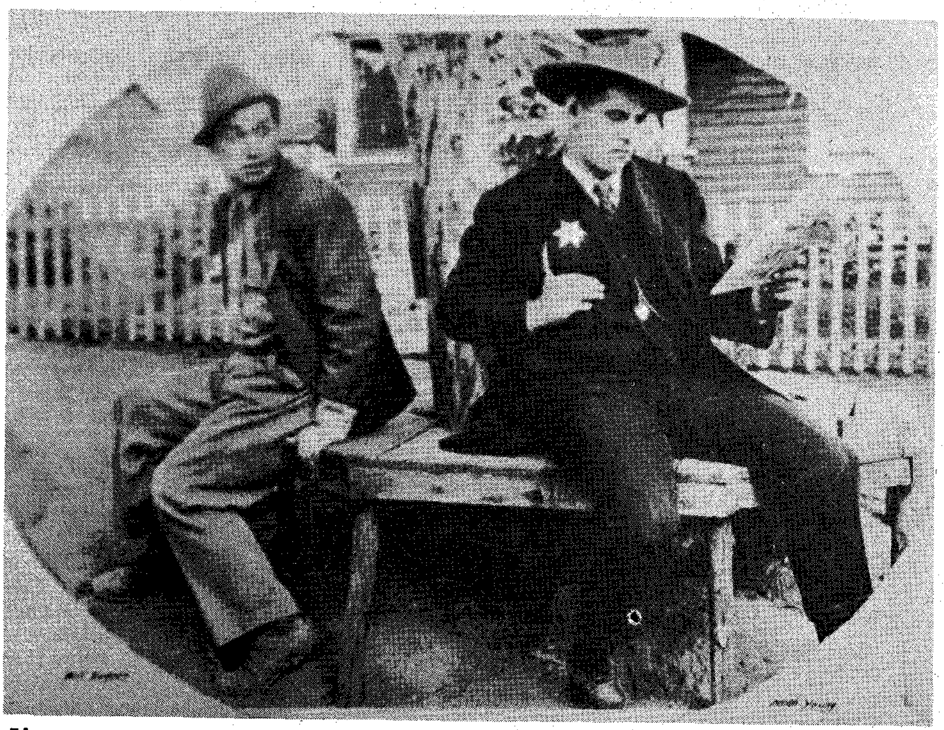
Noah's handsome face creased into a sheepish grin. He was not only a strong man but a bit of a clown at heart. A brown derby was circling the milling crowd as the gamblers took in $50.60.

Jumping on a platform, Noah smiled and slipped a leather harness on his broad back. Hooking the strap clamps onto the Model T, he gave a mighty heave while his muscular body tensed. Daylight appeared beneath the bottom of the Tin Lizzie and the floor.

The onlookers applauded as Noah continued his act, hoisting a 160-pound man over his head by placing his hamsized hand under the small of his victim's back.

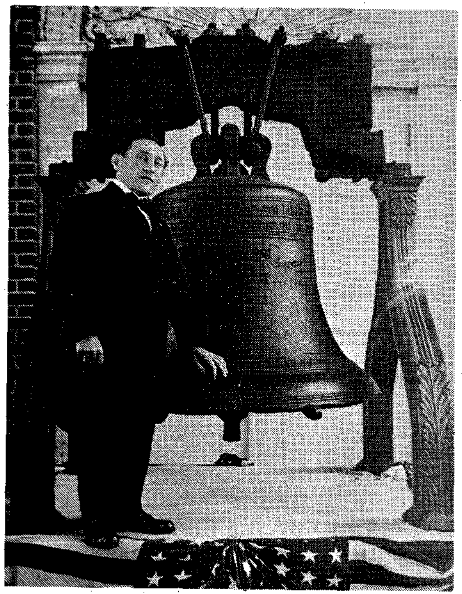
Dust stirred the dirt road outside as a cowboy brought his white horse to a halt. "Just curious as to what's goin' on," the

FROM GLENROCK

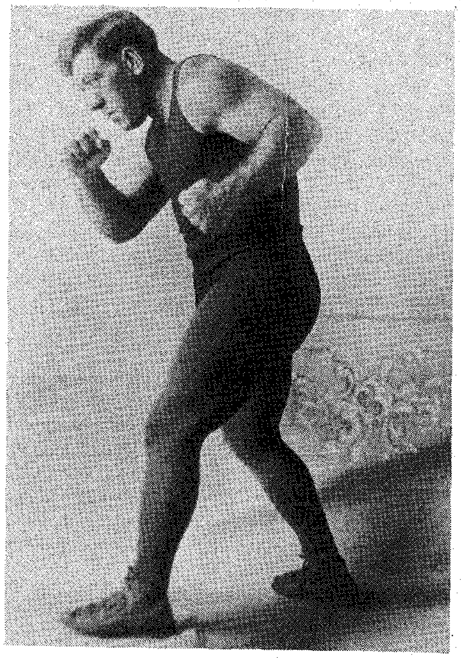


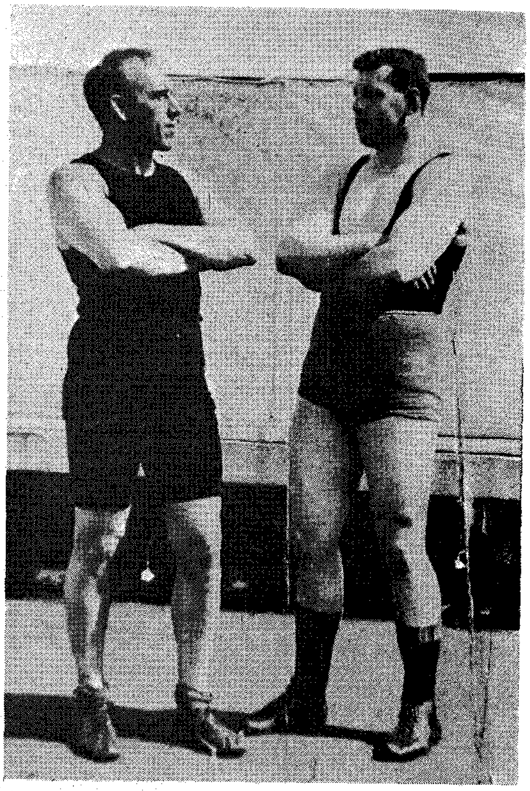
Above, a scene from a motion picture Noah made with Will Rogers.

Below, Noah Young's constant companion was actor midget Sammy Brooks.



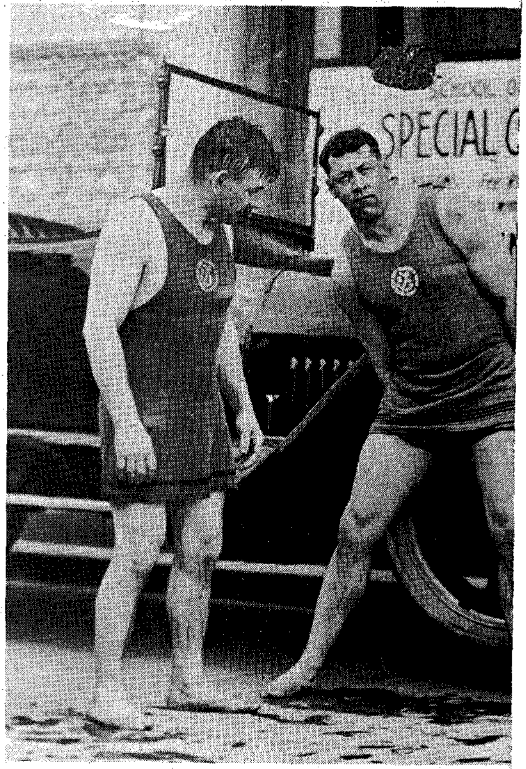
Below, Noah's older brother, John "Bull" Young, in a fighting pose.





Above, Noah Young and his weight-lifting trainer.

Below, Noah demonstrates his amazing strength by lifting a car!

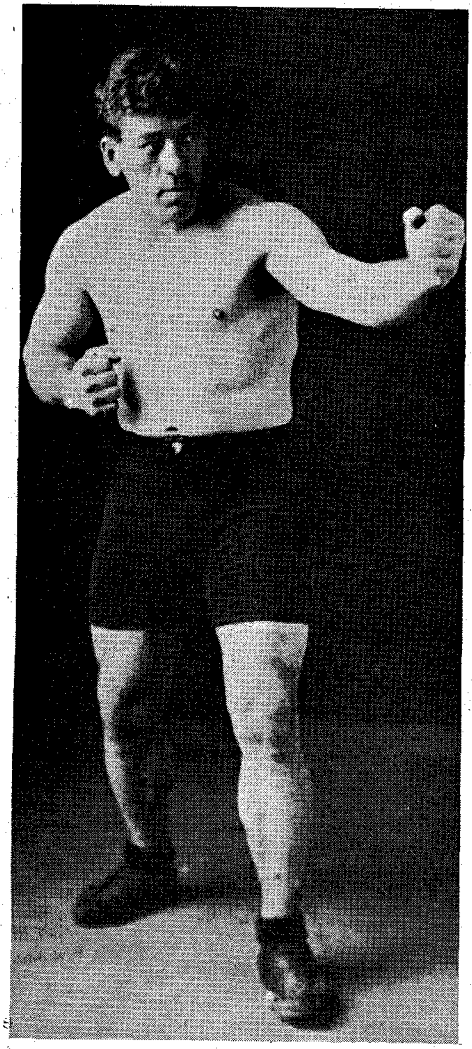


cowpoke said as he glanced inside the door.

"Watch this!" chuckled the Wyoming strong man as he darted outside and got beneath the horse and lifted it gently off the ground. After raising the horse, Gus Peterson's 150-pound anvil was held out at full arm's length by the genial giant.

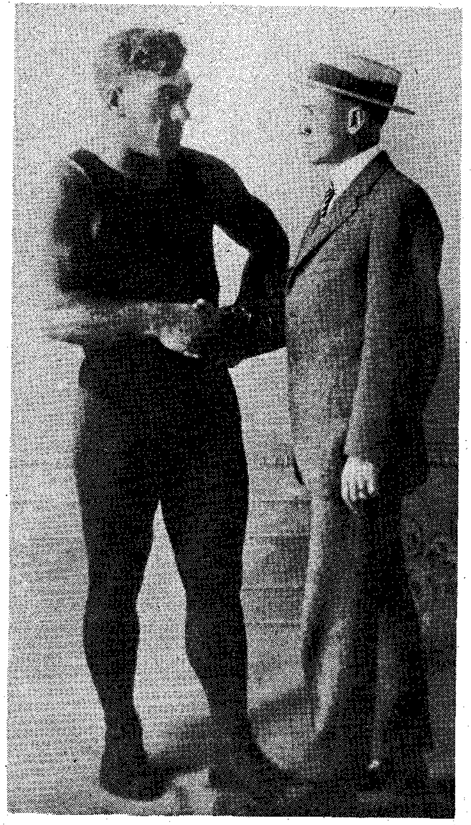
As the crowd dispersed, some of the spectators were richer and others poorer from betting, but everyone liked and admired Noah Young. Even Gus Peterson secretly marveled at husky Noah, known around Glenrock as "Sport." Sport Young frequently sauntered past the smithy dangling a 40-pound milk pail on one finger, just to see the brawny smith peeking awe-struck out the window. Sport Young was a top notch runner, fighter, and wrestler, an all-around athlete. His trick pitching on the Glenrock baseball team was above reproach. His big brother John ("Bull") was the catcher and he always slipped a beefsteak in his mitt to cushion the bullet-fast impact of the speed ball. Sport's fast throw caused the baseball to soar skyward just as the batter made his swing.

IT WAS on a Halloween night that Sport Young presented the city fathers with a weighty problem. Along with two prankster buddies he shoved a two-ton red rock, which they had discovered near the present Hugh Duncan Ranch, into a horse-drawn wagon. The huge stone was dumped in the middle of Main Street. It took ten men to remove it the next morning.



Above, John "Bull" Young.

Below, John Young with his manager.



Sport was just one of three twentieth century Goliaths named Young, living in Glenrock, Wyoming. His parents had moved there from Colorado when he was one year old.

Born in Lancashire, England, in 1856, his father Noah Young, Sr. had worked in the coal mines. Despairing of ever getting more than a bare living, the large man turned to boxing, becoming bare knuckle champion of his country. Noah Sr. saved his earnings and came to America in 1875. The nineteen-year-old giant gazed hopefully at the New York shoreline. Determined to make a fortune in his newly adopted country, he headed toward Nevada, Colorado, after a short visit with a brother in Iowa. Noah found work in the coal mines there and married pretty Polly Anson. In three consecutive years, three husky boys were born to the couple.

The family lived on a ranch located near the mines, and the sons, sharing their father's interest in sports, grew strong, straight and tall.

William Nuttal had discovered coal at Deer Creek, Wyoming, the previous year. He was looking for a capable ambitious man to supervise his newly hired 100 employees. Noah Young, Sr., whom he had met during a Colorado trip, fitted this description.

Noah and his family arrived in Deer Creek (present-day Glenrock, Wyoming) in late 1886, to take on his new assignment. Later, his success in this field came to the attention of Governor W. A. Richards who appointed Mr. Young mine inspector for the state. He served under four governors in all.

When the Glenrock Coal Mining Company shut down in 1906 due to various mining and marketing problems, Noah Young, William Fenex, and company doctor "Doc" Smith bought the Glenrock Sheep Company. The new partners imported 500 head of fine Cotswold sheep from England. While herding sheep on the lonesome prairie, elder son Harry became a proficient violin player.

John "Bull" Young was now a full grown muscle-man of twenty-three years. Larger than his brothers, he stood 6'2" tall and weighed 260 pounds. His hairy chest was a full fifty inches around, and his waist narrowed to a mere thirty-two inches. A fair day's work for Bull Young was 120 hand-shorn sheep. Tossing carcasses of meat in a butcher shop tightened his muscles for boxing, the sport he loved best.

In 1908 Jack Johnson, a Negro, had just beaten Jim Jeffries. Jeffries had been the top white-man contender for the cherished heavyweight boxing crown. Every white boxer in the country wanted to get a crack at the strong black man who had upset the traditional applecart, and Bull Young was no exception.

"I can lick any man alive!" boasted Bull as he hopped aboard the passenger train at Glenrock. It was spring of 1913 and the boxer was bound for Los Angeles, California, for a bout with Jess Willard, after which he hoped to tackle Jack Johnson. Bull Young was one of several new but proven fighters known as the "Great White Hopes." He had recently knocked out tough Tommy Burns.

Not knowing that this would be his last fight, Bull met Willard at the Vernon Arena in Los Angeles. The Wyoming battler had celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday and his opponent was thirty-one. Willard, who claimed he never had a glove on until he was twenty-eight, was a former cowboy, born December 1881 on a farm and raised in Kansas. After he had noticed two laborers struggling to load a 500-pound bale of cotton into a wagon, had gone to their aid and lifted the load with ease, he was urged by friends to get into the good paying fight game.

The gong sounded! The first rounds were even up! Toward the tenth round Bull Young was ahead on points and was forcing the fight in the eleventh. Bull whispered to his manager, "I'm in great shape. Watch me floor that guy!"

A lightning haymaker right to the jaw from Willard slumped Bull Young to the canvas. His neck was broken as his head struck the post holding the ring ropes and he died three hours later.

Noah "Sport" Young met with Jess Willard in the dressing room. Tears streamed down Willard's battered face as the men embraced and cried in each others arms. Willard swore that he would never fight again. For several years that promise was kept. Willard broke the oath April 5, 1915 when he knocked out Jack Johnson in Havana, Cuba, in the twenty-sixth round of a forty-five round bout.

Al Treloar, a famous weight lifter, had met Sport Young when the boy was only fifteen years old and later on was his trainer. Sport was taught scientific methods of developing a super-strength and served as a gym instructor in Hollywood, California. During the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, Sport earned the title of the "Strongest Man In The World." He picked up a dead weight of 1,500 pounds and pushed it above his head. A 250-pound weight was raised overhead in a one-hand lift. In ten events at the exposition he won eight firsts, one second and one third place. The twenty-seven year-old man broke four amateur records. A buck upthrust of 3,000 pounds, a bent press one-hand lift of 250 pounds, and a one-hand snatch of 178 pounds were credited to Sport Young, records never to be broken in this world event.

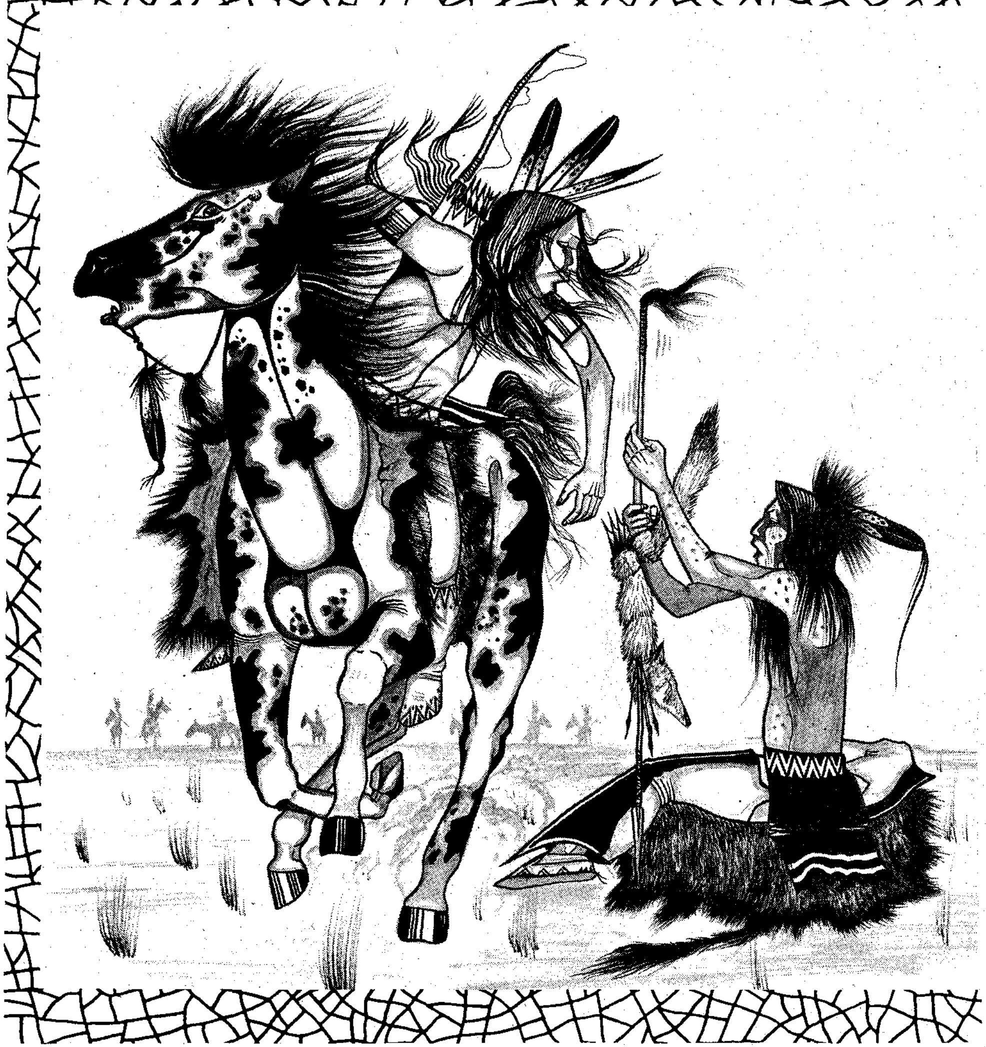
Sport played in movies of the silent picture era, his part usually being that of a strong man, a bouncer, or a sheriff. He put spark into films such as the "Sailor Made Man." Carrying five young actresses around the Hal Roach Studio, holding two girls on each arm and one encircling his neck, he caused much comment. It is claimed that he allowed a Buick sedan loaded with five passengers to roll over his prone body. Sport Young's fame and fortune did not deter him from helping other people. For many years his constant companion was Sammy Brooks, a midget actor who became blind.

Sport died in 1953 and is buried beside his father in Los Angeles, although Glenrock, Wyoming held a special place in his heart, and he brought many famous

(Continued on page 66)

SACRED ARROWS of the CHEYENNES

The treasured shafts from the medicine sack were lost to the Pawnees by the momentary faintheartedness of a Cheyenne warrior. By trickery three were eventually regained, and by trickery the fourth was lost forever



By P. B. HUGHES
Illustrated by Rance Hood

ON THE CHEYENNE Reservation in Oklahoma is a bundle of four sacred arrows—one yellow, one white, one red, and one black. Three of these beautiful feathered implements pre-date the history of the white man in the West but the fourth—the black arrow—is a substitute for the original lost during a war with the Pawnees in the 1830s. That loss, says Cheyenne folklore, was the blow which started the Cheyenne tribe on its road to sorrow and hardship.

This story begins when the Pawnees, whose permanent village was on the Loup River in Nebraska, went southwest on a hunt. When they came to the Platte River they saw many buffaloes on the hills, so made camp in the valley and rode out for the kill. After they had shot their arrows into the herd and the people had scattered, each man going after his wounded buffalo, the hunters were attacked by the Cheyennes.

The Pawnee chief, Big Eagle, hurried to his tipi and put on a red shirt, many ear bobs, a string of wampum beads, and a headdress with an eagle feather in it. Pulling on scalp leggings and black moccasins, Big Eagle mounted his pony and rode out to call the Pawnees together for battle.

While Big Eagle was making his preparations for action another man in the Pawnee camp sat in a tipi thinking. At last he called his relatives to him and told them he had reached a decision. He pulled back his robe and showed them the hideous sores that covered his body.

"I have had these sores for many months and the medicine men have not helped," he told his relatives. "I want you to place me on a robe and carry me out to battle. Put me about fifteen paces from the Pawnee line, where I will be exposed to the enemy. It is better to die in battle then slowly, like an old woman."

His kinsmen protested but the sick man insisted and they did as he asked. Just as they got him settled, the Cheyennes charged, whooping as they came toward the Pawnee line. The Pawnees broke and ran back toward camp, but Big Eagle, tall and straight and fearless on his spotted pony, directed their return.

The sick man, deserted in the midst of battle, shot his arrows so swiftly the Cheyennes did not touch him in their rush. Then the poor man sat his ground as the lines re-formed and the Pawnee women gave their war-cry to encourage the young men going in to do battle for the first time.

Big Eagle killed several of the enemy, and rode back and forth between the two lines of warriors, daring any Cheyenne to approach. The Cheyenne chief, an elderly brave, urged his warriors to get Big Eagle (whom the Cheyennes called Spotted Horse because of the pony he rode), promising that any warrior who could count coup on Big Eagle would become the new chief. But Big Eagle was so audacious he sent the Cheyennes flying for cover as fast as they worked up courage enough to come after him.

Despite his dexterity, however, Big Eagle could not ride up and down the line of his people and protect the sick man at the end of the line, too. One of the Cheyennes who observed the sick man's plight was a warrior dressed more elaborately than the rest of his people. He was Bull, the keeper of the arrows.

"Has that man been struck?" Bull asked his tribesmen.

"Yes, yes. He has been hit," the Cheyennes insisted. They did not want the arrow-keeper to know the man had not been hit. They feared Bull would go out and try to kill him, and risk losing the spear to which the sacred Cheyenne bundle was tied. Bull ignored the warnings, however, and dashed on his pony toward what seemed like easy prey.

(Continued on page 60)

MAN ON THE DODGE

By FRANCIS MURL ANDREWS
Submitted By
MRS. AGNES ANDREWS
Photos Courtesy Author

"For a long time I was from everywhere but where I was, and was leaving there at once!"

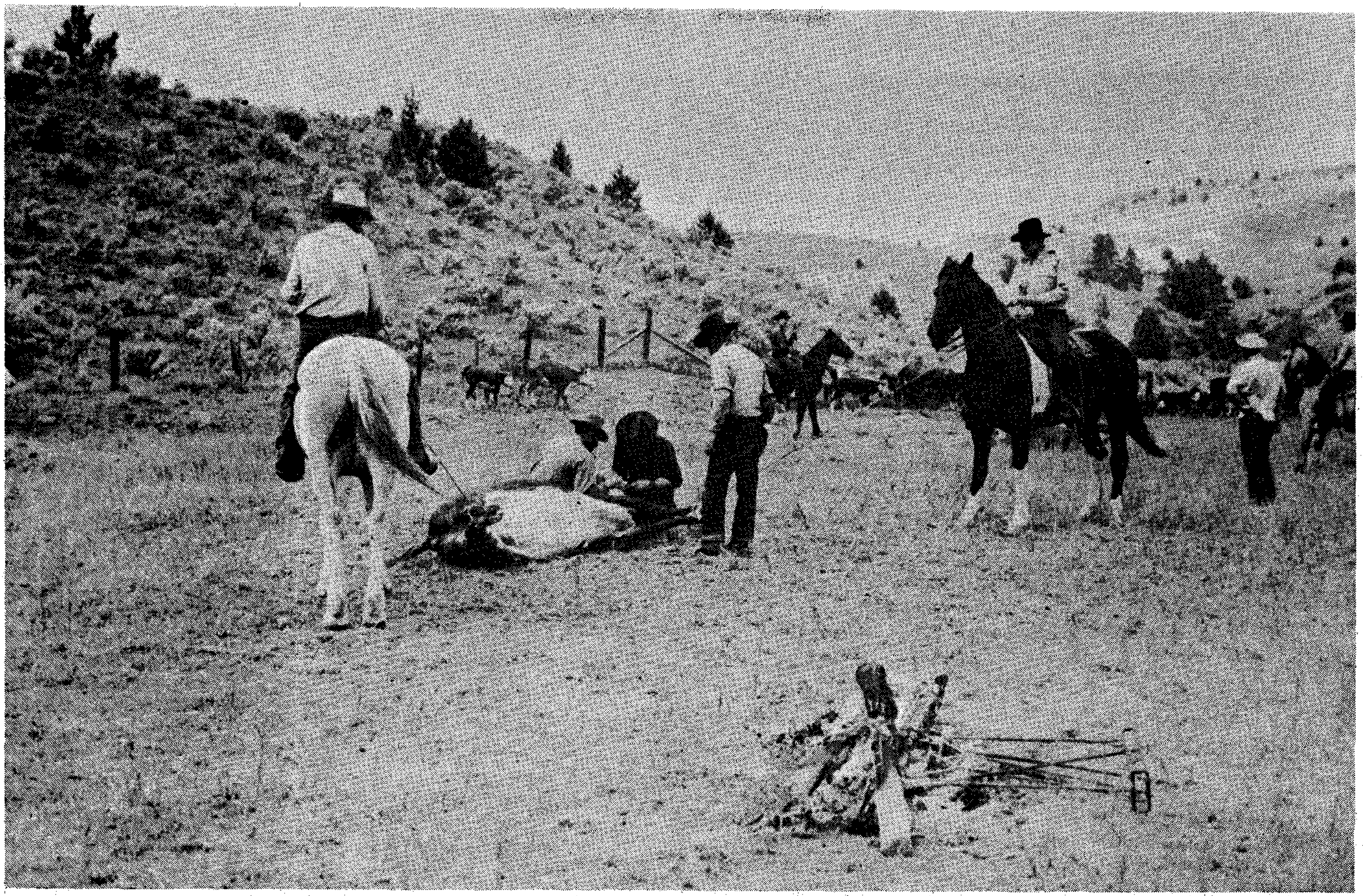
Introductory note: "Pushing some little ducks in the creek" was just another term for being careless with a branding iron. A harsher term was "rustling."

Francis Murl "Shorty" Andrews left home (Coke County, Texas) in 1909 with a neighbor boy. He was sixteen. They got odd jobs at ranches, but mostly lived off the land. Clyde Skinner soon gave up and went to work on a farm; Shorty, who preferred starving to death if he couldn't be a cowboy, went on alone. During the next five years he did every ranch chore there was to do at various spreads in the Texas Panhandle, Oklahoma and New Mexico. At one time things got so bad the boy wrote his father to sell a couple of cows he'd left at home and send him the money, but that was the only occasion he ever called for help. Shorty tried mining, freighting, rodeoing, trapping, wild horse hunting. He learned a little about all of them; he also learned about saloons and fighting and hardships and being broke—the latter in depth. When bad times just won't let up, a man's judgment often plays out on him.

WE WERE CAMPED on the head of the Largo in Catron County, New Mexico. I was the only one who wasn't a Mexican. We had the roundup thrown together and they were a pretty wild bunch. One wild cow came out by Thomas Armijo. He dabbed his rope on her and his horse came to pieces, finally got wound up in the rope and got down on Thomas. He was wound up, too; the cow was on top of both of them. I finally got to them and got my knife working and got them up. Thomas was not hurt very bad but they would have made sausage out of him pretty quick if I had not been there.

I killed one of their cows on this work but I never told them about it. One day I was on top of Gallo Mountain and found a bunch of wild ones and started

At left, Francis Murl Andrews, known as Shorty by his friends.



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Branding calves on the Oregon range, a sight very familiar to Shorty Andrews.

off with them. I had plenty of trouble but I was riding a good horse, Old Fox. I had a big bald-faced cow that was giving me lots of races. Finally she got the break on me and started down the mountain, making the rocks fly. I took after her, overtook her and dabbed my rope on. We were sure flying the rocks knee deep. I dropped my rope over her and went down that mountain. When she stopped rolling I think every bone in her body was broken and half of the flesh gone. I was afraid some of them would find her and war would start. But they didn't, I guess, for I never heard anymore about it.

That fall I had some more experience on the trail with a bunch of cows. I was helping Claude Humphrey take in some beef cows, I think 185 head. We were short-handed, only Claude, Odie Gann, and myself. Tom Gann drove the chuckwagon.

We left Bull Camp on the 18th of November. Claude stayed with us for two days then went on to Magdalena. Of course, you couldn't blame him, for he was going in to get married. But anyway, that left only two of us with the cattle on a ten-day trip, standing guard at night. The day he left it started snowing but we made it fine till we got out on the San Augustin Plains.

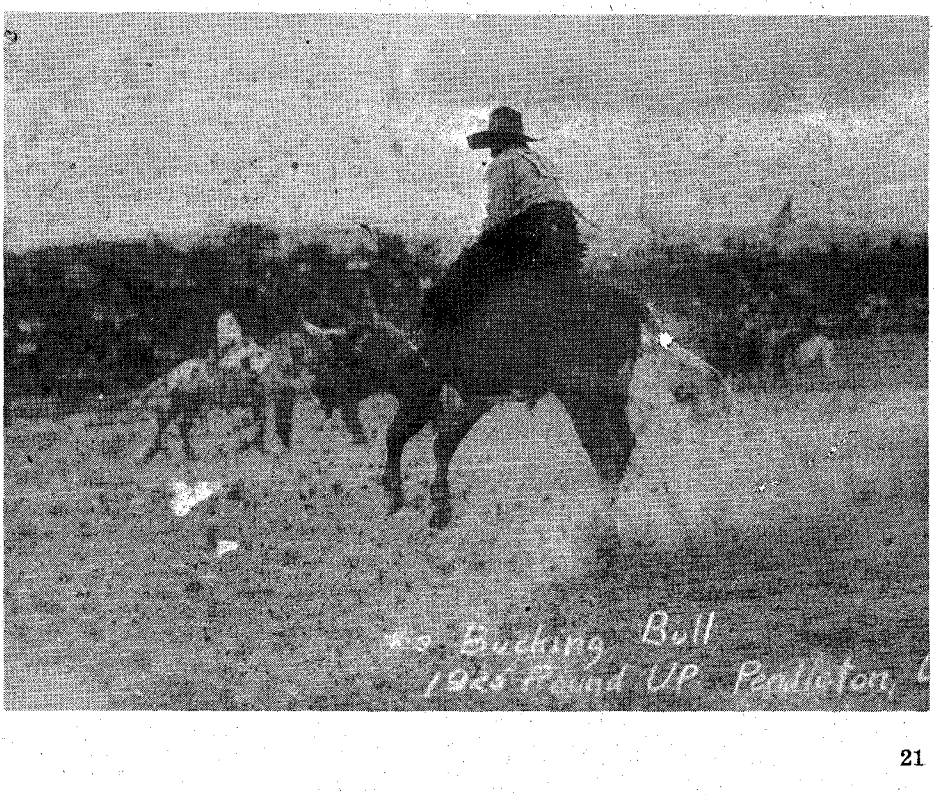
The second day, in the afternoon, it got to snowing and blowing till we couldn't see a thing. We were supposed to camp at a windmill that night, but we got lost and Tom also got lost with the chuckwagon. Odie and I fought those cattle all night long, it snowing and blowing, but we kept them together.

The next morning the sun came out about ten o'clock. We were eight miles off our course and Tom was about the same distance the other direction. But we got together in the afternoon and, believe me, we took on a feed.

It snowed on us every day from there on. We were sure tired when we got there. Claude met us about twelve miles from town and expressed his sorrow for us, that owing to circumstances he couldn't get back. That was all right, but it didn't help us any. After we got through shipping, we got lit up as usual, of course, and soon forgot our troubles.

When we got back to the ranch, Tom Gann and I moved to Bull Camp for the winter. Nothing much to do, picking up a dogie occasionally and running in a few poor heifers in the early spring to feed a little hay to.

Shorty Andrews riding a bull at the 1925 Roundup at Pendleton, Oregon.



I remember after we had fifty head or so, feeding them, they gave a dance over home. That was the Demetrio ranch which was owned by John Jones. It was not really my home but I called it that, and do yet. At any rate we both wanted to go, so we decided to knock down the fence around one of the hay stacks and let the heifers help themselves, which we did, and pulled out.

WE WERE GONE for three days, and of course Claude had to come along while we were gone. He never said anything but I always knew what he thought. Anyway, we had a good time and so did the heifers. The only loser was the N H ranch but the loss was not as great as it would have been to us if we hadn't gone, for we would have lost lots of sleep worrying because we didn't go.

In that country the dances didn't happen very often, and when there was one, everyone went regardless of the condition of the weather or anything else. The dance floor was not too good, but I jumped cracks and knot holes in those floors and had a better time than anywhere else since then. Never have I got the enjoyment that I did there, dancing by the music of the mouth harp and fiddle and guitar. I have often played the harp myself and danced at the same time. I'm not much of a musician but could knock out a tune that I could dance to myself and the rest could follow.

After spring opened up, I went in partners with Julian Moody and leased the old Coleman place on the Largo where Mrs. Coleman and her hired boy had been mysteriously killed. We both had a little bunch of cattle, about enough to starve to death on, but we took on a few ponies to break and were trading and trafficking around making ends meet, getting along pretty nicely, when all at once we were accused of pushing some little ducks in the creek.

We were arrested and scheduled for trial on the 13th day of the month which everyone knows is unlucky. I felt creepy up till the day of the trial. Of course, we made bail and were freed, but didn't feel in the best of spirits.

We knew if we had a fair trial we would be cleared, but a fair trial was a thing of much uncertainty in that country. They didn't have any real evidence against us but that didn't make much difference.

I had some real good friends that I knew would stick by me so we decided to go into court ready to shoot it out if necessary. I was armed with a .45 automatic in my chaps pocket, loaded and ready to go. And my friends were ready. too. They don't know till yet how close they were to a real shooting match. This was a justice court.

I and my friends testified to the truth —that I was nowhere near the creek when the ducks drowned. But that didn't make any difference. They proved by false testimony to the jury's belief that Julian and I pushed the ducks in the creek and we were held for the action of the grand jury.

We were expecting that but we also expected to shoot it out with them when they refused to let us out on bail till the action of the grand jury, which was three months later. But lucky enough, they let us out on $100 bail each, which was put up promptly by our friends. I hope I never have the feeling again that I had that day for that was the only time in my life that I was ever really bloodthirsty.

There were some in that bunch that were mixed up in the killing of some of my friends before that, and to tell you the truth I really wanted action that day. I was not a very good shot for I had never used a gun much, but I had a friend sitting by my side who could use one. And believe it or not I would have made the smoke fly until they got me. But luckily, nothing happened so we made bail and stepped out of the courtroom unharmed.

I HAD A FRIEND parked a little way from there in a Ford, ready to go if I didn't get killed before I got there. So I stepped aboard old Lizzie and left town, not expecting to return soon. We went up the Largo to the Coleman place where my belongings were and I drew my plans on the way up. I had already had my ponies in the corral, the ones that I was taking along with me. One was Gila Monster, a pony that was a real high jumper but at the time was very gentle for me unless something went wrong. The other was a little gray pony that I had got from Bob McCord some time before. He was as mean as the devil himself but a tough rascal. I had several other ponies, but these two would take me across the country.

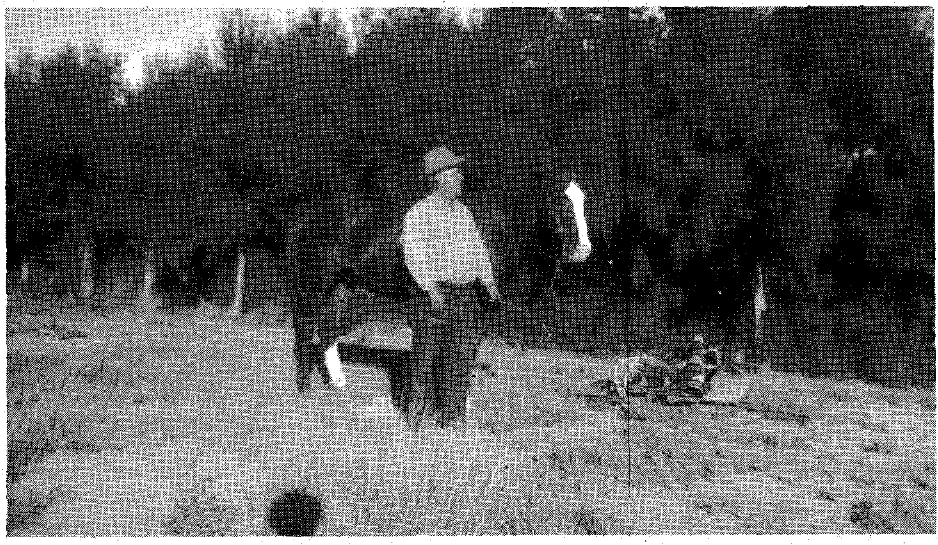
When we got to the corral I wasn't long getting my bed on the gray which I called Apache and my saddle on old Gila. I left out of there while the going was good. I went to the Johnson place that night and stayed around the high points in that locality till my friends looked after some business for me.

One evening I was mounted on a high point on lookout when I saw a horsebacker coming up the canyon. I finally discovered who it was and went down to meet him, tickled to death for I knew I would be on my way soon. Sure enough, my business had been attended to. We rode back to the Johnson place and stirred up a bite to eat. I packed and left out about dusk.

I took a little flour, bacon and coffee along for I didn't expect to see anyone for several days. The course I picked was toward the White Mountains in Arizona. I wanted to come out at Fort Apache on the Apache Reservation. I was then some sixty miles east of the east slope of these mountains. I had never been over this country but I knew generally where Fort Apache was located. There were no fences in the way; all I had to do was keep my directions.

The first night out I made it to the breaks of the Nutrioso Creek and camped in a piñon thicket till night came again. That evening at dusk I decided to pack old Gila and ride Apache, so I proceeded but didn't get very far till something went wrong. I lost my pack horse, and myself and Apache tore down about two acres of piñon trees. But lucky enough, he didn't get rid of me for that was sure no place to be left afoot in the shape I was in. I was a free man on bail but I had a hunch I had better move while I could. And I also knew that if some parties knew which way I had gone they would come after me. They thought so much of me they would have even gone to some expense to bring me back. Knowing this fact, I decided I would travel nights, at least till I got across the Little Colorado into the White Mountains.

Shorty, many years after "pushing those little ducks in the creek," with his horse, Hornet.



After Apache got through bucking, I was all together except a little hide left here and there on some piñon limbs and my shirt torn to pieces. I didn't mind the hide I had lost, for that would grow back, but the holes in my shirt would not. Anyway I went back and found my pack horse and decided to change, so after some little trouble getting my rigging located in the dark I was on my way, feeling fine with the exception of a few minor pains where the bark was gone off my face and arms.

I got across the Colorado about two a.m. It started raining and was so black I couldn't see a thing, but old Gila Monster wanted to go so I gave him the reins. He jogged along for some time when all at once he came to a stop. I knew there was something wrong so I got down and found we were at a gate. I didn't know just what to do when I realized there must be a house close. I didn't care much about meeting anyone but finally decided he must be a stranger to me anyway and I would take a chance.

I proceeded on my way and didn't get far till I came to a little house. I rode up and called but no one answered. I got down and knocked but still no one answered, so I opened the door, went in, and struck a match. There was no one at home but there was a nice place for a fire and plenty of wood so I fired up, then went out to see if I could find a corral to put my ponies in. I found it and a nice stack of hay besides, so I decided I had better feed my horses and lay over till daybreak so I could see how to get my course again.

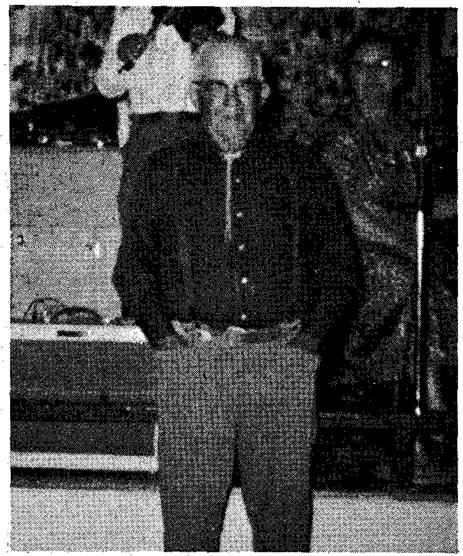
I fed my ponies and cooked something for myself. By that time it was breaking day. I got out and got my directions, then pulled out again. Whose place that was I never knew, but I sure thank him for the accommodation I helped myself to.

I TOPPED OUT on White Mountain that morning about noon. It was pretty rough going in the mud so I laid over till the next day. I found good grazing and staked Apache and hobbled Gila for a rest.

I think I was seven days on that trip and only saw one man—a sheepherder out on top of White Mountain. I only palavered with him a few minutes to find out the way to Fort Apache but he knew no more about it than I did so I went on.

Luckily I hit the trail leading off White Mountain to Fort Apache at the head of White River, coming out exactly where I wanted to. Then I got directions to the Flying H ranch at Cibecue. I had a friend, Henry Jones, who was wagon boss there and I knew he wouldn't tell anyone where I hailed from.

On the way out I was jogging along a trail through the brush when, all at once, up came an Apache squaw out of a ditch, with two papooses and about two hundred pounds of junk tied all over her pony. They stampeded my horses, and like a bonehead I had the rope that I led the pack horse with tied to my saddle horn. In the excitement we all got tangled up in the rope. I couldn't get loose so I went after my knife. That is one thing a cowboy always has and there have been a good many saved their lives by remembering what it was for. On several occasions I have cut myself loose and have also cut several others loose.


Shorty Andrews at a dance, one of his favorite pastimes when he got the chance.

I finally come free but both ponies got away and left the country, leaving me afoot. I knew nothing about the Apache language so I spit out a few words of Mexican to the squaw but she sat there grunting like a pig full of buttermilk. Then I began making signs and finally she tumbled that I wanted her pony. To my surprise, she got down. I lifted the papooses off, they screaming like wildcats scared to death. At last I got everything unpacked and left the squaw and all her paraphernalia there. I had to run my ponies all the way back to Fort Apache before I could catch them.

It took a couple of hours and when I got back the squaw had gone to sleep and the papooses were playing around like two monkeys in a coconut tree. I got her and all of her junk back on her pony, and gave her a sack of Bull Durham which suited her better than a ten-spot would have.

I MADE IT to the Flying H, as it is called, that night and was some surprise to my friend. We had a conference before I went any farther. He was getting ready to gather steers and offered me a job.

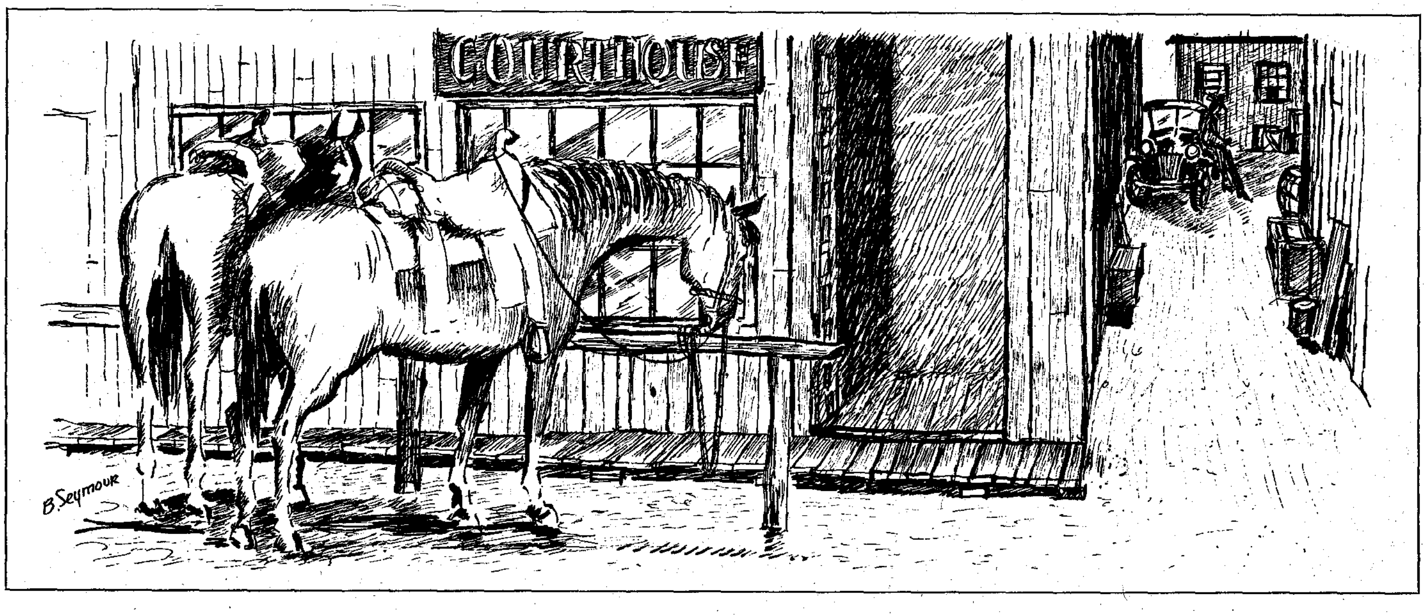
In my life I have worked cattle in five different states and British Columbia, but those were the wildest I have ever had any dealings with. They were just as wild as any deer that ever lived. Believe me, you had to throw your brains away to catch those things.

It was a very rough, rocky country with no timber except deer brush and oak about belly high to a horse, and cedar in the canyons. And it was a country that you couldn't work with a roundup and chuckwagon. Everything was packed every time camp was moved. Chucks, beds and everything had to be packed with mules.

There were about twenty different campgrounds and not one with a level place big enough to put your bed on, nor could you escape having some rocks under your bed.

The cattle were worked with a hold-up. There were always a few gentle cows that hung around the salt logs, which were at springs and watering places. We would go up the canyons, then scatter out and run the wild ones into them. Often they would booger the hold-up. When that happened, all there was left to do was for every man to pin his ears back, get down his rope and catch what he could.

Everybody carried a little de-horning saw and about half a dozen tie ropes on his saddle. When you caught and busted one, you'd get down and tie him up, drag him to the nearest tree, then take your tie rope, tie it around the horns, run it around the tree and and tie it back to the horns again. That way they couldn't get tangled up by going around the tree. Then you'd grab your de-horn-



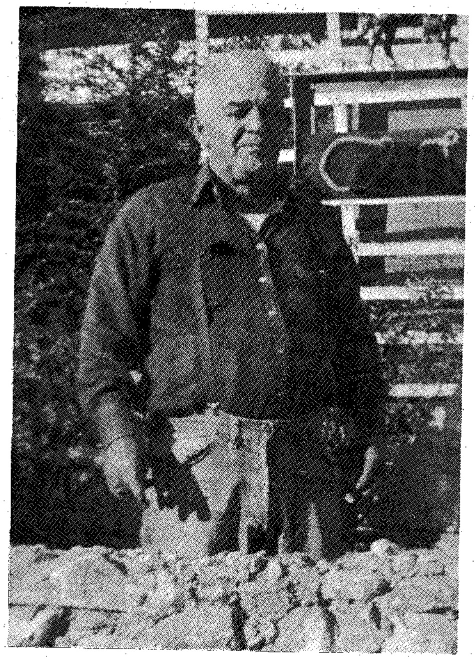
ing saw and saw the horns off in the quick, untie his feet and let him up. After he stood tied to a tree for a couple of days he would lead like a saddle horse.

I had a good many thrilling experiences while I was there. One day we had a hold-up thrown together on a high point. Several big mavericks were in the bunch. We held them for a while but they began to break away. One came out by me. I pinned my ears back and ran him several miles before I could get close enough to reach him. When he headed down a canyon, I took off down the ridge and dropped off ahead of him. When he got to me I dabbed my rope on him.

My pony was worn out and the maverick was too. We were late in the night getting back to camp. One thing I can say—I never let one get away after I once saw him. I have put in all day several times after one maverick. Lots of times I have used up my pony, got down, unsaddled him and let him rest and cool off for a couple of hours, then cold trailed the maverick till I caught up again.

I remember one time we were working on the Cibecue River. Plenty of rough rocks and brush galore. I jumped a three-year-old cow and a big calf, both mavericks. I ran them from early morning till about noon, trying to keep them together till I could catch one while keeping track of the other. Around noon I caught the calf and tied it down, then took after the cow again. I trailed and ran her the rest of the day, finally caught her down on the river late that afternoon, branded her and turned her loose.

I then went back up the mountain to hunt the place I had left the calf but never found it till after dark. I had a time branding it, too, as anyone knows who has tried it. It is next to impossible to brand a cow brute after sundown. The hair and hide get damp with sweat and you can stick a red hot iron to them and it will just smoulder and smoke as it does when they are wet from rain. In time you can get a brand on them but it will never be a clean brand—just a big scab.



Shorty, many years after being "on the dodge."

I REMEMBER once I rode out on a point to look around. I could see the whole country for about ten miles below me but taking in the east river front. While looking around I saw a brute top over a ridge with a man after her. I sat there for two hours watching the race. It was Dock Wagner who was working for the Babbitt Brothers whose range joined the Flying H on the west and was known as the OQ Rail outfit. Dock was working through with us. I enjoyed watching that race as much as anything I ever saw in my life. He finally caught the cow but he had some job doing it, and he was a real good brush hand too.

I had lots of fun on that work although it was a horse-killing country.

After about two years a pony gets so crippled in his front feet that he can hardly get downhill to water.

One time while I was there one of our pack mules got with the wild bunch and we couldn't catch her. There were a good many wild Apache ponies around. The Flying H outfit took in the southwest corner of the Apache Reservation, Salt River being the south line, the Cibecue River the west line, Cedar Creek the east, and the Cibecue and Fort Apache trail on the north. At any rate we couldn't catch the mule, so Henry Jones and I decided to trap her. We got this mule and the bunch she was running with up on Table Mesa.

Table Mesa covered about a mile square on top and had rimrocks all the way around except one gap. Henry picked out a suitable place along the trail with his .30-30 while I climbed out on top. After considerable running I finally got the bunch headed off the mesa. They came down that trail like a thunderstorm, with rocks and dust flying in every direction. I pulled up when I got them started down the trail and pretty soon I heard a shot. I rode on down the trail to where Henry was, but no mule was in sight. I asked, "Where is the mule?" and he pointed to a bunch of bushes in the bottom of the canyon. We went down and found that in trying a crease shot, he had shot the mule through the heart, which was about three feet from where he had aimed. To crease an animal, you ought to shoot about six inches in front of the withers and one inch below the top of the neck. That will knock them cold for a few minutes till you can get a rope on them. It does them no harm with the exception of a sore neck for a few days. Anyway, that was the end of the mule and a bad mark on Henry's stock as a rifleman.

Cowboys and ponies in camp for the night. A cowpoke's life was rough and lonely. You had to love it to make it your way of life.

Courtesy D. E. Warren, Moscow, Idaho

WE WERE GETTING ALONG fine on the work but one day a little bird came and whispered in my ear that I had been seen crossing the White Mountains by a sheepherder some months before and had disappeared towards the west. I had felt fairly safe while out there in the sticks, but now I slept with one eye open all the time, and though I kept working along, every time I came to camp I looked around before I got close for I didn't want to step into a trap. And to cap the thing off, I had a sweet little girl over at Quemado, where I was accused of my crimes, who had stood by me in court to the finish and had helped in every way she could. Her name was Dora Grey.

I decided to send her a wireless to find out how I was really loved in that country. I trusted her completely—and she was a good little girl, I will say that yet—but you may be sure that there are very few people in this world who can keep a secret. I got a reply from her telling me I was safe where I was.

Well, everything seemed fine and I went ahead with the work till we got through gathering the steers. Of course I didn't dare to go to the railroad with them as they were being shipped from Holbrook and I knew a few people in that country and didn't care to meet them at that particular time. Though I was a free man on bail, I was pretty sure I would stay that way only as long as I could stay out of sight or until I heard how my case was coming along. I knew nothing about Julian, the boy that was billed with me, but I figured he could look out for himself the same as I was doing.

Anyway, I helped them get started with the steers, then went back to the ranch to pack salt from Cibecue. We had five tons of block salt freighted out that far, but as there was no road to the ranch it had to be packed in on horses thirteen miles. That was some job.

Shorty with a lady friend. Whether or not this is the lady who couldn't keep a secret, we can't say.

I had five pack horses and packed two hundred pounds to the horses, making one trip a day. Some days if I had bad luck it would take part of the night, too, to make the trip. Cibecue was only a trading post and a supply house for the Indians.

I have seen some curious sights there at Cibecue on ration day. They issued provisions on the first and fifteenth of every month so the Indians all flocked in to the store on those days. Some on foot, some on burros, some on ponies, others in old wagons and buggies with the wheels wobbling worse than a drunk man. I suppose some of those rigs have gone a hundred thousand miles without grease or repairs except hay wire. The agent had all kinds of beads and loud paraphernalia to get what few nickels they had. Maybe one had sold a calf, sheep or something; if so, he never left the post with any of the money.

Those Apache Indians still lived the same as they did two hundred years ago. They would get some bear grass blades together around some poles, like a tepee tent, then start at the top and weave the leaves pointing downward to turn the rain. One would think those grass blades would leak water like a sieve but they didn't leak a drop. An opening was left in the top about a foot across to let the smoke out. At night they built a small fire in the center, then spread their blankets around the fire on the ground and slept that way if they had blankets; if not, they just lay on the bare ground.

One day I was at Cibecue after a load of salt, and a stage came in from Fort Apache and White River. The two places are only a few miles apart. Off stepped a couple of well dressed young men with nice looking suitcases. I inquired of the agent as to who they were. He told me they were boys who had been sent to Carlyle University and had graduated from there. They had been gone four years.

To look at those fellows you would think they had never lived in a tepee nor probably never would. But while I was there packing salt on my ponies I noticed them going across the river to where the Indian village was. They were taking their suitcases with them and all of the squaws and papooses in the country were following along behind. After I got through loading up, I went into the store and asked the agent if those fine looking men were going to den up with that filthy bunch. He said, "Sure they will. You won't know them tomorrow. They were raised here and this is where they will stay from now on." Sure enough, I was back there the next day and there they were. They had thrown the fine suitcases and clothes away and looked just like the rest of the Indians.

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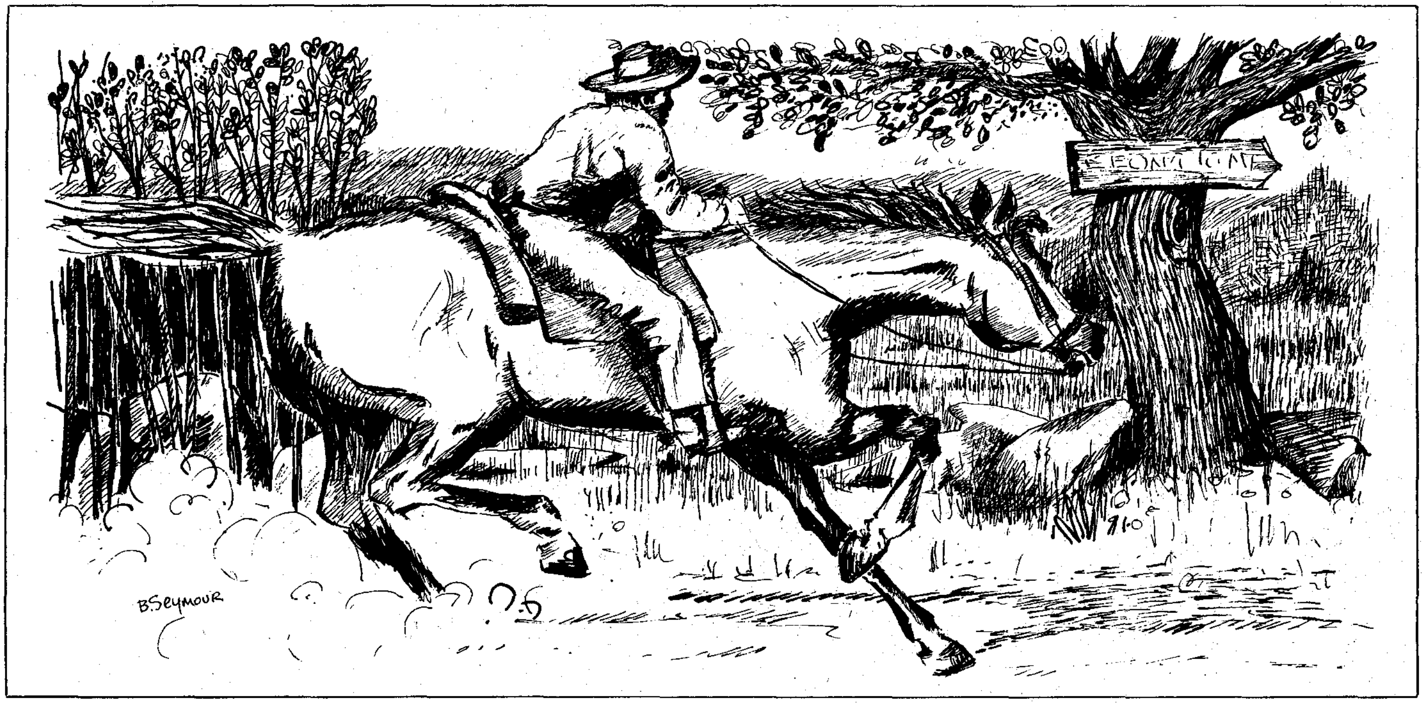
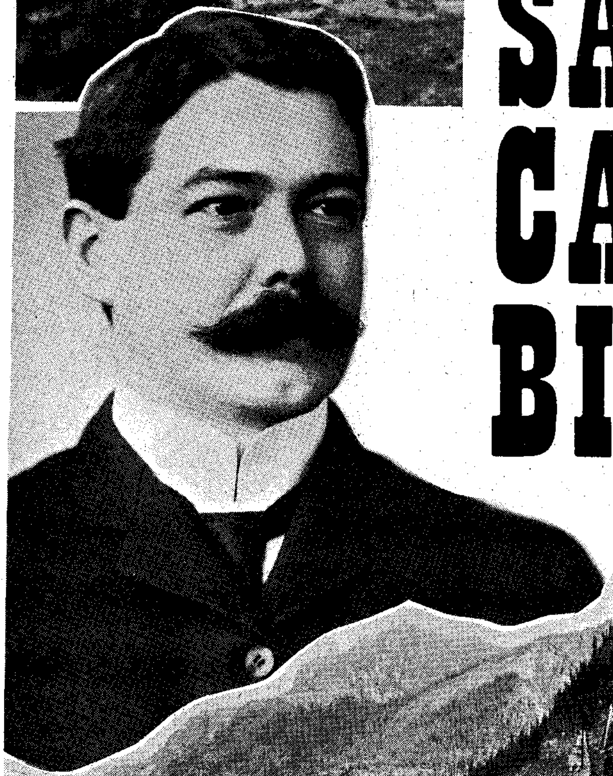




SAGA OF THE CAMP BIRD

By AGNES M. PHARO

Photos Courtesy Author

Above, the Camp Bird Mine as it appears today.

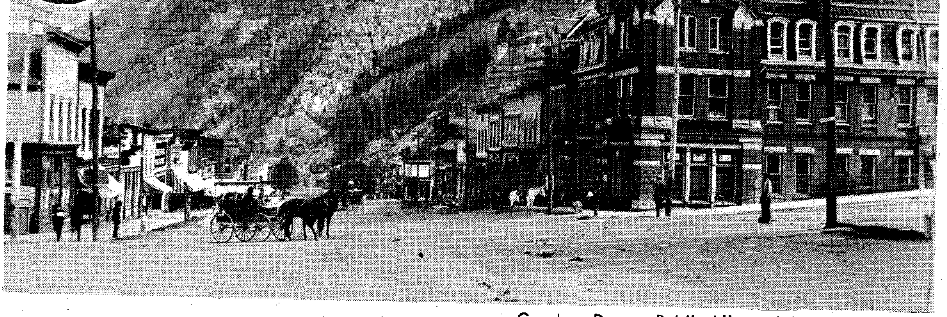
Left, Thomas F. Walsh, the man for whom the Camp Bird Mine made millions.

IT WAS 1895 when Thomas F. Walsh bought the Camp Bird Mine, five miles above the town of Ouray high in the Colorado Rockies. Its acquisition brought him the wealth he had long pursued and started him on the trail to Washington, Paris and other glittering world capitals. But it didn't bring him lasting happiness.

Tom Walsh was an Irish-born adventurer with fiery red hair and a lilt to his tongue. He was intelligent and self-educated, and he had a natural charm which made for him a host of friends, even in the days before he became a millionaire.

He had come to America via the steerage when he was nineteen, and worked his way across country to South Dakota. Here, being young, strong and with a knowledge of carpentry, Tom soon had stashed away a tidy nest egg through his labors on buildings and bridges.

It was in South Dakota that a grizzled prospector approached him with a proposition. "What about teamin' up with me, Tom?" he offered. "Got a rich gold strike hereabouts that I'm on the track of, but I need somebody with money—a grubstake, mebbe."



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Main Street in Ouray, Colorado in the 1890s.

Unhappiness was to come to this family but at least it was threaded with gold from a Colorado mountainside and crowned by a magnificent jewel from a palace in France

Young Walsh thought it over. He also talked it over with his friends. Their final opinion was: "Don't have nothin' to do with it—not unless it's a real fissure vein in granite."

But it wasn't in granite. It was in a slate formation, and Walsh declined the offer. That was how he muffed his first chance at making a fortune, for the old prospector eventually developed the Homestake which turned out to be one of the greatest gold mines on earth.

But if Lady Luck deserted Tom once in a while, she never failed to seek him out again and give him another chance. The next time she caught up with him was in Leadville, Colorado, where he had gone in response to the call of the great silver boom. He invested in some mining properties and did a little prospecting. But it was not a mining venture that brought him money this time. Along with two partners, he bought the old City Hotel and ran it successfully for a number of years; and it was in Leadville in 1879 that he met and married Carrie Bell Reed.

THE WALSHES took up residence in the Jim Robin house on Reese Street. A little later, generous Tom Walsh, with profits from the City Hotel jingling in his pockets, threw a big party in the ballroom and invited the whole town—baker and blacksmith, miner and muleskinner, and their wives. It was the first of the many big parties that were to come.

Hotel-keeping was all right, but mining was in Tom's blood. He followed its alluring call to various places in the area. It was up around the Frying Pan one day that he stood beside a shallow gulch, his keen eyes scrutinizing the exposed strata. He saw a spot where some unknown prospector had toiled fruitlessly at a barren vein of granite, while a few feet away his now-deserted cabin sat squarely on rich pay dirt. Heart thumping, Walsh headed back to Leadville and filed on the claim. He sold it later for $75,000.

Then he decided to try another angle of the mining game. He built two smelters, one at Kokomo not far from Leadville on the north side of Fremont Pass, the other at Silverton near Ouray in the southwestern part of the state. But the year 1893 brought the demonetization of silver, and made Walsh's smelters nothing but a liability. He lost the one at Kokomo, but by mortgaging some real estate in Denver managed to hang on to the one at Silverton.

Walsh was hard up and by this time

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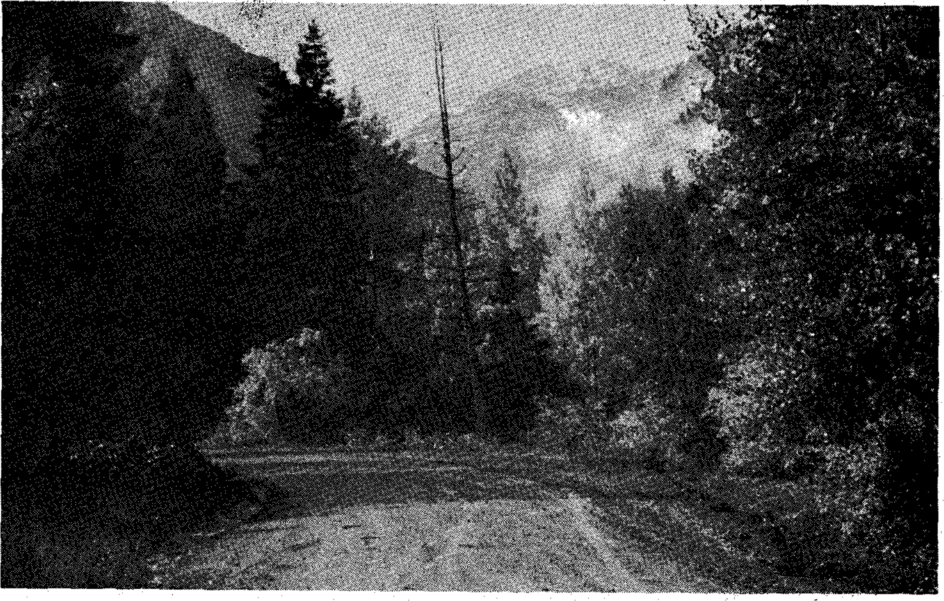
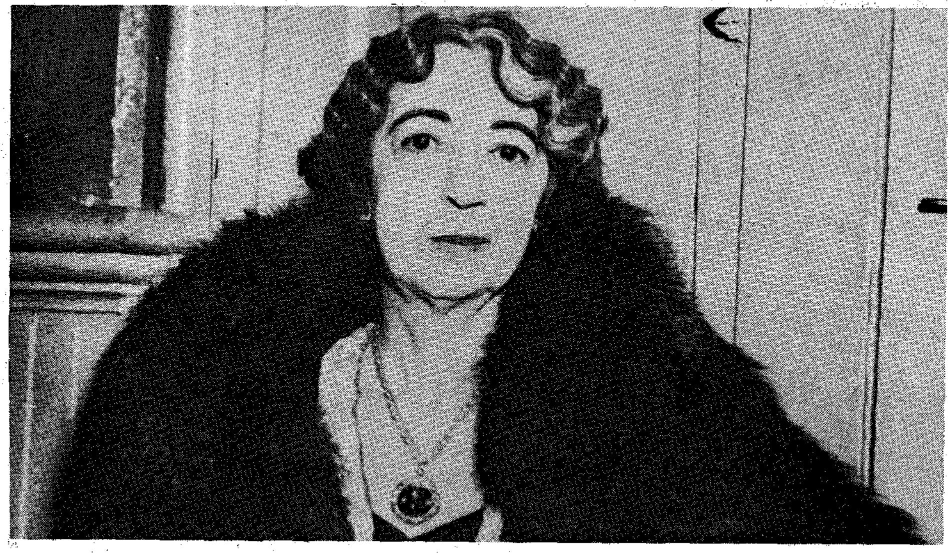
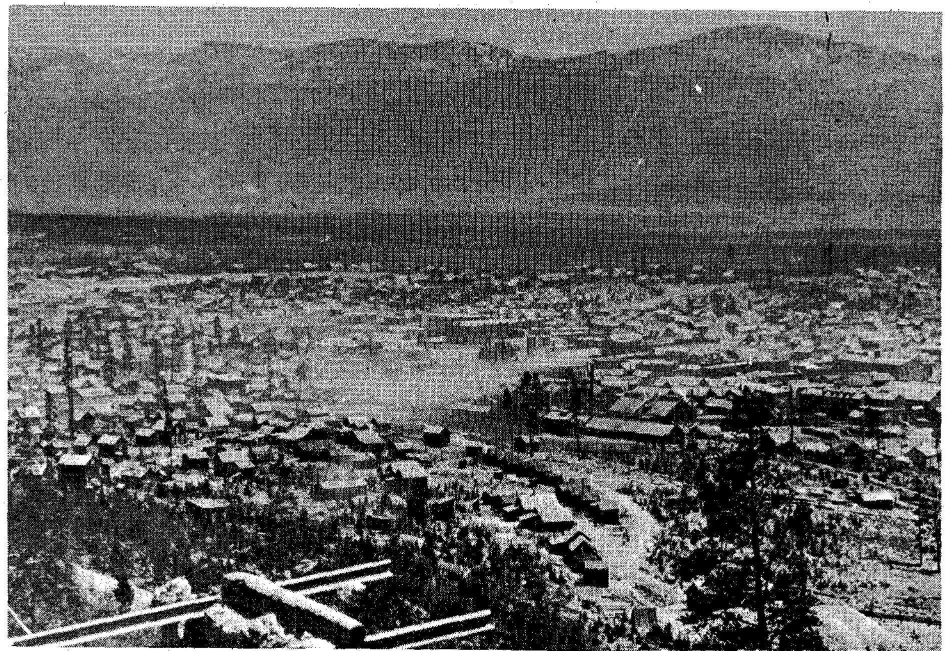


Above, the road to the Camp Bird Mine.

Below, Evalyn Walsh McLean, daughter of Thomas F. Walsh, wears the fabulous Hope Diamond.





Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

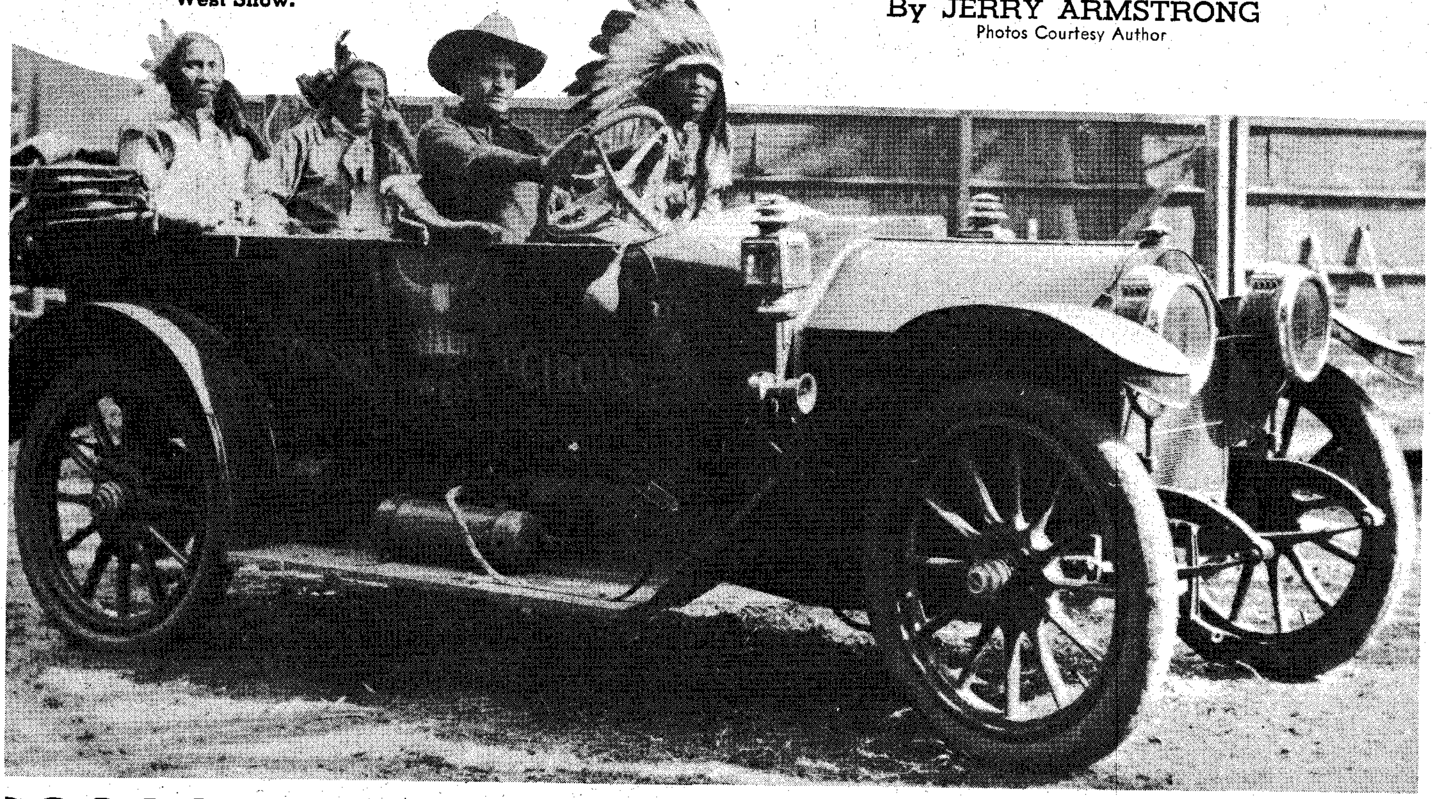
Leadville, Colorado in the late 1880s.

FAR ROAMIN' TEX McLEOD

Below, Tex McLeod at the wheel of his Marion at Sydney, Australia in 1913. The three passengers are part of the Indian group with the touring Bud Atkinson Wild West Show.

By JERRY ARMSTRONG

Photos Courtesy Author



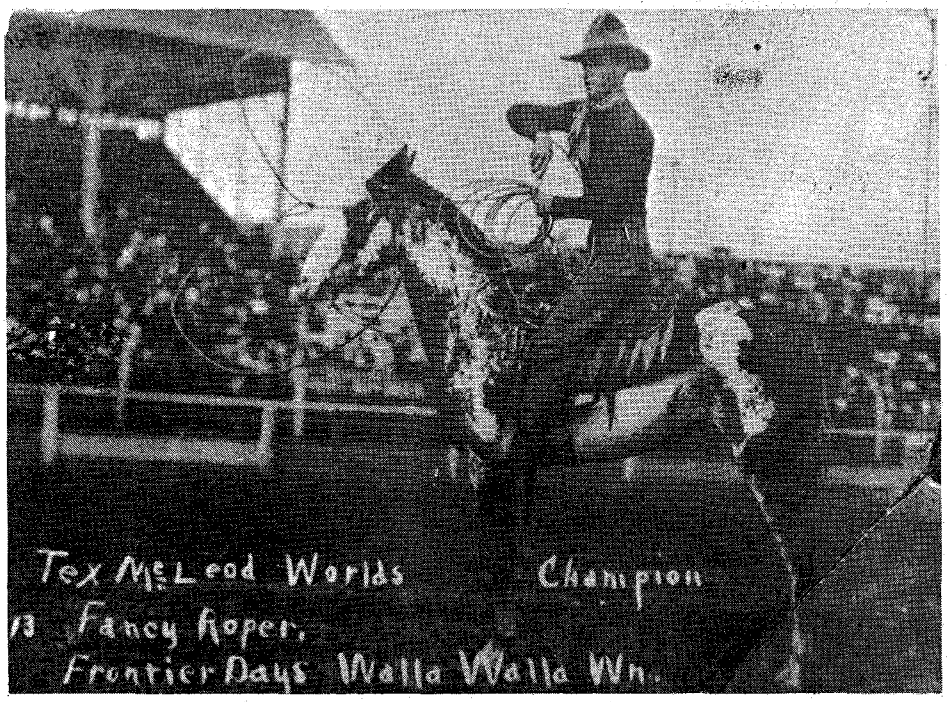
At eighty, his rope is still making magic— only today it circles and soars through England's fog instead of flicking the dust of a western cowtown

TEX McLEOD, one of the great all-around cowboys in the formative years of rodeo, was eighty on November 11, 1969. Today he resides with his little family—a beautiful young wife and three beautiful young daughters—in a modest dwelling on Tidy Street in Brighton, Sussex, England. Tidy Street in Brighton is, for sure, a far cry from Gonzales, Texas (McLeod's birthplace), and Cheyenne, Calgary, Fort Worth, El Paso, North Platte and other famous old rodeo towns and also from Marland, Oklahoma where the Miller Brothers' 101 headquarters ranch was located.

On a winter day back in 1910 Tex McLeod arrived on the 101 ranch looking for a job. The show, however, was then in winter quarters and only a skeleton crew was on the ranch payroll. No more cowboys were needed. In the spring, though, it would be a different story. A far different story, with the roundup underway and the show—Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Wild West Show—being readied for the road. Young Tex McLeod, who had been cowboying in the grand manner on the vast south of the border Millmo ranch, was informed of those facts.

Then he was asked if he could shuck corn. They could, he was told, use a good corn shucker.

Tex shucked his pride and, day after day, diligently shucked corn. But he ate and bunked with the cattle working crew and they got along. And after awhile the discerning John Tanner, the home pen boss, got the young Texan away from the corn and a-horseback. Tex assisted in winter feeding the cattle and in checking on the horses. Then there were colts to break and bucking horses to be tried out for the show. Soon it was spring roundup time with cattle to be



Above, Joe C. Miller of the Miller brothers 101 Ranch fame, on his stud horse, "Ben Hur."

At left, Tex performing at the 1912 Walla Walla rodeo.

worked and calves to be branded and doctored. And also rehearsal time for the 101 Ranch Wild West Show's 1911 countrywide tour.

THE SHOW that season was scheduled to open at the Boston Arena on April 8, 1911. Tex McLeod was put in charge of the bucking horse string. That meant he supervised their loading into the sided railroad stock cars and then looked after them on the long haul from the old Oklahoma Cherokee Strip country to Boston. At night, while others with the show crawled in between clean sheets in the sleepers, Tex bedded down in the hay with some of his charges in one of the horse-carrying cattle cars.

The show opened on schedule in Boston where, along with his regular riding and roping chores, McLeod got aboard a rogue buffalo. The belligerent animal dusted the rider on or about the sixth jump. But nobody in those days was riding bucking bison. The 101 was slated to end the 1911 tour (after six months and thirteen days on the road) in El Reno, Oklahoma on October 21. They showed in El Reno but then, instead of going into winter quarters, the outfit continued on, showing in cities and towns through Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and southern California. The final performance of the year was put on in Santa Monica on November 22. That season the 101 had been on the road seven and a half months and had traveled by rail 14,097 miles through twenty-five states from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The show stock and equipment was put into winter quarters on the Los Angeles Gun Club grounds in the Venice Salt Flats area. Joe C. Miller, manager of the 101 Ranch show, it then came out, had previously negotiated a contract to supply cowboys, cowgirls, Indians, and horses for a series of Bison Film Company western pictures. And that was the reason for the extended tour into California.

So that winter Tex McLeod and his 101 buddies cowboyed in front of the early crank-style movie cameras. Tex recalls that everything was filmed outdoors. He says that John Ford, the noted film director, was then an actor and the hero in a lot of those early westerns. Ann Little, Alice Joyce, and Vivian Rich were leading ladies.

In the spring some of the 101 cowboys chose to remain with the budding film industry. Others, including McLeod, prepared to go on the road with the 101 show for the 1912 season. Replacements were brought into the fold and, after three weeks of rehearsals, the show opened in Santa Monica on Saturday, March 23. For two weeks they played booked dates in Southern California to record crowds. Then, traveling by night and showing by day—a matinee and evening performance preceded by a morning parade—the outfit headed north, then east, then north again. For the first time the 101 show was slated to tour Canada.

McLeod didn't make it with the show that far, however. All along the route, ranchers and farmers had been bringing in rough horses they had given up on, for the 101 cowboys to try out. One cowboy, though, was constantly being delegated to ride them all—McLeod. Such horses are extra hard to ride, especially in a tent. Some were freaks, some were good honest buckers, others would fall

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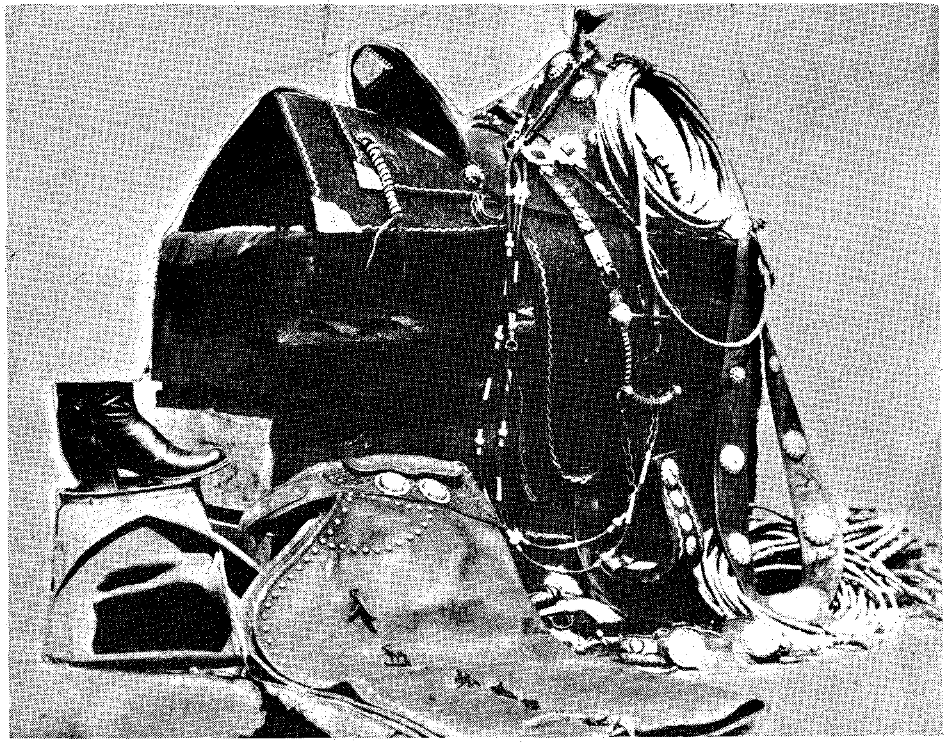
Trophy saddle and other gear awarded, the saddle bronc riding winner, Tex McLeod, at the 1912 Elko, Nevada rodeo.



MARY WADAMS

AND THE HORSE PRAIRIE RAID

The young woman had seventy-five miles to ride—through country where Indians were on the warpath. No man would go with her. So she went alone—armed only with an umbrella!

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy Beaverhead County Museum, Dillon, Montana

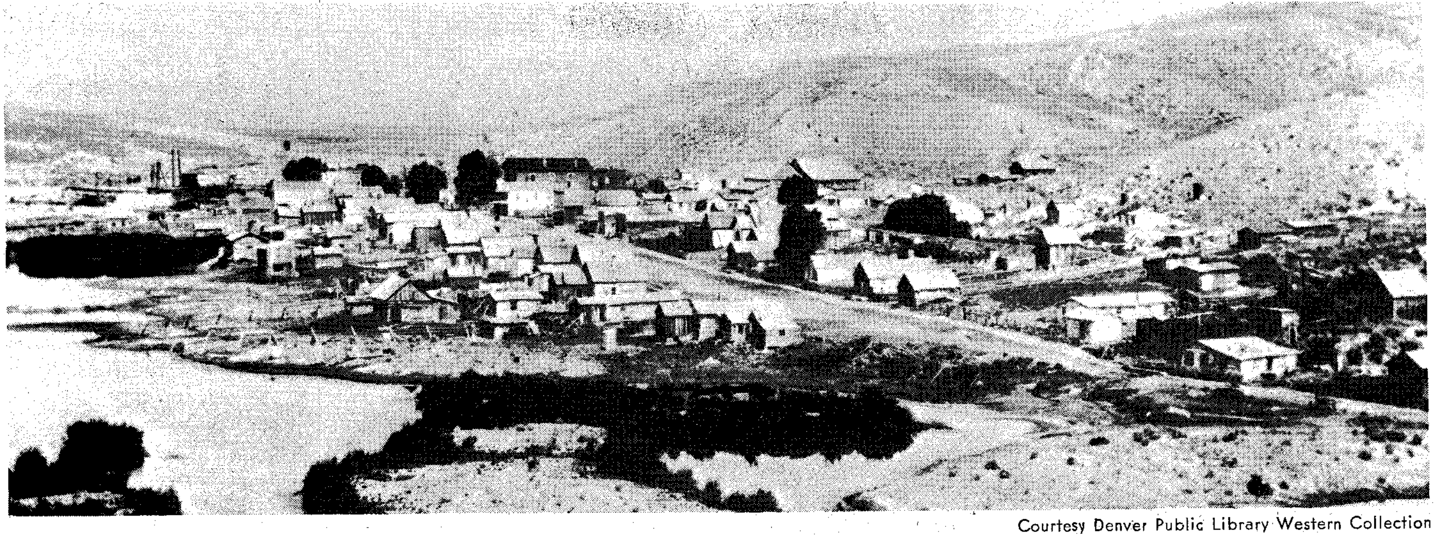
Mary Jane Wadams

MARY JANE WADAMS, with her husband Wilson and their young family, came to Bannack, now in Beaverhead County of Montana, during the gold rush days of the 1860s. She was the first white woman to settle in the little mining town and she made it her home when Montana was a very raw country.

Pioneer life did something to its women. Either they broke under its hard work, hardships and privations and died young or they gained the strength and resourcefulness to cope with the many situations and emergencies where wit and endurance were the qualities that counted, sometimes making the difference between life and death. Mary grew strong. She learned to handle a gun and ride a horse as well as any of the men and she developed a courage that put theirs to shame.

Mary owned a small saddle horse she called Ives. He was just a little range-bred cayuse that loped along over the sagebrush hills and swales like an oversized jackrabbit, but when it came to stamina the pony didn't have to step aside for any blooded piece of horse flesh. Mary made a pet of Ives, feeding him oats which were high priced and often hard to come by while most other animals had to get by on native grass. She was especially fond of him for, with her, he was gentle and obedient but it was claimed that he would suffer no other to stay on his back longer than it took to throw him off—and Ives was good at sending a rider off at first buck. Occasionally it happens that a horse that has been much abused as a colt will come to hate the human race yet will form an attachment for one person and for that one he will give his all. Such may have been the case with the little cayuse, Ives.

In the summer of 1877, the Wadams boys, Dick seventeen and Duncan eleven, took jobs working in the cattle country around Medicine Lodge, near Horse Prairie and about seventy-five miles from Bannack. The older lad was employed as cowboy and the younger helped around camp. Although the records do not state, and those who knew are long gone, it would seem from what followed that Mr. Wadams must also have been away from home.



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Bannack, Montana (Ter.) was Mary Wadams' home for many years.

That was the summer of the Nez Perce Indian War, when the non-treaty Indians made their tragic and futile attempt to reach what they believed to be safety and freedom in Canada. Much has been written about the Nez Perce War but little has been offered to explain that brief period of terror known as the Horse Prairie Raid.

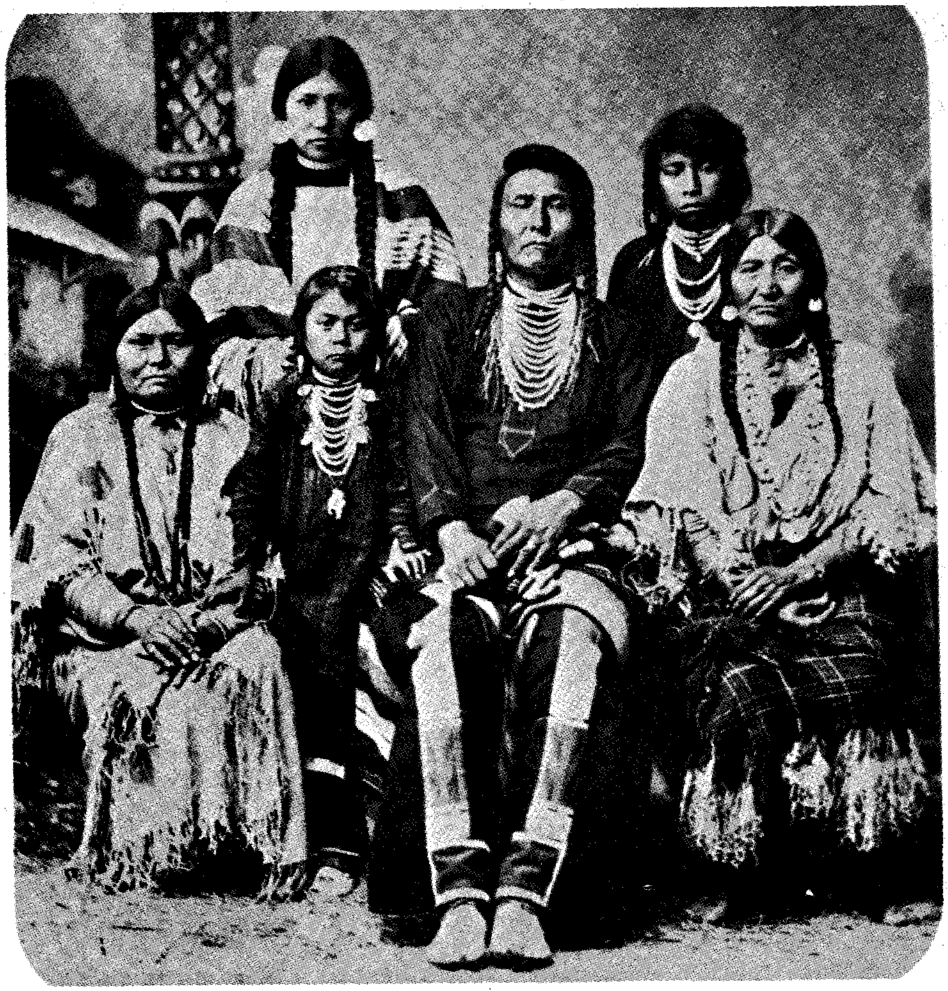
IN JUNE 1877, young Wahlitits, whose father Eagle Robe had been killed by Larry Ott, a white man, persuaded two friends to go with him up the Salmon River in Idaho to say goodbye to their homeland from which they were being driven onto a reservation. When well away from camp Wahlitits let it be known he intended to kill Ott. Ott escaped but the embittered young Indians killed three other white men, all of whom had mistreated them. Other whites living in the same area, who had dealt fairly with the Nez Perce, were not molested. None of the other tribesmen was involved in the wrong and foolish action but it precipitated a war.

Yet from that day until the Battle of the Big Hole which was fought in western Montana on August 8 and 9, no settler was harmed by the Indians as it was the belief of the chiefs and older men that their only white enemies were General Howard and his soldiers. In the Battle of the Big Hole, however, where Howard's troops were reinforced by civilians who, as well as the soldiers, opened fire on the sleeping Nez Perce village and killed fifty-three women and children, the Indians came to see all whites as their foes. They were filled with hate and rage.

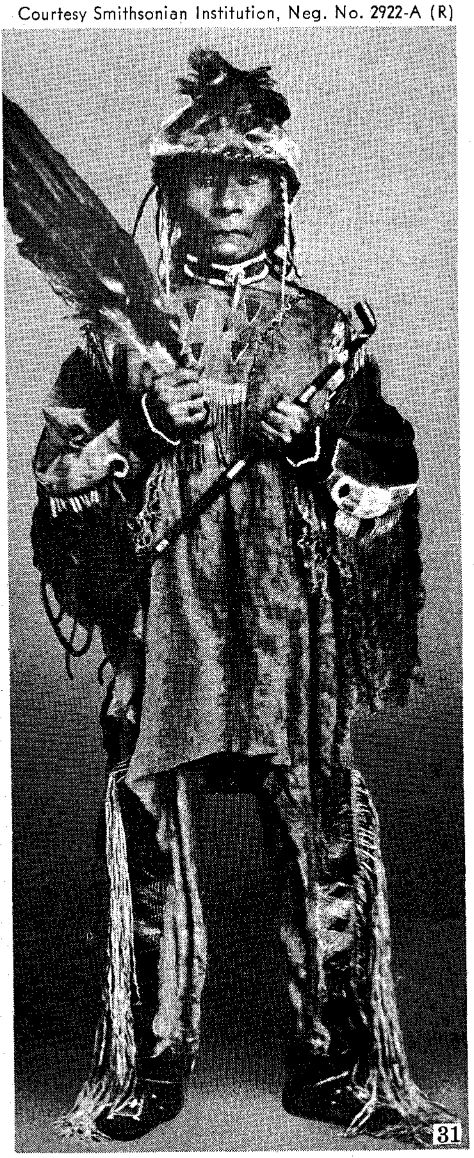
(Continued on page 62)

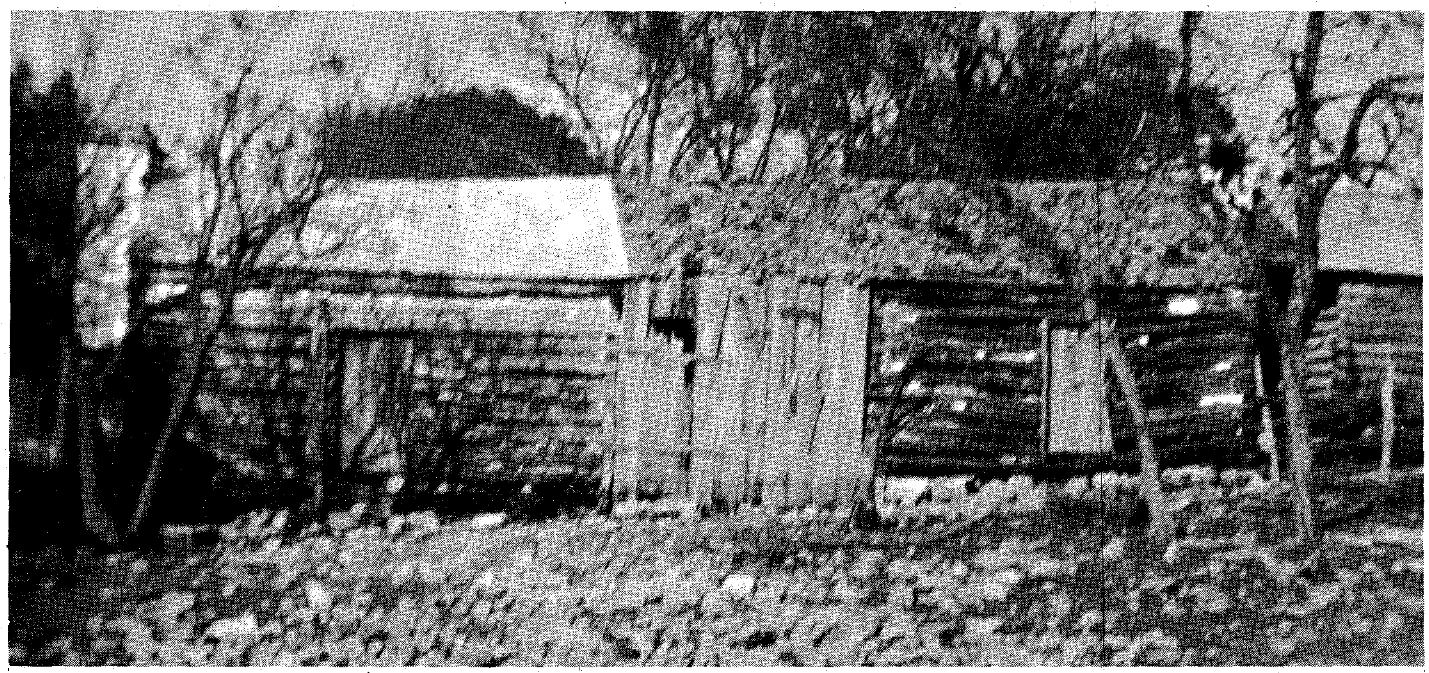
Below, Chief Joseph, in the years immediately after the Nez Perce War. The two women at his right are believed to be his wives, Heyoon-Yoyikt, his "older" wife, and behind her standing, Springtime. At right, an 1868 photo of Kalkalshuatash, or Jason, showing the Nez Perce dress. The photo is by A. Zeno Shindler, Washington, D.C.

Courtesy Washington State Historical Museum, Tacoma, Wash.



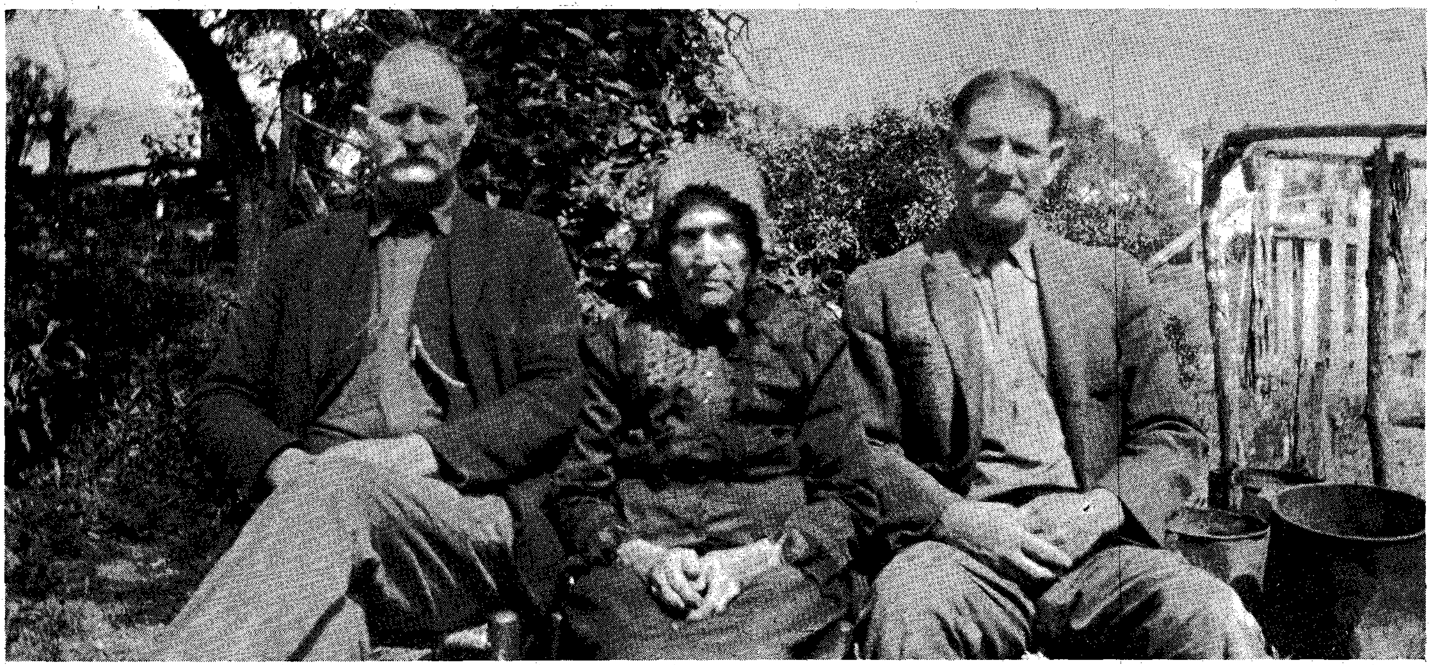
Courtesy Smithsonian Institution, Neg. No. 2922-A (R)





THE TOW BOYS OF FALLS CREEK

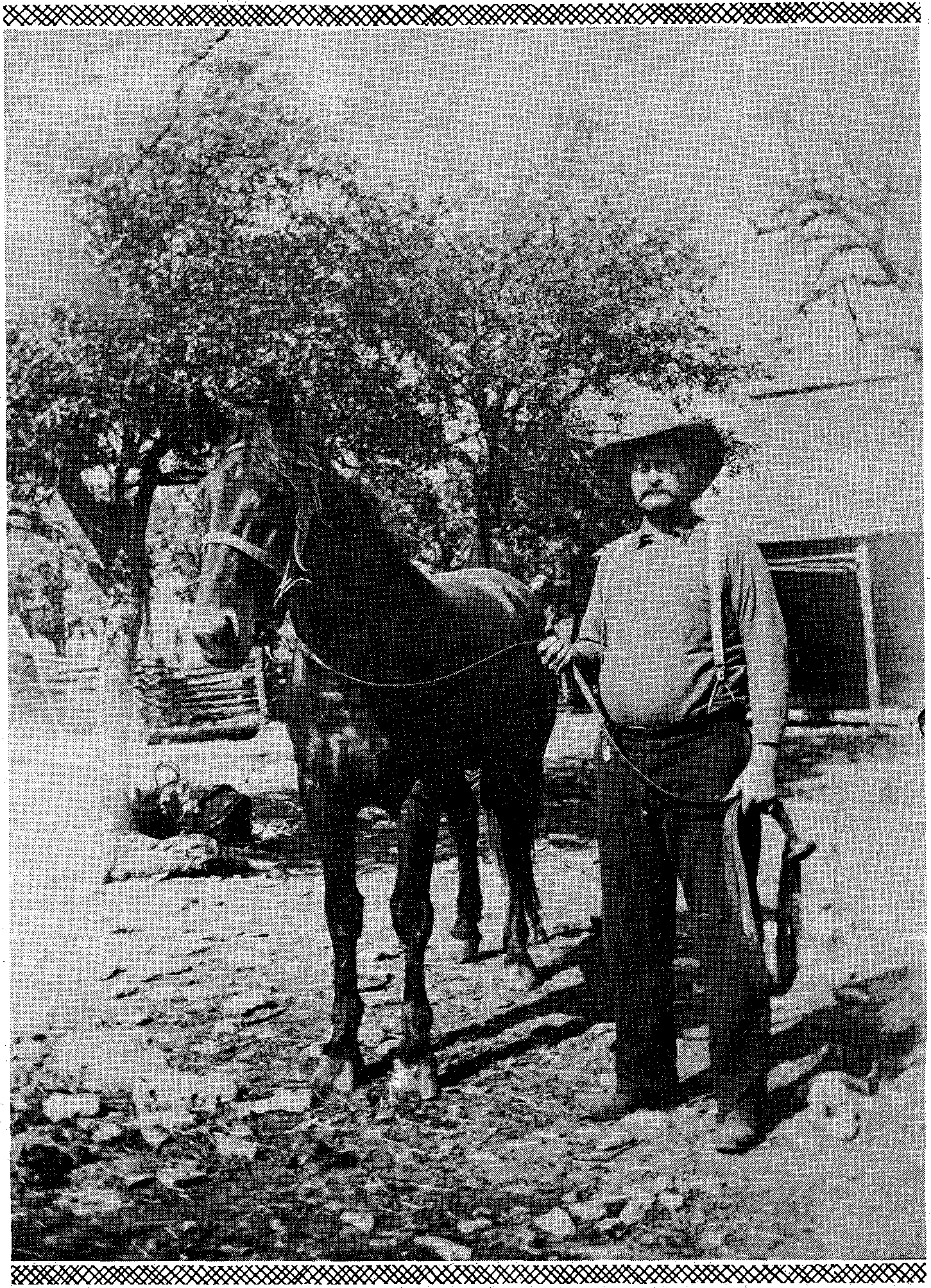
Independence seems to be bred into the bones of hill people—centering especially in the neck! Their heads never bow to circumstance, and conformity is something that's admirable in farm animals—not men!



At left, the old Tow ranch house, built about 1866. Originally a "dog trot" structure, the "run" was boarded over. The portion of tin roof was added in the 30s. The building is now used for hay storage.

By C. W. WIMBERLEY

Photos Courtesy Author



Jim Tow with his stallion, back in the 20s.

THE GRANITE uplift of Llano County is better cow country than the caliche hills of Wimberley, where I live. Cattle do better up there, but it has produced about the same breed of old-time Texans you used to find around here.

Hope I am not grazing too far from the mill trying to tell you about a pair of them I knew before they passed on—the Tow Boys, Jim and Sid. They were neighbors of mine for about thirty years, and to have known them was to know the feel of a handful of good old earth run between the fingers. So if you were not around back in the eighties when they passed through here driving a herd of mast-fat hogs on their way to the railroad in San Marcos, or if you didn't get to burn some saddle leather with them and were not one of the lucky ones who got to chop some of those good cedar posts that grew in the old Tow cedar brakes, well, I'll just have to tell you all about them myself.

Tow Valley, a pioneer village on the Colorado River, was named for old man Tow, and when the waters of Lake Buchanan pushed it back to the slopes of the hills, the post office retained the name Tow, Texas. ("Tow" rhymes with "cow," so when you go up there, don't say "Toe" Valley unless you want to be considered a tourist.)

The Tow home place was on Falls Creek. The springs were only a short piece from the front porch, and just behind the house stood a huge live oak, blazed at shoulder height with old marks made when the Llano and San Saba County line was surveyed. The Tows were there before the old oak was blazed with a broad ax.

A whole tribe of Tows was raised here, but Jim and Sid always did most of the riding. After all the other children had married off and the old ones had passed on, these two old bachelors were left with the home place. While they were lads (and to Jim, Sid was always "the Lad") Jim came in from riding and was at the supper table when the old man asked: "Where's Sid?"

"Out soaking his leg in the horse trough—horse fell on him an' broke it," was all the answer Jim felt necessary to give.

That horse-trough treatment, coupled with a short stay in bed, was all the medical attention Sid got. Though the leg was short and warped a bit, Sid was still in the saddle busting cattle out of the brush while most old men his age were riding old rocking chairs on the front porch range.

About the time Sam Bass was busy making some six-shooter history for Texas, a band of men with a string of horses made it to the Tow Place about dusk one evening in the cool of summer. Their spokesman claimed to be of kin while he asked for and received permission to spend the night in the Tows' horse lots. He was the only member of the band to sleep in the Tows' house, and though he was not much of a hand at saying exactly who he was, he was not a bit bashful about asking for an extra early breakfast in order to make an extra early start.

After a pre-dawn meal the band was gone, and with the light of day the Tows discovered that most of their saddle horses were gone, too—including the old man's favorite, a big blue roan bearing unusual markings.

The thieves made a clean getaway, and the old man worried most of the summer over the loss of old Blue. Months later, Mother Tow was cooking breakfast when she looked from the window to see the horse standing beneath the trees beyond the brush fence out back. A short lead rope with a frayed end hardly touching the ground was tied around its neck. He was gaunt, his ribs showed, his hoofs were worn down to the hair, his color had lost its sheen, but it was old Blue, all right, for his markings were plain to the eye and he nickered as the old man came to turn him in.

News traveled slow in those days—though by word of mouth it had a way of drifting across the land. Nothing was ever learned of old Blue's travels to the north, but over the years his return trip was an odyssey heard at Falls Creek through talk.

First, it was at Cherokee where a horse had been seen passing through on the road—"He was a big blue roan and he walked slow with his head turned aside to trail the lead rope tied around his neck." Then it was at San Saba

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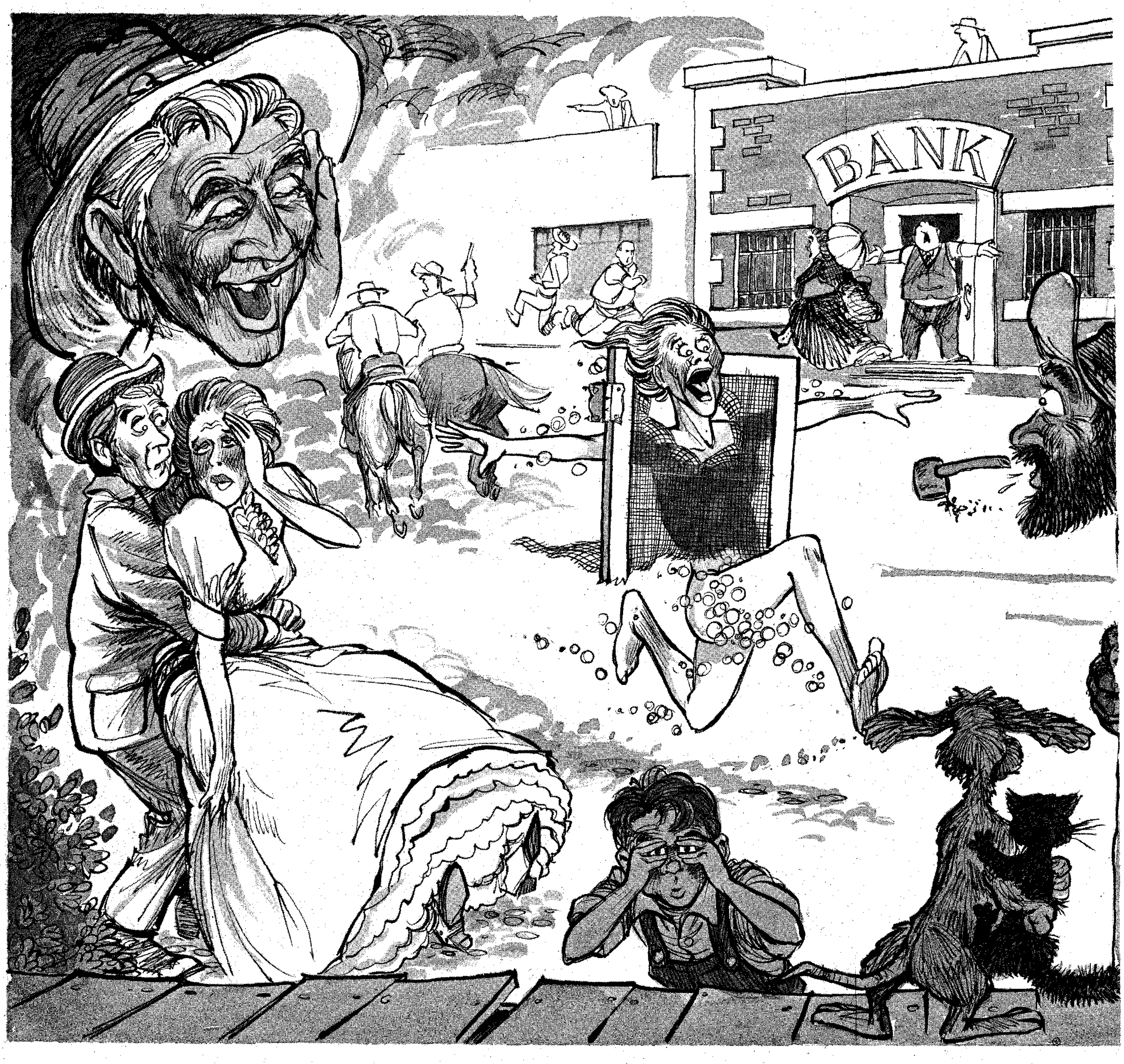
At left, Mother Tow, with Jim (left), and Sydney (right), prior to 1914.

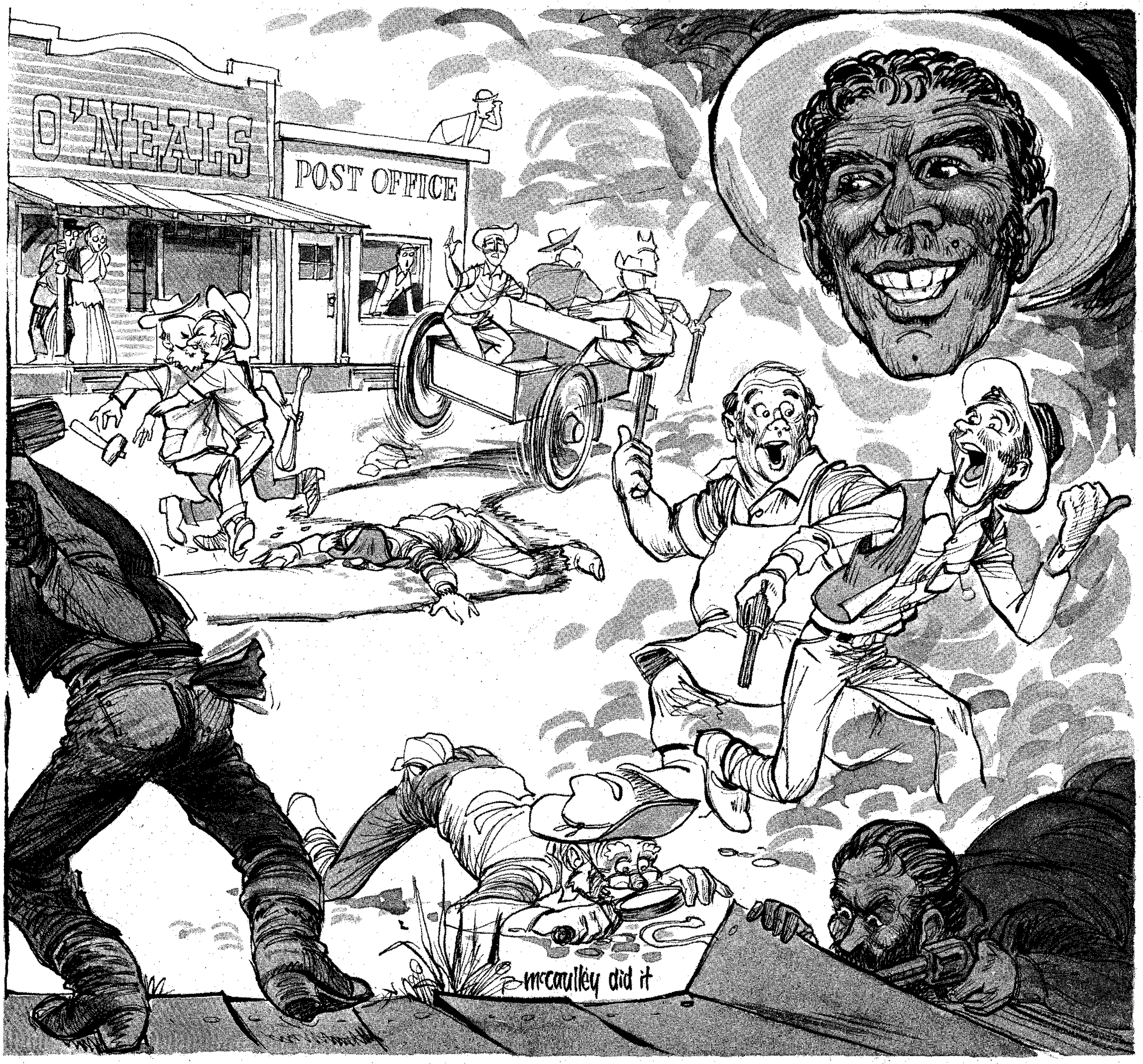


LET'S GO ROB T

A couple of cowboys came up with an idea which not only broke their own boredom but turned a sleepy country town into a conglomeration of hysterical women, reckless possemen, worn-out horses and at least one disgusted kid—the author!

A YOUNG MAN emerged from the side door of the First State Bank in Clarita, Oklahoma carrying a small flour sack half filled with something. A second, about his age, backed out with the business end of a six-gun pointed inside.

The two bib-overalled men had obviously made a six-shooter withdrawal. This was apparent even to a kid cowboy like me that hot July day of 1912. No one else was in sight on the street between the bank and Andy O'Neal's general store where I stood beside my pinto pony. The



HE BANK!

By MAURICE KILDARE

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

same curious flat silence I had noticed on arrival still held sway.

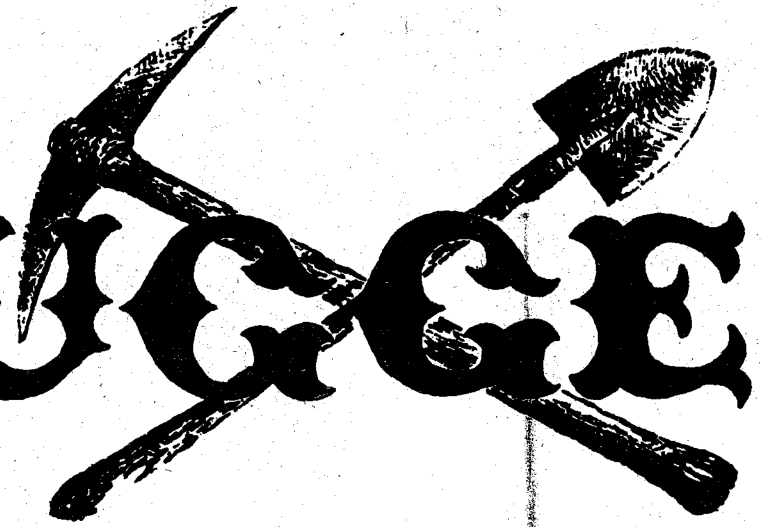
The two men stepped down off the twenty-eight-inch-high concrete sidewalk to their horses. Pausing briefly they reconnoitered, spotting only me behind my pony. The towheaded one who carried the money sack spoke briefly to his dark-complexioned companion. Then he tied on the flour sack and swung onto the bareback of a gray mare. She wore not even a blanket—only a bridle. Sticking the six-gun inside the front of his leather belt, his partner mounted a chestnut horse. Only he had a saddle to ride. Reining about, the two vanished into an alley behind the red brick bank building and the wooden telephone office.

When I had ridden into Clarita a few minutes before, the gray and chestnut had been noticeable because they were range-tied by the simple expedient of reins tossed over on the sidewalk. That seemed curious, so after tying to the rail beside the store I turned to appraise the horses. Both wore different brands and both were unknown to me. As I stood gawking, the two robbers came out of the bank.

When they were gone nothing happened. No one rushed out of the front door onto Main Street yelling "Robbery!"

I crossed the street and walked down the only piece of concrete sidewalk in the little town of 250 people. When I reached the bank, a glance through the big plate-glass window revealed no one inside. As I afterwards learned, the bank force had

(Continued on page 52)



NUGGETS

FAWKES' AERIAL SWALLOW

By Joseph J. LaBarbera

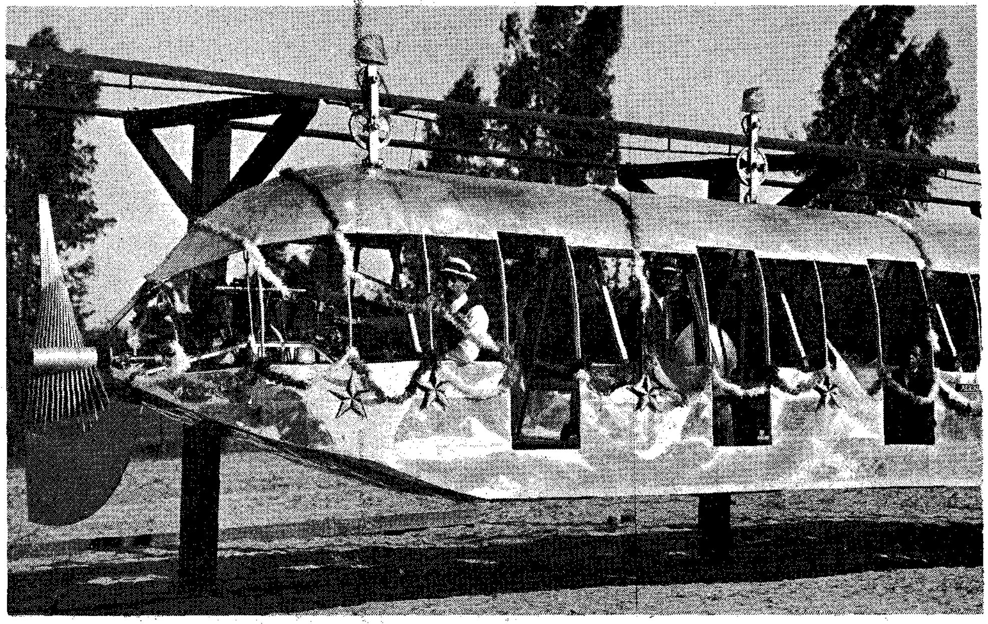
VERY few motorists buzzing over the Golden State Freeway at Olive in Burbank, California are aware that in the very close vicinity of this spot in the early 1900s, one Joseph W. Fawkes was doing a little "whizzing" of his own. Not by horse and carriage or the newly arrived auto, but by his own monorail!

The amazing part of the feat was that Fawkes was not an engineer, but an orchardist working some twenty acres of apricots and who had a greater knack for irritating his fellow townsmen by his "aginin" attitude than for pioneering new methods of transportation. However, it's quite possible that some of the inventive genius of his father had rubbed off on him. In 1905 the elder Fawkes, also a grower, had designed a machine for pitting apricots but did not have it patented. Some ten years later an apparatus of similar design did appear on the market but with no credit or royalties to Fawkes. Public patent records disclose that father Fawkes also had applied for a patent on an advertising sign but its acceptance by the public is not indicated.

The actual site of this early-day transit system, consisting of a trolley and overhead track, was at the rear of what is now 110 West Olive Avenue. The track, approximately a quarter of a mile in length, was set back about 250 feet from Olive and ran through Fawkes' apricot orchard between Flower and Lake Streets.

Today it would be classified as a "suspended" system; that is, the vehicle rides suspended under the rail. Such a system has been in use in Wuppertal, Germany for some years. In contrast, the "supported" system, with the vehicle riding directly upon the rail, is in operation at Disneyland and was used during the 1962 Seattle World's Fair linking the downtown area with the Century 21 Exposition.

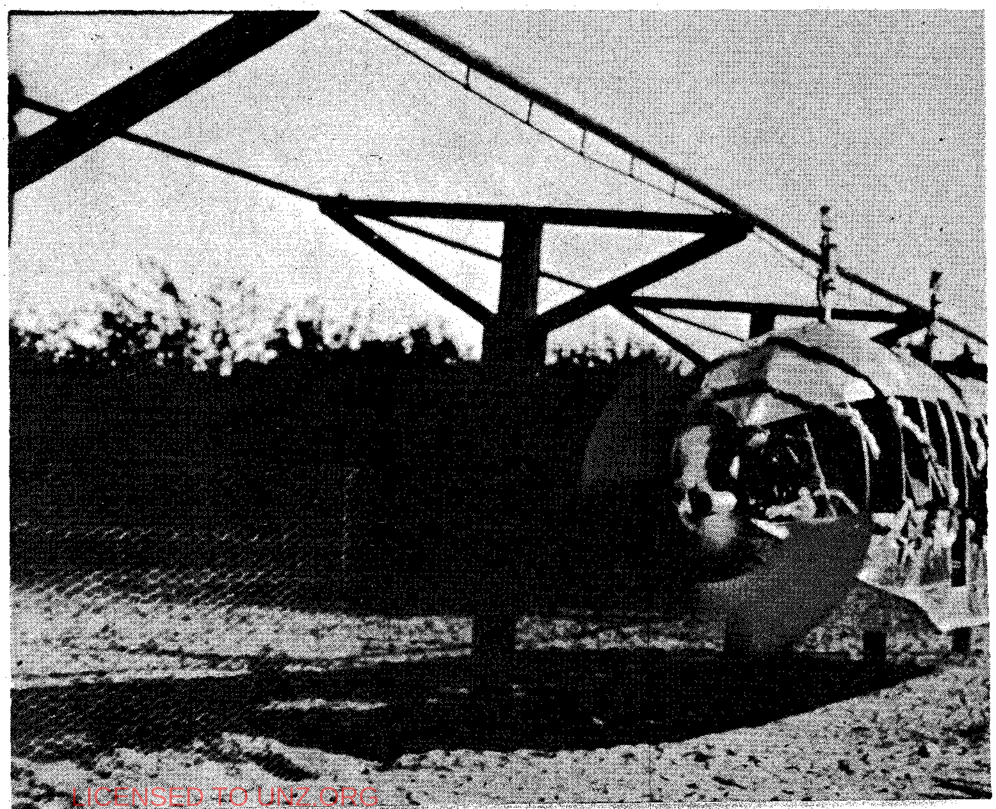
Fawkes and his wife, Emma, filed a patent application for his system in August, 1910, with the apparatus being patented in May, 1912. The purpose of the invention, in the words of Fawkes, ". . . is to produce a car adapted to pass through the air and adapted to carry passengers."

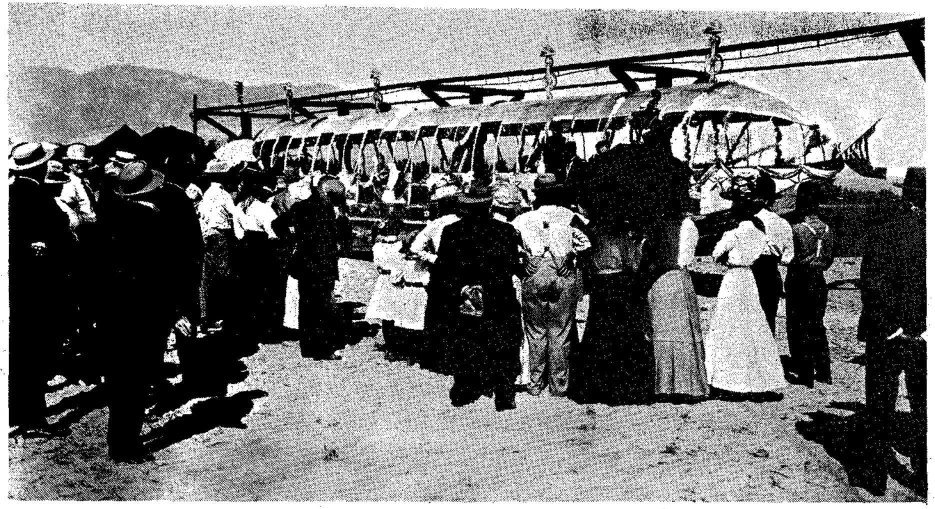


Photos Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles, Calif.

Above, Joe Fawkes sits proudly at the controls of his "aerial swallow," which his neighbors called "Fawke's Folly."

Below, the aerial trolley speeding along its course.





People waiting for rides on Joe Fawkes' experimental car.

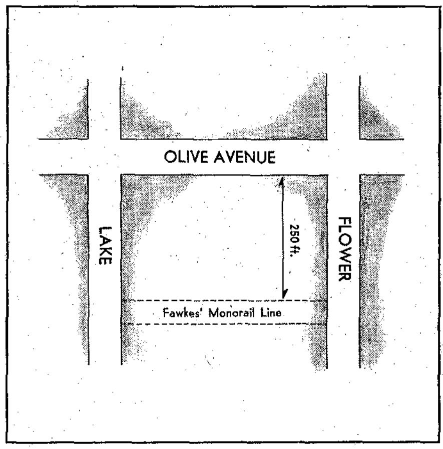
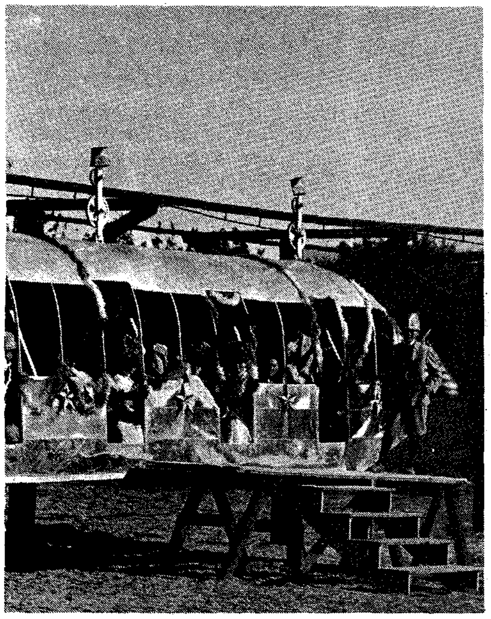
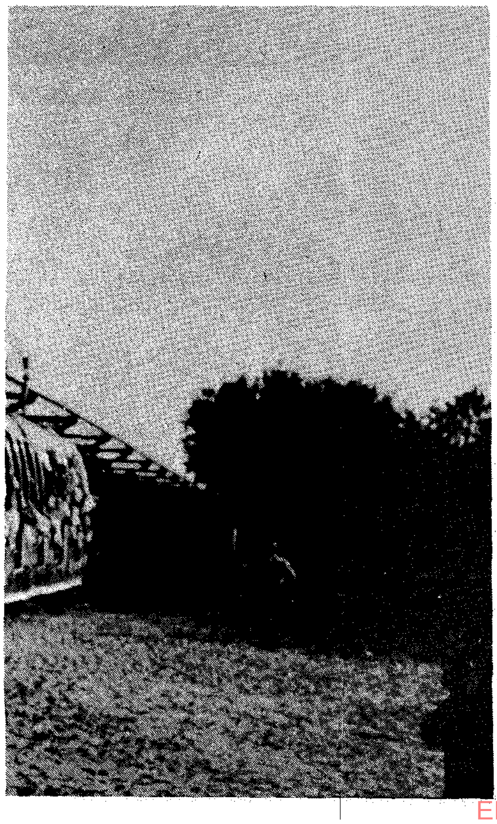


Diagram of the the location Fawkes chose for his "aerial swallow."



Photos Courtesy Author



The car was to be guided in its movement by a trolley wire and was comprised of a body in which the passengers, machinery and propelling mechanism were carried. The car moved along the trolley wire and was hung from the wire on hangers. Above the trolley a buoyant body or gas bag was to be provided which was to balance the weight or downward pull of the body of the car so that the weight of the car upon the trolley was practically balanced. Photographs do not show the gas bag which Fawkes had drawn in his patent application.

The car was some forty feet long, shaped like an elongated cigar, and covered with sheet aluminum. It was powered by a Franklin air-cooled engine which drove a propeller in front. Although designed to carry thirty passengers, some reports indicate that as many as fifty-four could be accommodated. Fawkes had declared that he could do about sixty miles per hour once he solved the lurching and swaying. Perhaps if he had added the gas bag described in his patent application, this problem might have been overcome. With the car running close to the ground, his estimates were that he would be able to get to Los Angeles in about ten minutes.

Fawkes' official title of the contraption was "Fawkes' Patented Aerial Car." Later it was tagged the "Aerial Swallow." The trolley failed to complete its maiden journey. It went some 150 feet and then started falling apart, which delighted most of the townspeople. And the public, getting back at Fawkes for his "aginin" attitude, labeled it "Fawkes' Folly," which no doubt caused "Old Joe" to tremble with anger at being held up for public ridicule.

WHEN Fawkes was not marketing apricots, he was involved in numerous real estate and subdivision transactions. He was a tremendously active man; however, he could always find time to make himself heard on public issues, particularly on the pros of annexation to Los Angeles and use of his monorail as a transit system. In spite of his energy, he probably would never have been elected to public office.

While Fawkes had troubles overcoming engineering problems for his Aerial Swallow, his conquest of some personal traits took even greater effort which, it's certain, Fawkes did not even attempt to exert. A nephew, currently residing in Los Angeles County, remembers "Old Uncle Joe" as a sort of renegade and standoffish, seldom participating in family affairs; and he apparently had an innate faculty for making himself appear obnoxious to his fellow citizens.

Fawkes cut quite a figure in the days when overalls were the accepted dress in Burbank, which definitely at the time was a farmers' town. Old-timers report that he would wear only "store bought" clothes. He cavorted around town in a carriage drawn by beautiful high-stepping horses. And as an additional flourish, a perfectly matched pair of Dalmations followed him wherever he went.

And now, the Fawkes paradox: He was some fifty years ahead with his thinking relative to transportation but he voiced very loud disapproval when improvements for the city were mentioned or progress was made toward the incorporation of Burbank, an effort he bitterly opposed.

The story is told that, in open contempt for the city fathers, Fawkes many times by court injunctions blocked the efforts to pave Olive Avenue. Every time street crews started to work, Fawkes obtained an injunction to delay things. Finally, some city officers decided to begin the project late on a Friday afternoon, working the crews through the weekend until the project was completed. By the time the courts opened on Monday it was too late for an injunction and the city had won a round against Fawkes. It was alleged, also, that Fawkes was "agin" the establishing of a fire department.

Fawkes, ever concerned with municipal affairs, knew, as did the other citizens, that a major problem was transportation from Burbank to Los Angeles. A campaign was launched to acquire a branch of the electric railway line which served Glendale. The streetcar company was cooperative, but demanded a $40,000 guarantee and right-of-way land for extending the line from Glendale through to Burbank. Opposition to the public fund-raising was led by Fawkes who wanted to run his monorail line from Burbank to South Glendale, known at that time as Tropico.

Burbank was peopled quite largely with original settlers who had stuck by the place after the end of the boom in 1889. It was a village of less than 1,000 population, but this little handful, with the help of some newcomers, raised the necessary money although frantic efforts were necessary to post the bonus within the time limit. One pioneer had to walk all night into Los Angeles to secure a pledge, while another and the town banker had to make an all-day road trip to San Diego for the same purpose.

It's almost certain that Fawkes was not among those Burbank residents who, on September 6, 1911, boarded the first car to Glendale, there to change to the second car from Los Angeles for the ride home again. Each passenger, it was reported, wore a facial expression of happiness and satisfaction.

Thus Fawkes' efforts failed, and construction on the streetcar line was started. In fact, 1911 proved to be a bad year for Fawkes. Two civic efforts which he had bitterly opposed were passed: First, the completion of the Pacific Electric Railroad through from Los Angeles, and second, the incorporation of Burbank as a city.

Even with the completion of the P.E. into Burbank, Fawkes would not concede that his monorail was not a superior type of transportation. So he decided to engage in a little fund-raising of his own.

ON July 4, 1912, Fawkes hosted a select group of investors at his apricot ranch and introduced the Aerial Swallow. He provided free food and free rides for everyone invited. The car was decked out in red, white and blue streamers with the American flag flying proudly at the tail. Those who were convinced that the monorail had possibilities could deposit a "donation" for its construction.

At the conclusion of the festivities, Fawkes sat down to count his working capital. It fell far short of what was needed. Still he would not give up. Fawkes set his sights beachward to Santa Monica with hopes of constructing his monorail in that city. But his right-of-way demands stymied the installation. Apparently his reputation as a tough bargainer had preceded him.

The Aerial Swallow remained at the Olive Street address until the early 1920s, gradually rusting away and subsequently being removed as junk. From 1947 to the late 1950s, the monorail site was the location of Burbank's helicopter landing field for air mail service. At the location now is a steel company.

Had the public been able to overlook his bombastic ways, his self-styled elegance and his showmanship, his route may have been at least an initial attempt at a mass rapid-transit system for the Los Angeles area. With the needed capital, public cooperation and his basic design, who knows to what extent its operation could have been applied?

Old Joe died in 1928, his wife, Emma, surviving him until 1933. Although the public apparently had taken great pride in dubbing him an "aginer" and his monorail a "folly," it's to his everlasting credit that he was, in fact, a "doer."

THE TRESTLE HELD

By Agnes Wright Spring

DURING the recent centennial year of the completion of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, much praise was given to the hundreds, even thousands of men, who made the road possible. Few persons, however, know that an infant girl had a part in the construction work, too.

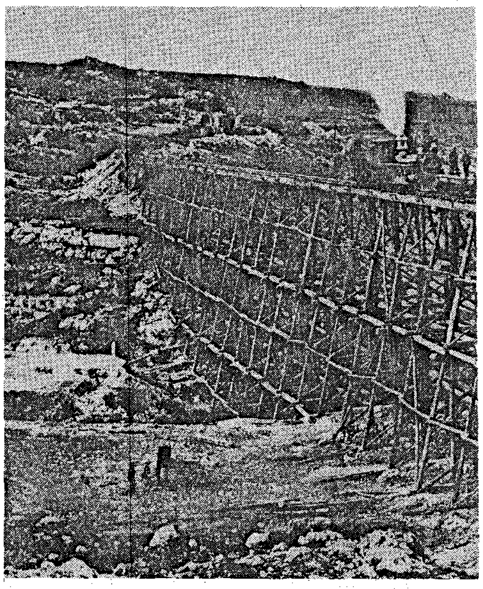
One hundred years ago, in the spring of 1869, the Union Pacific Railroad was striving to reach Promontory, Utah ahead of its competitor, the Central Pacific. Almost superhuman efforts were put forth by each company to push the work to completion.

A few miles east of Promontory, those in charge of the Union Pacific construction decided to build a trestle to bridge over a very deep arroyo, instead of taking the more tedious and time-consuming method of making a high fill on which to put the rails.

Construction Engineer Samuel B. Reed, in charge of the work westward from Green River, maintained his headquarters in the construction train. There he lived with his wife and two small daughters, Annie and Jane.

One morning when little Jane was taking her usual nap in the construction home-car, Mrs. Reed and Annie stepped down to the ground to get some fresh air and to watch the men at work on the trestle. Suddenly Mrs. Reed screamed as she saw the engine slowly pulling the home-car out to the newly-built trestle, but the roar of the puffing engine drowned her voice. Slowly the engine and the car crawled across the trestle, then backed to the original starting point. The trestle held! The construction men who were testing the trestle's strength were quite oblivious to the fact that a baby was in the home-car. And so Jane Reed, who later became the wife of Arthur Dwight, internationally-known mining engineer and friend of Herbert Hoover, could claim she helped to build the Union Pacific.

Many photographs were taken of the celebration at the joining of the rails.



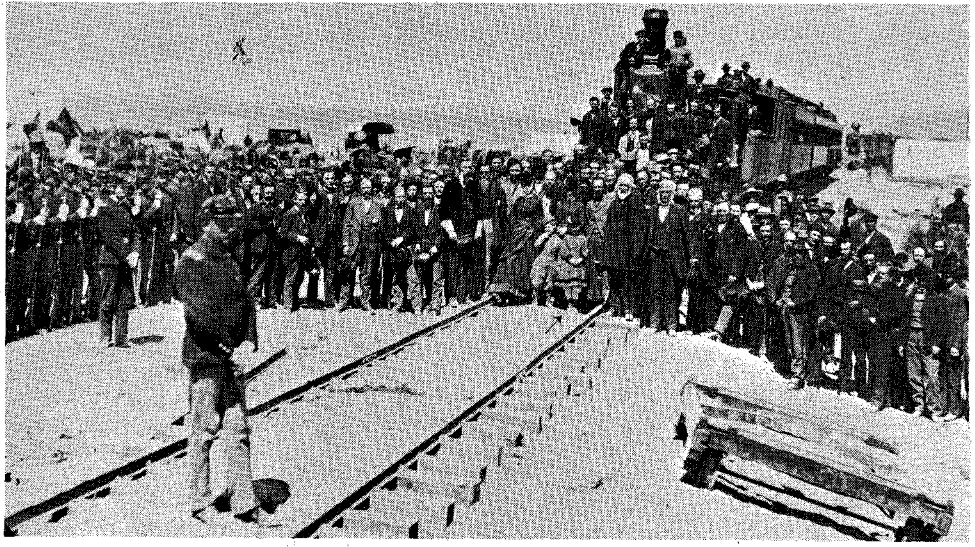
Above, with time too short for tediously filled-in roadbeds, the Union Pacific engineers threw up this precarious trestle bridge just miles short of Promontory.

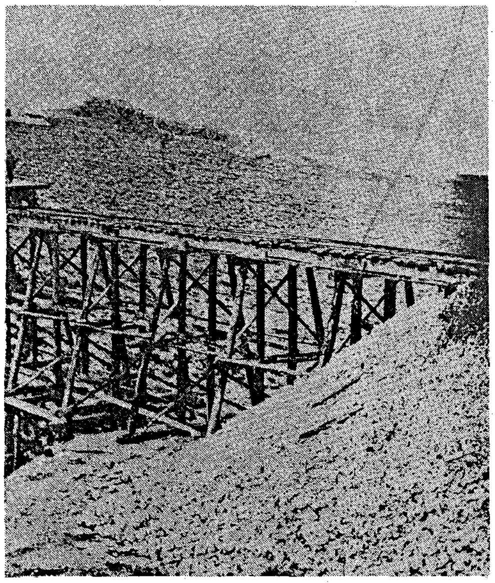
Below, Samuel B. Reed, superintendent of construction for the Union Pacific Railroad.

Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Departme

Below, the Golden Spike ceremony at Promontory, Utah, on May 10, 1869. Little Annie Reed is standing between the rails next to a small boy (see arrow).

Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad





Photos Courtesy Author

In one of them, young Annie Reed is plainly seen. She is the little girl wearing pantalettes, a dress banded with velvet, and a trim hat. She is standing beside a small boy in the track, directly in front of Union Pacific Engine 119 in attendance at the driving of the Golden Spike on May 10, 1869. Years after that ceremony, Annie Reed Bennitt, wife of Colonel Fred Bennitt of Joliet, Illinois told me this story herself.

THAT TUMBLING TUMBLEWEED

By Ellen Rebecca Fenn

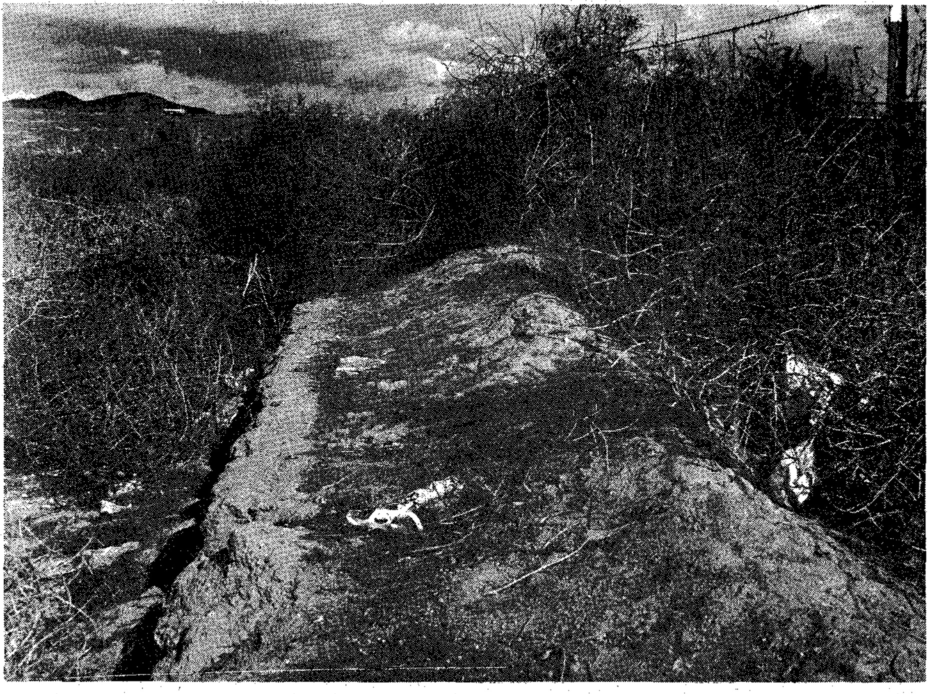
RUSSIA handed the American West a real bouquet of trouble in 1873—the lowly, pestiferous and prolific Russian thistle. Contained in some flax seed, imported from that country, which was planted in South Dakota, it has since flourished like dandelions and become a great scourge.

True, the Great Plains were already plagued with a native tumbleweed, commonly called pigweed, but it was less detrimental. Russia's variety is larger, denser, and has dug its claws into more terra firma than any other self-seeding weed.

It took only fifteen years for this obnoxious thistle to grapple with man-made exterminators and to come out on top. From the Dakotas it tumbled into the Canadian provinces to harass even the telegraph companies and has self-sown its wicked way toward coastal terrain. As its barrel-shaped carcass rolls, its small sharp spines penetrate the soil as liberally, as efficiently, as any seed planted by man.

When green, it saps the soil's food constituents; it germinates before the lazier seedling sown by man and stubbornly resists all efforts at controlling its high germination rate. Its root system, brittle and eager to release its potent power, snaps in the first fall wind, allowing the barbed nomad its freedom.

ONE LONE PLANT can often be traced from its first clutching of the soil to many miles distant. If it lodges in a rancher's fence row it teams with sister plants to pile up more menacing than twelve-foot snow drifts. Drifts eventually melt; but not the tumbling tumbleweed. Allied together they've been known to destroy fence lines. Only burning will melt their mountainous heap. If there's no fence to catch the carcass, it bubbles, bounces, rolls, jumps, and even gallops in a gale faster than a horse and rider.



Above, tumbleweed piled along a fence line.

Slightly elastic, it becomes erractic in flight and often seems to dodge impediments as though steered by an unseen hand. No territory seems off limits for this wanderer; it clogs alleyways, culverts, bridges, lodges on cacti, piles up in junk yards, collects in out-of-the-way places, in city patios, and has been known to become so immovable in drifts that buildings and fences have been crushed, and grader ditches flooded because of its massing tendency.

Even deaths have been traced to this wicked weed. Skittish horses will rear when slapped by its barbed tentacles. Easily flammable when dead, it poses a constant fire hazard. Machinery, left vulnerable, becomes buried in a sea of thistles and seeds. Try cleaning the debris from a motor-propelled harvest machine!

When man can't control it, he joins it and tries to put it to use. The protein content of the weed, when green, is equal to that of some hay, for feed. In recent years of drouth the weed is credited with saving stock; so one hand rates the weed as a godsend while the other plans its destruction.

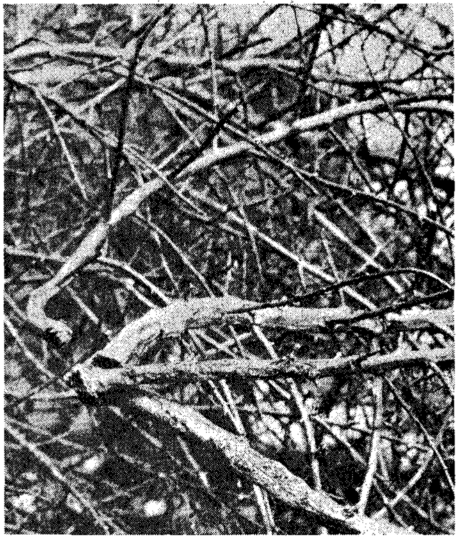
But no matter what type of destructive forces man employs, be it fire, cultivation after germination, or spraying, the tumbleweed is here to stay.

Songs will still be written and sung; poets may still immortalize; travelers may enjoy its careless roll; and camera lens will capture the freakish antics of the tumbling plant forever and aye!

Should the tumbleweed be capable of harmonizing, the aria chosen would undoubtedly be "Don't Fence Me In!"

Below, a close-up of the tumbleweed plant after it has begun its cross-country jog.

Photos Courtesy Author



THE SOD HOME

By E. W. Smalley

RACHEL LULA LINTON, my mother, was born in Tennessee on a cotton plantation near Fayetteville. At the age of twelve (1879) she was employed as a weaver in the Fayetteville woolen mills. She was so small her father had to build a platform for her between the looms. She worked there three years, then moved with her parents to Iowa. Three years later she went with her parents to Stafford County, Kansas where she met James Freeman Smalley. She was married to him at the age of nineteen, and was converted at the age of twenty-one.

Later she wrote the following "for my children and grandchildren when sod shanties are no more."

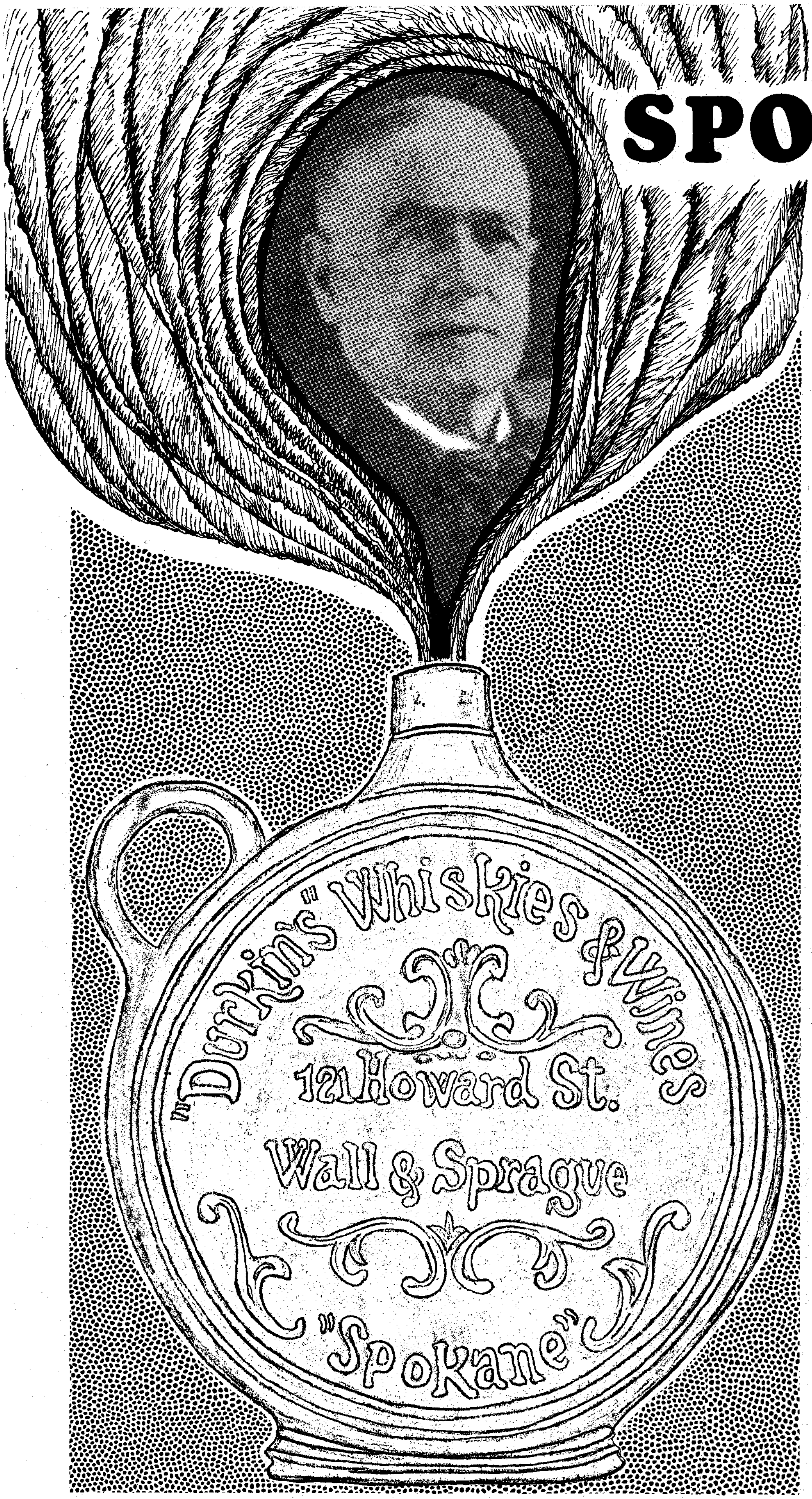
"In 1890 my husband rented a farm from his brother in Ford County, Kansas, not far from Dodge City. We had to build a sod house. First they broke the

(Continued on page 48)

SPOKANE'S

By JAY J. KALEZ

Photos and Sketches
Courtesy Author



At left, Jimmie Durkin, a man with big ideas.

Skfeches and Photos of Durkin's Bottles Courtesy the B. E. Pendleton Historical Collection, Spokane, Wash.

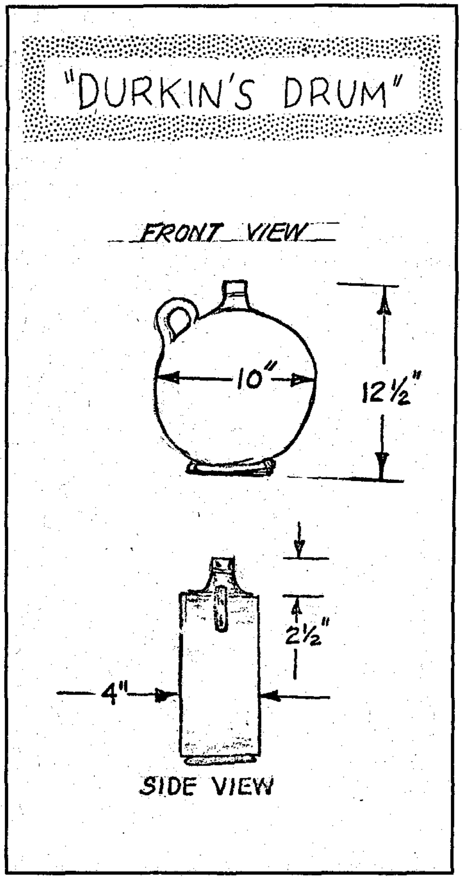
Today, Durkin's liquor containers are prized by collectors. This sketch shows "Durkin's Drum" (wine jug), made of glazed ceramic, usually deep brown or creme in color. Dimensions are shown at right.

THERE WAS A TIME, in this town of ours, when more business deals were consumated and made binding by a handshake over the click of liquor glasses, than by notary seals or formal courthouse proceedings. Those were the days when the appellation, "A Man of His Word," was the highest praise possible.

No Spokane pioneer ever capitalized more on that western frontier evaluation than did Jimmie Durkin, philosopher, saloonkeeper, life-long Democrat and millionaire. It was Jimmie Durkin who truly introduced advertising into this Pacific Northwest frontier country's way of life and it was Jimmie who built his whole life around his "Man of His Word" identity.

Born in Wasall, England of Irish parentage, August 8, 1859, Jimmie came to the United States with his parents in 1868. The Durkin family settled in Brooklyn, New York, and for seventeen years Brooklyn was their home.

In 1886, as a young wholesale liquor salesman of twenty-seven, Jimmie moved to the Pacific Northwest, settling in Col-



NO-COMPROMISE SALOONKEEPER

The old saying, "I don't care what you say about me as long as you spell my name right," didn't apply to Jimmie Durkin. He went all out to publicize his name, it's true, but he went even further to make sure that name was respected

ville, Washington Territory. As Jimmie often used to tell it, "When I got off the daily horse-drawn stage running between Spokane and Colville that spring day in 1886, I immediately started parading the town streets *looking for a job.* It didn't take me long to find out that for me—an Easterner, a stranger, and a midget compared with most of the brawny street-crowd population—a job was going to be hard to find.

"I counted nine saloons in Colville and, while all of them seemed to be doing plenty of business, competition was obviously plentiful in that field. But the Old Dominion Mine in Stevens County was going full blast, turning out its rich silver ore deposits, and all supplies going on north into the Canada mining district also passed through Colville. It had all the makings of a frontier boom town, and in any mining town liquor was treated as a necessary commodity.

"That first day in Colville I learned that freight moving between Spokane and Colville carried an average wagontrain rate of two cents a pound. From my past liquor experience I quickly appraised the fact that if a person purchased wholesale and shipped his liquor in barrel lots he could reduce the freight rate between Spokane and Colville by half. He could also undersell his nine competitors and at the same time import a better quality of merchandise.

Below, an advertisement Durkin ran in the *Spokane Review* on July 5, 1907.

Visiting Baptists

Are Invited to Inspect the Only Liquor Store in America

Whose Windows Were Decorated by a Baptist Minister

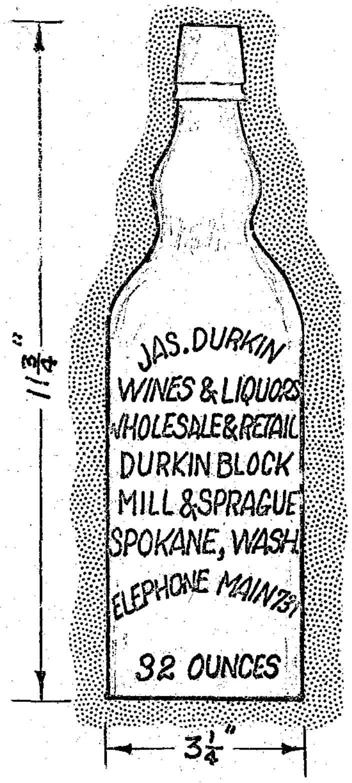
DURKIN'S

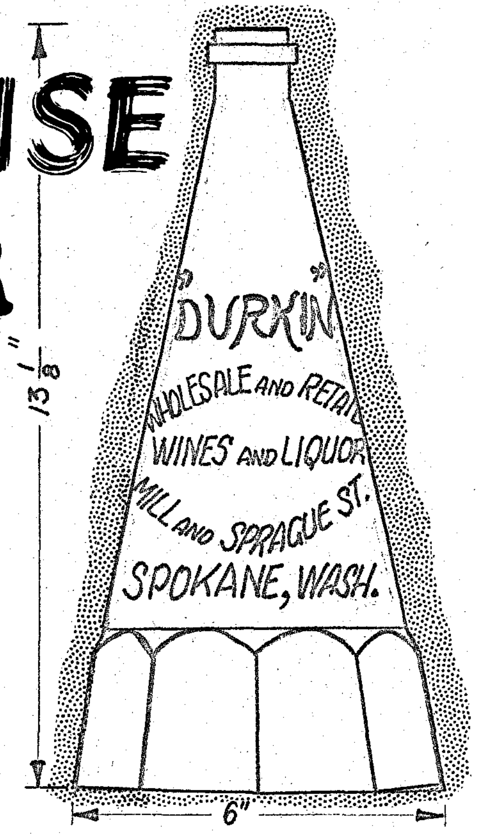
Wall and Sprague **Wall and Sprague**

"I had $2,500 in my pocket when I hit Colville *and I decided to risk it all on* my transportation idea. I knew the wholesale liquor business and I knew the liquor market sources. In a few weeks I opened Colville's tenth saloon.

"I proved myself right. During the next few years, my idea netted me some $65,000. For a young fellow, that was something. So, too, was the panic of 1893. It hit me as hard as the next fellow. The following five years were tough ones. I managed to salvage enough cash after the panic to move on to better opportunities in Spokane. There the Coeur d'Alene *mining* boom was in full progress."

"BROWN QUART" BOTTLE





DURKIN'S "MEGAPHONE" BOTTLE

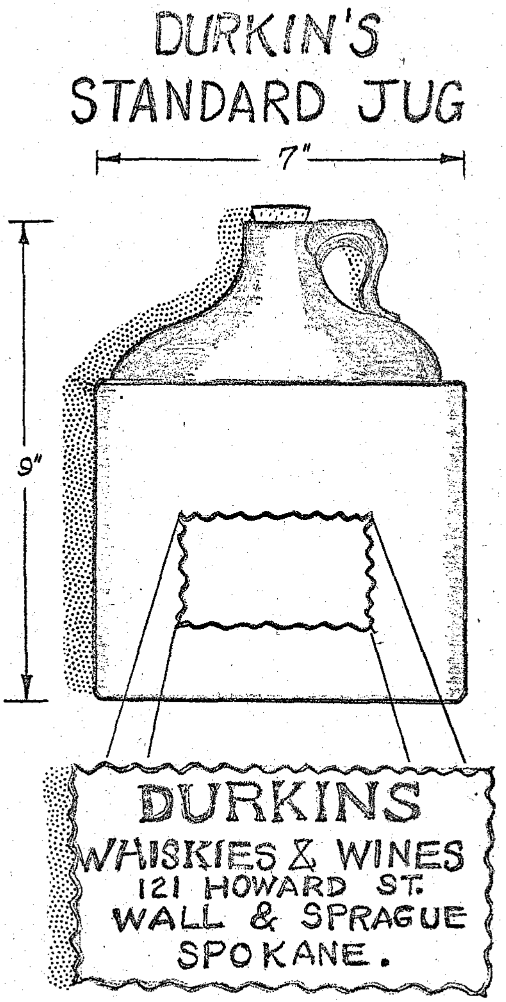
Above, Jimmie Durkin's "megaphone" bottle. There were two types of megaphone design, one with octagonal base (shown), the other a round base. The lettering shown on the bottle above is embossed into the glass. Paper labels were applied to the opposite side. Bottles with the paper labels still intact are extremely rare. Durkin used these bottles to package various wines.

At left, Jimmie Durkin's famous "Brown Quart" bottle. It was used to bottle both wine and liquor, including his popular beverage known as "rich rye" which sold in the early 1900s for 90c a quart. Appropriate labels were applied to the side of the bottle opposite the embossed lettering.

DURKIN ARRIVED in Spokane in the spring of 1897 at a time when a man with cash in his pocket could dictate his own buying terms. The Hypotheek Bank had foreclosed on numerous pieces of downtown Spokane property during the depressed '90s, and was anxious to dispose of some of its holdings as rapidly as possible.

For $21,000 Durkin purchased the 75' x 75' Major Block on the northwest corner of Sprague Avenue and Mill (now Wall Street). In the building he installed a family-type liquor store for over-the-counter retail sales, and a bar. The upper floor of the building was used for apartments. Durkin's Bar soon became known as the "working man's club" and its code of conduct, under Jimmie's personal supervision, became the envy of many of the other downtown liquor spots.

Newspaper advertising at the turn of the century was well accepted but outdoor



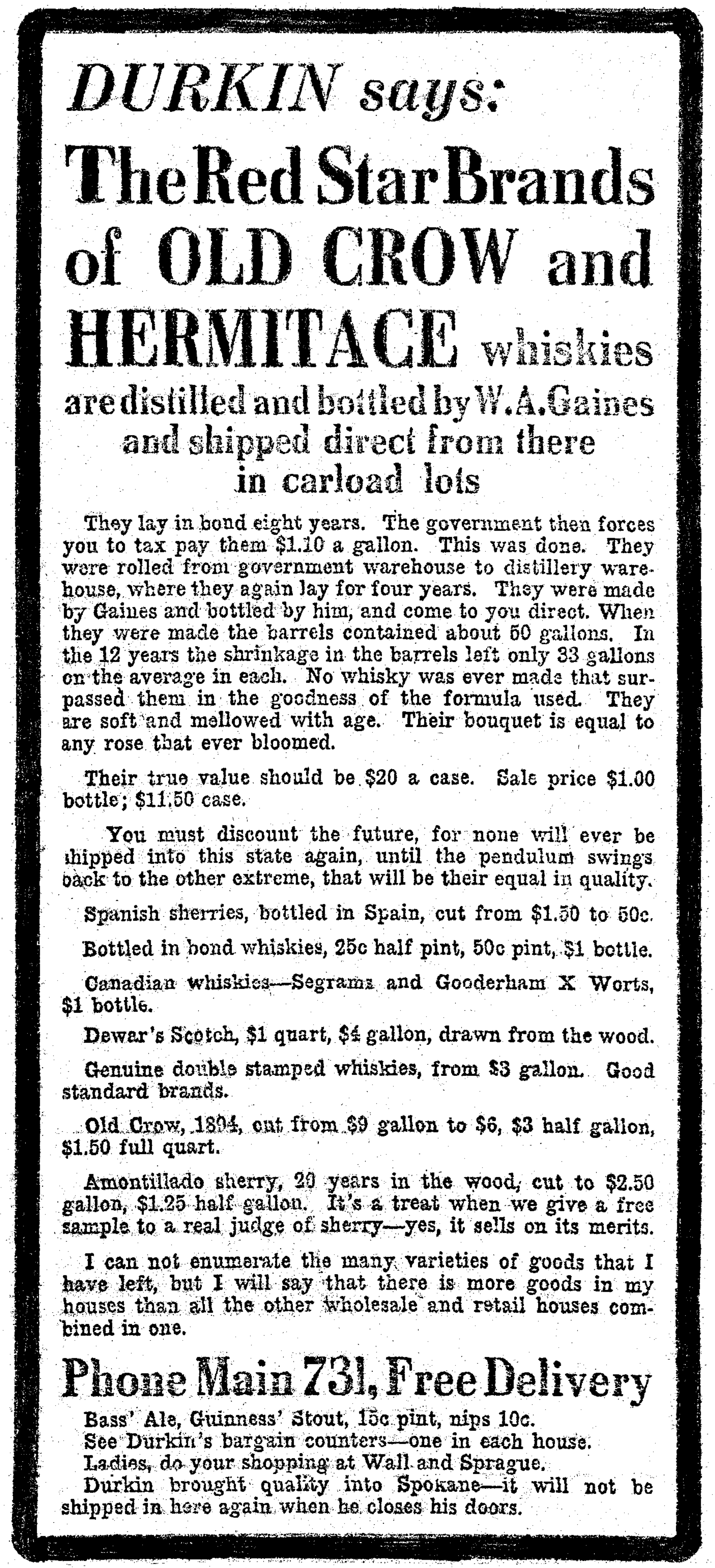
Above, the "standard" Durkin jug is ceramic (crock), with a dark brown top and gray bottom section. The inscription shown is blue, and has the appearance of being applied with an inked rubber stamp prior to the application of the exterior glaze. The jugs were made in several sizes from one-half gallon up to three gallons. The dimensions shown are for the one gallon jug.
At right, another Durkin ad.

signboards and window displays were little used. Jimmie had his own ideas about letting the people know about the quality and brands of his wares. While most liquor dispensing stores did business behind covered windows and double outside swinging doors, Jimmie took advantage of the eight plate glass street-front windows in his newly purchased building.

John W. Graham Co., a paper and stationery firm just across the street from Durkin's on Sprague, had earned a reputation for its interesting window displays. Jimmie decided that what he needed was a professional window trimmer. Immediately he tried to hire John L. Matthieson, advertising manager for Graham's. Being unsuccessful, he infringed on Matthieson's time and kindness for daily advice. Jimmie's multiple plate glass windows soon became a topic of conversation.

By now, Durkin's was the wholesale representative for several Kentucky distillery companies and imported barrels

(Continued on page 50)



DURKIN says:

The Red Star Brands of OLD CROW and HERMITAGE whiskies

are distilled and bottled by W. A. Gaines and shipped direct from there in carload lots

They lay in bond eight years. The government then forces you to tax pay them $1.10 a gallon. This was done. They were rolled from government warehouse to distillery warehouse, where they again lay for four years. They were made by Gaines and bottled by him, and come to you direct. When they were made the barrels contained about 50 gallons. In the 12 years the shrinkage in the barrels left only 33 gallons on the average in each. No whisky was ever made that surpassed them in the goodness of the formula used. They are soft and mellowed with age. Their bouquet is equal to any rose that ever bloomed.

Their true value should be $20 a case. Sale price $1.00 bottle; $11.50 case.

You must discount the future, for none will ever be shipped into this state again, until the pendulum swings back to the other extreme, that will be their equal in quality.

Spanish sherries, bottled in Spain, cut from $1.50 to 50c.

Bottled in bond whiskies, 25c half pint, 50c pint, $1 bottle.

Canadian whiskies—Segrams and Gooderham X Worts, $1 bottle.

Dewar's Scotch, $1 quart, $4 gallon, drawn from the wood.

Genuine double stamped whiskies, from $3 gallon. Good standard brands.

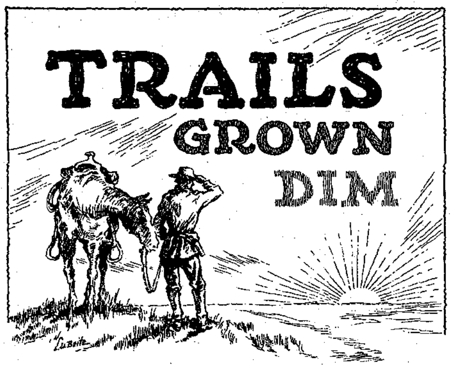
Old Crow, 1894, cut from $9 gallon to $6, $3 half gallon, $1.50 full quart.

Amontillado sherry, 20 years in the wood, cut to $2.50 gallon, $1.25 half gallon. It's a treat when we give a free sample to a real judge of sherry—yes, it sells on its merits.

I can not enumerate the many varieties of goods that I have left, but I will say that there is more goods in my houses than all the other wholesale and retail houses combined in one.

Phone Main 731, Free Delivery

Bass' Ale, Guinness' Stout, 15c pint, nips 10c.
See Durkin's bargain counters—one in each house.
Ladies, do your shopping at Wall and Sprague.
Durkin brought quality into Spokane—it will not be shipped in here again when he closes his doors.



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Benson C. Hinkle

Benson C. Hinkle came to Martin County, Minnesota in 1857. He was a member of a group who built Fort Britt and signed a pact for defense against Indians, August 3, 1857. He built a house on land which later became the city of Fairmont.

He was county treasurer, 1857-62; clerk at the first county election, April 15, 1858; county register of deeds, June 1858-62; county surveyor 1858-May 1860. He was appointed Commissioner by Governor H. H. Sibley to divide the county for township organization, October 28, 1858.

He contracted to carry mail from Winnebago City to Fairmont once a week, December 1, 1858; sole owner to acquire title, survey and plat Fairmont Village townsite, 1859.

As county commissioner, 1860-61, he was a member of a group that raised funds to hire a teacher for the first term of school in the county, which was held at his house in 1860. He was county auditor, February 1862-63.

He sold ground for $100 to Martin County for the first courthouse in 1862 and was first sergeant, Winnebago City Guards, in the Minnesota Indian War, August 23 to September 7, 1862. He sold the townsite and other interests to Moses Clark and moved away in 1863. He was reported to be in the hospital at Shawnee, Oklahoma when contacted to attend dedication of the new Martin County courthouse, 1907.

We are searching for descendants or relatives who can supply any further information about Mr. Hinkle after he left Martin County.—Walter Carlson, Secretary, Martin County Historical Society, Inc., Fairmont, Minnesota 56031

Moody-Ridgway

Where are my friends, Bill Moody and Clyde Ridgway of the early day Sweetwater area? I was known as "Professor" and our assistant at that time was Mary Pauley. Bill was quite a ball player while in school and his father's picture, Julie Moody is in the September 1968 FRONTIER TIMES.—L. Ham, Route 3, Box 109, Muleshoe, Texas 79347

J. J. Holman

I am trying to get some news of J. J. ("Mickey") Holman. He lived in Oklahoma City and worked for the Barrett Adding Machine Company in the early 1920s.—Johnnie Campbell, 302 Fot St., Tahlequah, Oklahoma 74464

Cobbett

I would like to correspond with any one named Cobbett or related to anyone of that name. They came from Bradford County, Pennsylvania in the early 1800s.—Mrs. Marian Merries, 2528 East Tenth Street, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001

Jinnings-Jennings

I would like to know what became of Solomon Jinnings (Jennings) and his family who went to Ohio from Northhamptown (Allentown), Pennsylvania, then went west, probably settling around Oklahoma.

He married a daughter of the chief of the Lenni Lenape tribe and was a legal interpreter of the Delawares. He was captain and sergeant in the Revolutionary War in 1778 to 1782 for Northhampton County, Pennsylvania. They had four or more children, one of whom was Anna who married David Quick of Ashland, Ohio.—R. Milton Jeinnings, 2122 Old Beth Pike Road, Quakertown, Pennsylvania 18951

Gillette-Day

My paternal grandparents left New York state about 100 years ago and traveled to Wisconsin, then to Minnesota where they settled permanently. Contact was not kept with other branches of the family. I am trying to trace the family back to the English source but I do not know the names of either great-grandparents. My grandfather was Washington Spencer Gillette, born in 1827, probably in New York. He was the youngest of fifteen children. His father had two marriages. His half-sisters were Hanna, Tressa, Charlotte, Synthia, Corintha, Lawana, and Letheria. He had a half-brother, George. There were others but I do not know names or if they lived.

He had a sister Betsy and a brother Elihu. Elihu had two children, Capitola and Syrah. They lived at Plainfield, Wisconsin in 1886. Capitola married a Mr. Wheeler and lived later at Pequot Lakes, Minnesota. My grandmother was born Eliza Jane Day in 1832 in Allegheny County, New York and married Washington Spencer Gillette in 1851. A sister Elizabeth Ann Day married Phil Foot and after his death married James Wright. In 1915 she was still residing in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. She had two sons, Frank and Egbert Foot. Another sister married George Hollister and had three children, Lydia Ann, Esther, and Porter.

A brother Tom Day married Jane Hamilton and had three children, Simon, Douglas, and Mabel. A brother Valentine Day was killed in battle in the Civil War. A brother Anthony Day died young. A brother William Day married Lydia Ann (last name unknown) and had a son William and a daughter Mary. She married Bert Van Scooter and at one time lived in Rochester, Minnesota. I would like any information about any of these people, especially the parents of Washington Spencer Gillette and Eliza Jane Day.—Mrs. Edward A. Day, Box 265, Miles, Texas 76861

Webb-Stapp-Hart

I am interested in information on my great-grandparents, James and Sarah (Stapp) Webb. I have no idea where they were from. They were born about 1830 to 1835 according to the way I figure. I would appreciate any data on them on their parents and brothers and sisters.

My grandfather, Elijah Kendrick Webb, was one of their children. His brothers were William (Will), Benjamin (Ben), Doc, and Jesse. His sisters were Belle and Sally. There may have been more children but these are the only ones that I know of.

My grandfather was born about 1860 (where I do not know) and married Emily (last name unknown) and later my grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Hart, on August 14, 1885 at Meridian, Bosque County, Texas. She was the daughter of Henry Thomas and Harriett Lovina (Tennison) Hart of Clifton, Bosque County, Texas. They came from Tennison, Warrick County, Indiana. Their children were Willa Margaret (Willie), Mary Elizabeth (Molly), Lemuel (Lem), Augustus, George Henry (my father), and two other children who were born in Oklahoma after they came north in 1899-1900. They were Blanche (who died a tragic death at two years of age after drinking lye water meant for washing) and Edgar Orin Webb.

They settled around Earlsboro, Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma. Their grandfather was a member of the Odd Fellows and a circuit preacher (Christian) until 1903 when his wife died. I understand he preached in Waco, Texas before coming to Oklahoma. Very little else is known about the aforementioned persons. I know that I have many lost cousins in McLennan, Bosque, and Ellis Counties and perhaps elsewhere in Texas and Oklahoma.—Patty Lou Eubanks, 3301 N.W. 29th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahome 73107

Clark-Larson

I'd like to find the families Clark and Larson. I am the grandaughter of Curtis L. Clark, who has passed away but my father John V. Clark still lives. We would like to hear from anyone who thinks they might know these families or is a member.

My great-grandmother Ellen Wolf married Aaron Clark and they had four sons. The oldest, John, who was shot and killed in Beaver, Oklahoma around 1907 or 1908, had a wife and daughter living

(Continued on page 55)

Death Valley's Fast Fading Ghost Towns

(Continued from page 12)

inevitable, outsiders read in Harris' paper that the narrow, treacherous road up the canyon was a good one; Panamint was law-abiding; business was on the increase; the weather, even though blistering in summer and freezing in winter, was fine; the railroad, promised and long forgotten, was only a matter of weeks away; silver veins were endless—all of this giving the outside world the impression that raw, lawless Panamint was booming and still a 'little Paradise' lined with silver."

Fortune seekers and adventurers trekked up the rugged road only to learn the truth for themselves. And Harris, realizing the tune was up, loaded his printing press and headed for Darwin. Soon after, Panamint was finished. In 1876 a flash flood washed most of the town down the mountainside.

"Of course, there were odd-balls and characters in these old towns one never forgets," Dolph said. "One was old Chris Weights who owned a saloon in every boom camp at one time or another, including Panamint. No matter how hot the day, colorful old Chris dressed the part of a city gent, serving his customers while wearing a brown Derby hat, a shiny celluloid collar and a black frock-tail coat. To cap this quirk, Chris was never known to push back a pinch of gold dust or a cent in silver change. No, sir! You drank it up or left it.

"Chris, who wished to die with his boots on, nearly did the night he became more or less a hero during a drunken brawl in his Panamint saloon. When a bunch of hardcases reeled into his place and began shooting out lights that sent customers scurrying under tables in fear of their lives, Chris found himself riding a two-horned dilemma—because, for some strange reason, he was unarmed. But, doing some fast thinking, he came up with the answer.

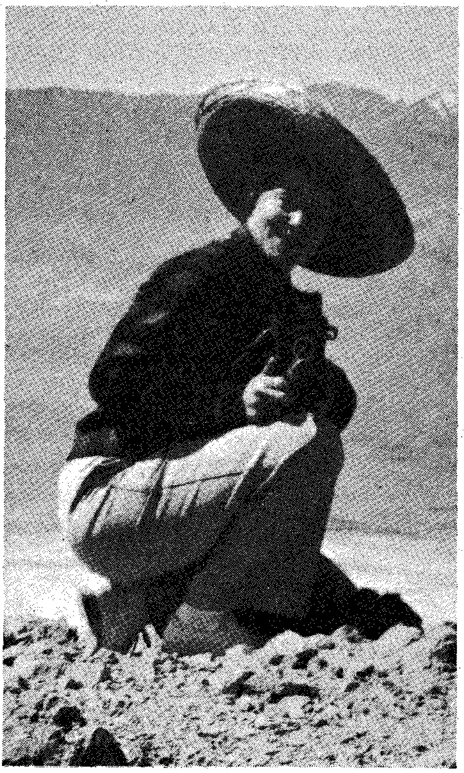
"His calculating gaze rested on an ancient and useless rifle hanging on wooden pegs above the door. Elbowing his way through the bullies, he grabbed the rifle and pointing it wildly, shouted: 'Get out! Right now or I'll mow you down!'

"His threats were effective," Dolph added, grinning. "Every hardcase made for the door, Chris behind them, rifle held at ready. Well, to be sure that they didn't return that night, Old Chris, rusty rifle on his shoulder, strutted up and down before his saloon, stiff and straight as any army sergeant on parade—an unforgettable spectacle patrolling in the moonlight."

A NARROW dirt road, weaving drunkenly in and out around jutting foothills, took us to Ballarat, a thriving supply center for miners around 1897, when silver was discovered in nearby Pleasant Canyon. Twenty years earlier, Ballarat, because of its proximity to Post Office Springs, which was then an army post and also a stop-over for outlaws holing up there to pick up their mail, had been considered wild and woolly.

Although Ballarat is classed as a ghost town, it has never been completely deserted. For a number of years it had a population of one—the late Seldom-Seen-Slim, a gangling, good-natured character who, when broached on the subject of bathing, would answer drolly and to the point: "We-ll, now, I ain't had a bath in nigh on forty years—because the water's too damned hard, Sis."

At the time of my visit, Ballarat's population had increased. Seldon-Seen-Slim had several neighbors—desert rats who lived in some of the still habitable 'dobe huts. When I mentioned this, Slim, a big grin spreading over his lean humorous face, said, "First thing yuh know, a mob'll be movin' in on me."



The author, Harriett Farnsworth.

Slim, whose surname was Ferge, operated a "sample" rock shop at his place. Some of the rocks he called to my attention were very unusual in both formation and coloring and "hard to come by in the Death Valley area," he added.

Slim's dry sense of humor cropped up again when Dolph and I reached the Ballarat-Trona turnoff. Here, where thousands of sunparched acres, dotted with greasewood and cacti, stretched off in every direction, uninhabited except for rattlesnakes, horned toads and coyotes, Slim had erected a sign, pointing to Ballarat which announced in big, bold letters: SLIM'S PLACE. FREE PARKING.

Homeward, we took the narrow road between mountains towering above us which led to Wildrose Canyon. There Dolph and I stopped for a snack. Wildrose Canyon, so named because of its gala display of roses which smother the roadside and ravines in May, was once the favorite campsite of the Shoshones. From a ledge far above the canyon floor, they had watched the first white men who passed this way—wondering what tribe they were, where they came from, where they were going.

The present Wildrose Station, altitude some 3,500 feet, was built on the old adobe site of the former station which served wagon and stagecoaches passing to and from Death Valley east to Panamint Valley west.

Wildrose, steeped in mining history, became a well known stopover back in the days when Senator George Hearst, father of William Randolph Hearst, patronized the station on his frequent trips through Wildrose, while attending to business in this vicinity and at his Modoc Mine in Panamint Valley.

Up a narrow, winding road leading to Mahogany Flats, Dolph and I stopped at the kilns—the most photographed man-made relics in this storehouse of early-day mining activity. These huge kilns, built by Senator Hearst in 1867, kept a crew of Chinese laborers busy making charcoal from hardwood growing in the mountains. When the charcoal was ready for shipment it was loaded into "stone ships" for a tortuous journey over some twenty-five miles of rugged mountains to a designated spot in Panamint Valley. Here the charcoal was reloaded into ox-drawn wagons to continue on its way down to the Modoc Mine, where it was used as fuel for the steam boilers.

It is said that here in Panamint Valley, Senator George Hearst began accumulating the fabulous Hearst fortune out of a spot which one wag described as, "the hottest, driest hunk of land this side of hell."

SO LITTLE remains of the towns in the Death Valley region that a few years hence even these sun-bleached remnants will be gone—nothing to mark the spot where we found a lopsided store, a fading barber pole, an iron letter slot clinging to a creaking door, a weary-looking saloon, a few tottering shacks that some adventuresome man or woman once called home, the almost obliterated ruts of old roads they walked.

In this once fearsome terrain men forgot hardships and suffering when the cry of "Gold!" rang out, then "Silver!" They still came as the cry changed to "Lead!" when C. C. Julian arrived on the scene.

C. C. Julian, a stock promotor and manipulator, had built up quite a reputation when he, on a sliver of leased land on famed Signal Hill near Los Angeles which nobody else wanted, brought in a wildcat outfit and struck oil. Naturally, all ears turned his way when he claimed he had discovered "veins of pure lead" in the mountainous area northeast of Death Valley sink.

The townsite of Leadfield was laid out. Over the narrow, treacherous road zig-zagging into it, sweating teams hauled in heavy machinery, lumber and supplies. Over this same rugged road bumped conveyances filled with feverish adventurers, men and women eager to put their last hard-earned dollar into Julian's fabulous lead mine.

"The people pouring in, needed houses," said Dolph. "Houses were built.

Leadfield buzzed with excitement for a short time, then the bubble burst!"

The $50,000 spent for machinery, which had been installed, had been only a come-on. Not one penny did investors ever realize. The whole thing, as Dolph summed it up, was just a big joke on everyone involved, yet it was tragic even for C. C. Julian who, rumor said, fled to the Orient to escape angry investors and committed suicide somewhere in China.

Little is left to tell the story of Leadfield—a few tottering houses on the east side of the road hedged by greasewood; several decaying foundations; a few cellars gaping below the remnants of old foundations; piles of rusty cans; mining machinery set up on cement bases which had never turned a wheel.

BACK at Cow Creek Ranch, Dolph's oasis at the foot of the Funeral Mountains, he told me bits of history about the old camps and ghost towns around us.

For instance, Lee Camp, located about twelve miles east in the Funeral Range, first named The Hayseed, was abandoned by its discoverers. Then in 1904, the Lee brothers, Dick and Bob, with an old-time miner named Findley from Colorado, relocated the mines and named them Lee Camp.

When this camp promised to be another Rhyolite, the stampede was on. Miners, prospectors and the usual camp followers took up abodes in tents, shacks, any hole in the mountainside. "This strike was it!" said Dolph. "I and my friend, Dick Ryan—who had nothing to do with the Borax Company—bought a bunch of promising claims. But access to Lee Camp, as in numerous other cases, was a great drawback. Trails were fit for man and burro only. A road was a necessity. Machinery and building materials had to be hauled in. After months of arduous labor a twenty-five mile road from Beatty, Nevada to the northeast was completed to camp."

Buildings and homes were thrown up hurriedly on Main Street; a twenty-room hotel built; a stamp mill installed; a mail route established from Beatty. Population reached a thousand.

"That road to Beatty was a long, hot one for man or beast in summer when temperatures soared above 120 degrees and no shade! I know. I walked it many times," Dolph said. "When a short-cut was suggested—down a narrow gap through the Funerals which meant that a few necessities and mail could be picked up down at Furnace Creek Ranch, fourteen miles closer than Beatty—the idea was considered a good one. However, when every able-bodied man in camp was approached on the subject, he was too danged busy mining to stop and fool around building trails."

"So that idea fell flat," I remarked.

Dolph smiled whimsically. "No. Since I'm inclined to be more or less like Shorty Harris who gets the *big* thrill out of discovery instead of actually mining gold, I volunteered to do it."

Dolph Nevares, slight of build and weighing little over one hundred pounds said, "With only the help of a cussed jackass to move heavy boulders, I pried,

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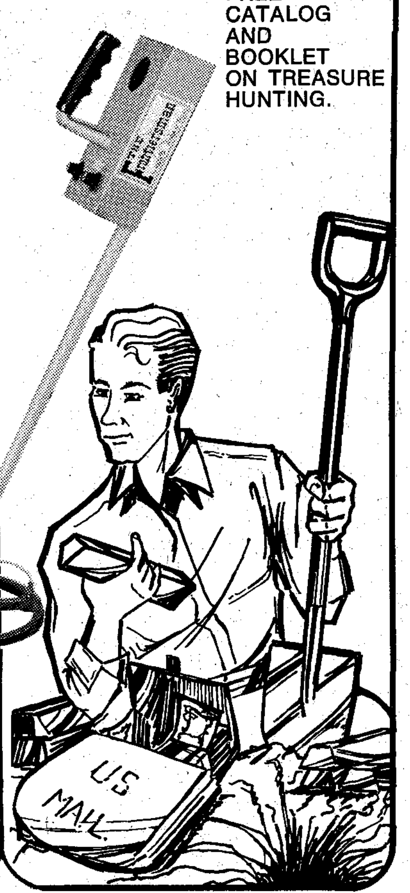
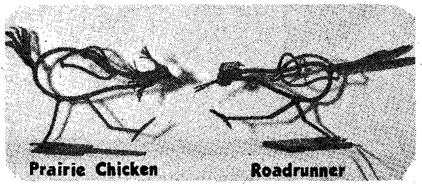


WESTERN ART



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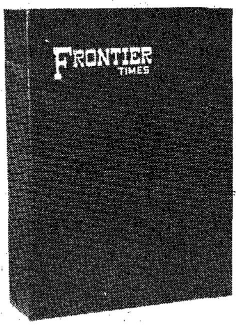

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picked and hacked away in summer heat that would have laid low the average desert rat. Even so, I finished that trail, through the mountain gash leading 2,000 feet below Lee Camp to the floor of Death Valley, in record time. Then I bought a stout wagon and a hefty span of mules, and began freighting for the camp.

"My first freighting was done for a very nice lady at Lee Camp, a clever businesswoman named Helen. I've forgotten her last name. Anyway, I hauled in every stick of lumber for her twenty-room Grand Hotel—all the way over terrible roads in from Rhyolite where I picked it up at the railroad station. Later I freighted in the huge cast-iron stove for her kitchen."

Between hauling and doing other odd jobs, Dolph, the industrious little Basque, also furnished water for the camp. This he had to haul in from Bullfrog, roughly thirty miles over zigzagging back roads which were awful. He said he considered twenty-four barrels of water, which sold in camp for $3.00 a barrel, a good load.

"Lee Camp didn't last long," Dolph said, "but it was a boomer for two years. Three years later, Lee Camp like others around it was deserted—buildings empty. Some of the miners made good up there; others left as they had come in—broke.

"I recall quite vividly a Miss Keener who lived at Lee Camp. She was a very pretty girl, smart too. Any day you could see her galloping all over the country on a fiery little black stallion. I was sorta stuck on her, but she up and married my best friend, Dick Ryan."

Several years later when Lee Camp was abandoned, Dolph bought enough lumber from the old Grand Hotel to build a small cottage. He paid $500 for it and shipped it on the Tidewater & Tonopah Railroad down to San Bernardino, where he hoped to retire someday.

On another occasion he secured lumber at Lee Camp but for a different reason. On a trip there one day, he discovered that vandals had jacked up one end of the 40 x 200-foot mule and implement barn, making it appear that a hard windstorm had toppled it. They intended coming back later, Dolph explained, and haul it away. He beat them to it. Nodding toward the sun-browned cabin before which we sat in the shade of cottonwoods and palms, a thousand feet above the valley floor, he said proudly, "I used some of that old mule-barn lumber to build this cabin.

"My claims at Lee Camp turned out pretty good," he added. "A fellow named Brevis promoted a deal for four claims which Dick Ryan and I were in on together—the Christmas Mines—and we got $12,000 for them. I made more money by selling and leasing claims and royalties from later production work on them than by taking chances of stringers playing out on me.

"Brevis took his share of the Christmas Mines and high-tailed it down to San Bernardino and bought a fine car; the first one to drive into Lee Camp. It brought 'ohs and ahs,' and was considered *one* of the 'Seven Wonders.'

"Roads were something fierce," Dolph recalled. "Nothing more than miles of wind-blown corrugated trails that would shake out your teeth, with sand beds, washes, rocks and chuckholes that jolted your innards.

"Anyway, Brevis' car started a fad, a devilish nuisance that tormented wagon drivers to death! Car drivers would run up on a team and expect the teamster to get out of *his* way. If the mule driver got stuck, okay! It the car driver got stuck, that was a different tune. The mule driver was expected to pull the car out of the sand. I got danged tired of this situation. One day I decided to do something about it, and I did.

"It was a hot afternoon and I was hauling a load of water to Lee Camp. The mules knew the way and were pulling easy, so I was dozing on the wagon seat and let a car slip up on me. When I saw it I hollered, 'Who-ah!' to my mules. They stopped. Then I asked the fellows in the car if they intended to pull over. They said 'Nope!' I said, 'Well, *I'm* not. There are six of you guys in that car. So get out and push out if you get stuck!' Well, sir-ree, they surprised me. As far back as I could see they were still pushing, and you know, I'm still wondering why those fellows didn't get out and eat me up alive!

"BUT BACK to the Lee Family. As I recall, they were an odd lot. Little was known of their background. The first heard of the Lees was when they were driving cattle from Santa Paula up to Ash Meadows. The old man, who said he was from Kentucky and a descendant of Robert E. Lee, the Confederate general, married a Shoshone and had a passel of boys.

"I met the boys when they drove cattle down here to graze along Furnace Creek. Got to know Dick and Bob pretty well. Dick invented a small steam engine. I once had a picture of it. Later, Dick got it in his head to go away to school. When it was discovered that he was a master blacksmith, they put him to teaching. But in six months, Dick rode his pony back across the mountains and never made another attempt at getting an education. The last I heard of Dick and Bob, way up in their seventies, they were over in Parumph Valley.

"The only thing, I guess, they ever proved to anybody's satisfaction was the fact that white men could live in Death Valley year-round—as I've done myself for more than fifty years."

Dolph and I were sitting in the yard near the small warm water stream flowing near the cabin door, fed by the overflow of hot water pools on the hill above. "That," he added, "is how the Lee boys named this place Cow Creek. They were driving cattle in, starving for water; when they got a whiff of it they stampeded. All of them jumped into the stream, stirring up white mud on the bottom, then guzzled their fill until most of them died. That's how my place got named Cow Creek."

On Dolph's last trip up to Lee Camp he had found not a vestige of the old buildings. Only gaping mine-scarred mountainsides, tailing and mine dumps indicate a bustling camp had ever existed atop the Funeral Mountains.

As had happened to a squaw man, Monte Beatty, at Rhyolite, Dolph had the chance to grab up some rich claims when Jack Keane and John Domingo sold out to Homer Wilson, to their sorrow, for $40,000 each. When the co-owners appointed Wilson president, he hit it rich! Forty or fifty men were kept working steadily for several years, then off and on for sixteen more years. Wilson, Dolph recalled, cleaned up around $2,000,000 for the company before rich gold stringers dwindled to the cost of production, and work ceased.

"The last I heard of Jack Keane," Dolph said, "was that he and Domingo went on a beautiful fling up at Ballarat. There in a boisterous mood, while tossing money around, Jack shot his best friend, the barkeep. For this little prank, Jack had to shell out $10,000 as 'hush' money. Jack, then in his early forties, left the Valley and went back to his homeland, Ireland, so it was rumored.

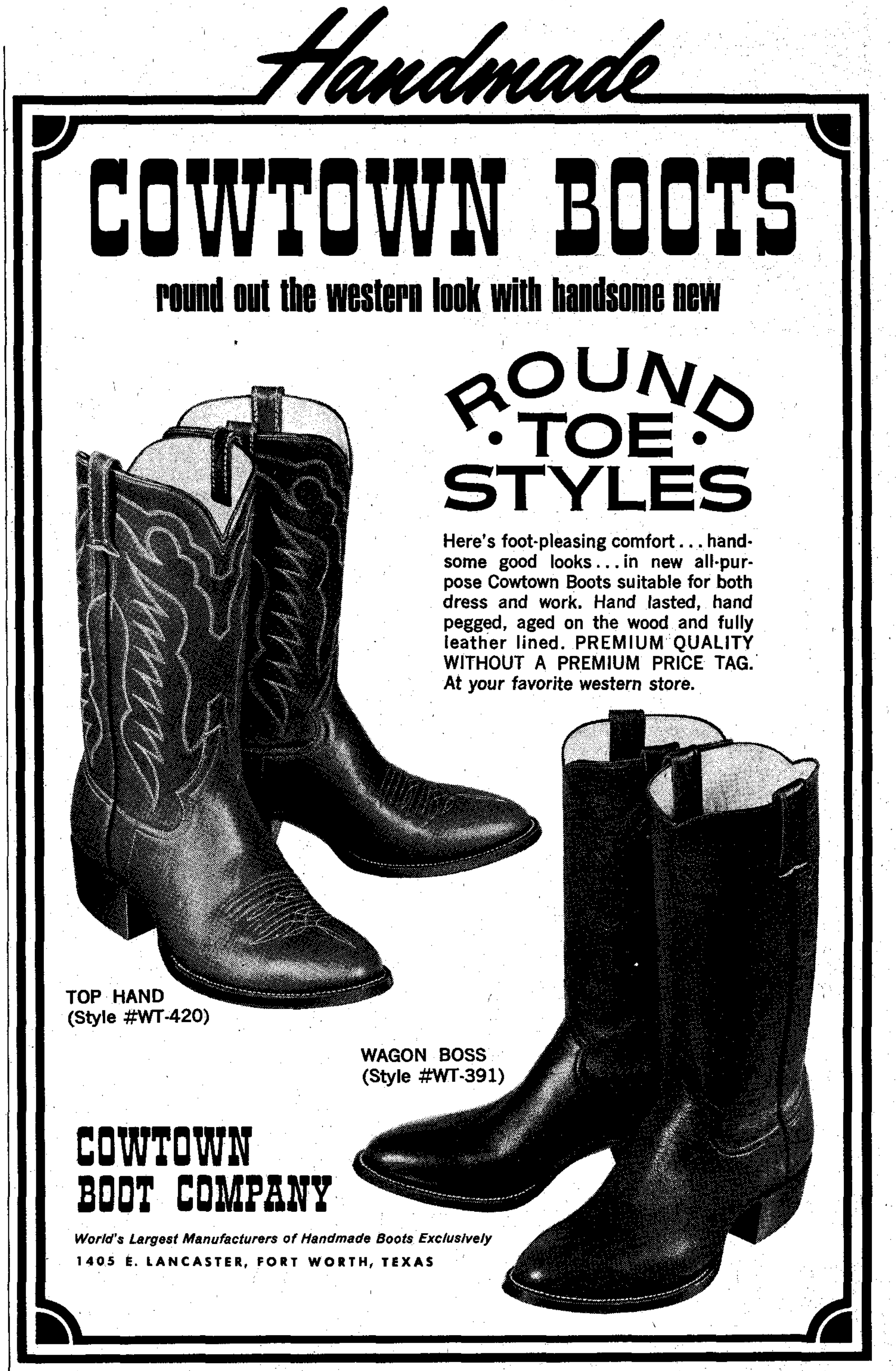
"What became of John Domingo I never knew. But I sure played the fool when I didn't buy shares in that mine when Jack and John sold out. However, I got a nice little chunk out of it anyway. I gave Homer Wilson option on the water from my place here, and he snapped it up at $5,000 cash on the line!"

All that was left of the rich Keane-Wonder was the wind-torn stamp mill, the toppling boarding house once painted white, its windows gaping, doors banging in a stiff desert wind.

DOLPH recalled another old mine of interest which lay some seven miles from Confidence mill site. In 1900 Dolph was still hauling water through the Ibex waterhole district. On one of these trips he met two hardcases, a Swede named Alex Yoeman and his mining partner, Barbour, who had made a very rich strike in the vicinity. "Why," said Dolph, "one five-gallon bucket of ore, in varnish-like, kidney-shaped nuggets, assayed at $80,000—almost pure gold!

"Up to then the fellows had been working the claim alone. However, since they were too far from grub stations to protect the mine when they were gone, they decided to take in a partner. Was I interested? Something told me to let those fellows alone. Later, though, they found a partner, a kindly eighty-year-old German called 'Old John,' and with promises of a fortune in gold in return, the old man peeled out his life's earnings—$2,000—as a third partner in the Last Chance, aptly named for what happened later.

"For a year or so this partnership worked out all right. But ironically, as it had happened in the area so many times before, that rich gold deposit turned to stringers. Of course, after these hardcases got Old John to camp, they kept his pockets picked clean, saw that he worked hard, and left him alone at camp for days while they supposedly were elsewhere on business. On one of my occasional visits, I noticed that overwork and the intense heat were telling on the old fellow. Had I not happened along this day, he would have died. Old John said he had been ill for several days—in fact had been fainting—and thought he was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going to die in camp alone. So I stuck around for several days until a fellow drifted in who promised to look after the old man.

"On my next trip up there, the hardcases told me Old John had been taken to the General Hospital at Los Angeles, and that's the last I ever heard of him. Later, five or six other guys hooked up with Yoeman and Barbour—a hard, tough-looking bunch—and, from what Old John had told me I wondered if Barbour and Yoeman were holding out promises of riches to them or if the whole gang had not turned outlaw. I never found out."

Evening shadows were lengthening through the oasis at Cow Creek Ranch when Dolph ended his reminiscences of some of the old days in Death Valley. In this paradoxical land, unparalleled for its scenic views and fast-decaying settlements, one thing still seems very real—the contagion of gold fever and an understanding of the high hopes and blasted dreams of adventuresome men and women who followed these camps, seeking their fortunes, men and women who failed and passed into oblivion.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 39)

sod which was adapted to this use by the numerous buffalo-grass roots' making it tough. The sod was twelve inches wide. They used sharp spades to cut it in two-foot lengths, and laid it up in brick fashion so the walls were two feet thick.

"Our house was twelve by sixteen feet with a full-sized window in each end and a door on one side. When the walls were up the right height, with the ends a little higher, they set in three ridge poles—two-by-sixes for the roof to rest on. They placed one-by-twelve-inch boards across this. The latter bent easily, making an arched ceiling. Over the boards they put heavy tar paper to keep out the dirt and rain, and over the paper they put two layers of sod.

"They used sharp spades to smooth the inside walls. There was a deposit in the side of a hill out there which we called 'homesteader's lime.' When mixed up it made a fine plaster, and when dry was nice and hard and brown in color. Over this the men put on a thick coat of whitewash, and whitewashed the boards overhead. Then they leveled the ground, and laid down two-by-fours for the floor. We were ready to move in.

"After forty-eight years, every detail of that house stands out as clear in my mind as it did when we occupied it. In one end was our bed which was a real nice one. I covered it with a gay patchwork quilt. In the opposite corner was my dresser, fashioned from a goods box and covered with a flowered material on top. I spread a large linen towel, a gift from my mother, above the box, and hung our looking glass on a long wooden peg. Nails won't hold in a sod wall. On this dresser was our Bible and three girlhood books, *Helpful Susan, Tempest and Sunshine,* and *Earnest Richmond.* Our coal oil lamp and several pieces of a small tea set I had when a child were also set out.

"In the other end of the cabin was my shiny cook stove in one corner, and in the other corner, a large dish cupboard with curtains to match the dresser.

"Between the stove and bed was ample room for my table and seven nice chairs. Near the door was a bench for the water bucket and wash pan. I hung white muslin curtains at the windows and tied them back with blue ribbon. We were quite cozy.

"A house built like this is cool on the hottest days and it never freezes inside during the worst blizzards. I have burned many a load of buffalo chips, so called because the cattle grazed on buffalo grass. I have baked many batches of fine bread with only corn stalks to heat the stove. Coal was shipped in open flat cars. It was generally rounded up and a jar would cause the lumps to fall off. When we went to town we came back along the railroad track and Daddy would walk and pick up the coal. If a train passed, the fireman would climb upon the engine tender and kick or throw off coal, and when they got even with you they would pull off their caps and wave. We saved this coal for a rainy day when the buffalo chips were too wet to burn.

"Two very happy years were spent in this home, then we moved to Oklahoma. I write this because I thought it might interest someone to read it sometime, and to show you a sod shanty can be a real home and a comfortable one. Of course, there were exceptions, and some had only dirt floors and a poor roof.

"I recall one of our neighbors whose house had two board rooms, with the living room built of sod like ours. They had a nice carpet on the floor, easy chairs, a sofa, a nice organ and a center table. They had real lace curtains at the windows and wide window seats full of blooming plants—a truly lovely room."

A Pay-Off by "Friends"

(Continued from page 13)

at their word. Scott began lending county money just as he had done with his own cash while it lasted. And once again things proceeded smoothly until other county officials discovered that something was wrong. What on earth had happened—why such a shortage all at once? A hot, lively investigation followed, and suspicion inevitably fell on Barrett Scott.

Heavy pressure was brought to bear. He was told that he had better have the money (the exact amount misappropriated has slipped my memory) safely back in the treasury by the end of a certain time or face prosecution.

News of the missing county money and the party responsible for its disappearance soon became county, state, and Rosebud Indian reservation knowledge. And the citizenry waxed very indignant over the scandalous affair—"always knowed that Scott was a crooked skunk—was that what they paid their taxes for—for a thief to get his long fingers on the money and squander it right and left?"

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1924-P
1925-P
1925-S
1926-P
1926-D
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WITH so much pressure brought to bear upon him and a long term in the pen staring him in the face, Barrett Scott had to snap into action and get that ill-fated county money back at once. And there is where the sticker came. Almost to a man the "friends" he had helped, refused to pay, insisting that they were almost on the verge of starvation and utterly unable to raise the money. Scott was in desperate straits. He pleaded with each that he absolutely must return the money at once. Most likely he also made the last sad mistake of threatening to reveal their names as the ones who had, by false promises, inveigled him out of the county's funds.

Be this as it may, one night in December Scott and his family were driving their buggy home from Scottville over on the Redbird to O'Neill road when they were held up along the Niobrara River bottom near the Whiting bridge by a large party of masked men—evidently the same bunch he had befriended. Scott was taken from the midst of his frightened little family, after which his wife and children were given gruff orders to drive on home and keep their mouths shut if they knew what was good for them.

As soon as the buggy was out of sight, the poor, unfortunate husband and father was promptly strung up from the high railing of the Whiting bridge (named after Ed Whiting, an uncle of the late Jake Herman, famed rodeo clown and cowboy artist). As soon as the life had gone from Scott's body, they slashed the rope and let him fall with a loud splash into the dark river below. So ended the career of Barrett Scott, Holt County's treasurer who had been so easily duped into lending county funds for private use.

Some insisted that it must have been the vigilantes. They were masked and everything, according to Mrs. Scott's story, and the sad affair had been pulled off in typical vigilante style. But a larger majority guessed more correctly that it was the work of men who would be infinitely better off—financially and otherwise—if Scott were dead.

About thirty days later, when a good reward was offered by the county for the body of Barrett Scott, dead or alive, this latter opinion was pretty well proven to be correct. Quite a number of men promptly began cutting through the ice on the old Niobrara in the vicinity of the Whiting bridge! They worked long and desperately, each hoping to be the lucky discoverer of the body and the receiver of that highly tempting reward. There seemed to be no doubt in their minds as to where they would find the body either.

In the end, Barrett Scott's body was recovered from its watery grave, identified, and turned over to his family for burial. But, somehow, no one ever stepped forward to claim that fat reward. In the big furor that was stirred up over the whole awful affair, and the renewed interest brought about by the recovery of the victim's corpse, each of the cowardly participants was more than glad at the last to escape with his own miserable hide.

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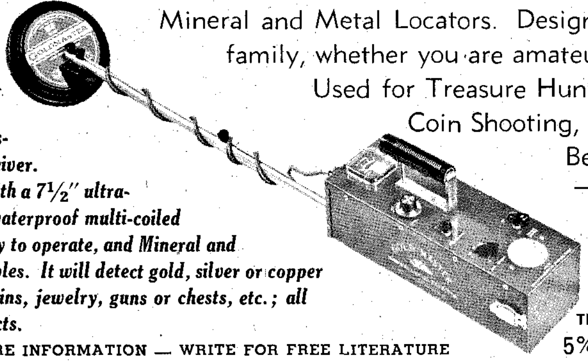

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Spokane's No-compromise Saloonkeeper

(Continued from page 42)

of liquor into eastern Washington in carload lots. One of his principal brands was Old Crow. With the idea of stimulating its sale in the summer of 1907, Durkin filled three of his windows on Mill Street with flocks of stuffed black crows as an eye-catcher.

The first Sunday after the window display appeared, the Reverend E. H. Braden, pastor of the North Side Baptist Church, criticized from his pulpit the window displays in Durkin's store. He told the congregation he would like an opportunity to decorate those windows in a way which would display the true story of the evils of the liquor traffic. The Spokane newspapers printed part of Rev. Braden's attack on Jimmie Durkin in their Monday issues.

Durkin contacted Rev. Braden and offered him the use of all his windows for any anti-liquor display he might wish.

"You can use anything you want, advertise anything you want, and I will not interfere," Jimmie told Braden. "I will also pay for any material you may need in dressing the windows. You can depend on me, I'm a man of my word."

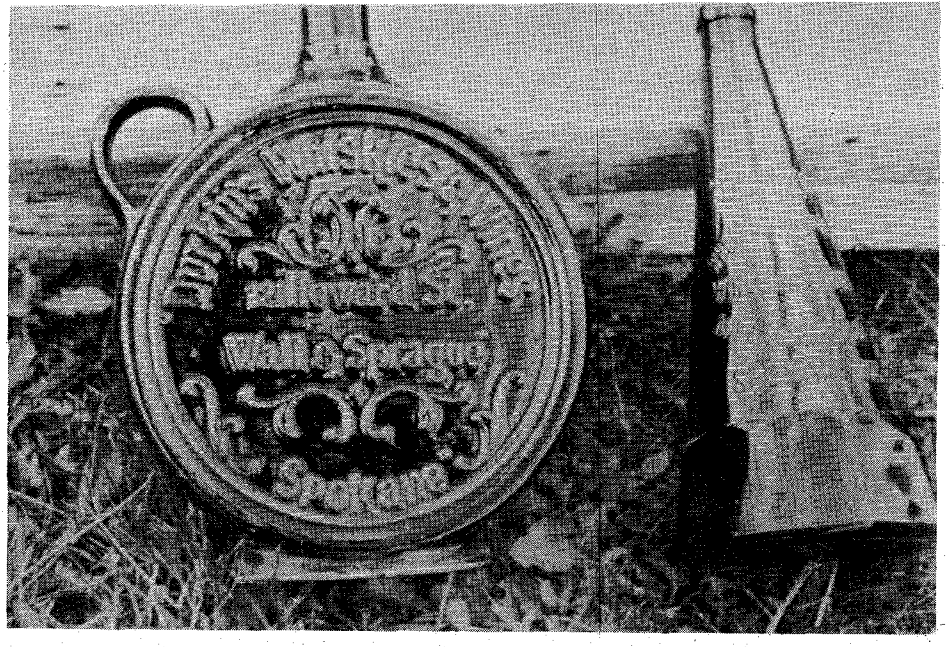
The Baptist minister took Durkin up on the idea and in the next few days the eight front windows in the Sprague and Mill Street building took on a motif truly depicting the evils of liquor. John L. Matthieson, himself, assisted Braden with the display. When completed, the tableau included four windows on Mill and four on Sprague, each depicting a different home situation.

The one which drew the most attention was window number one on Mill Street. The theme was a lovely bride and her husband entering their new home. A large sign proclaimed, "This is the dream house John promised his bride." The window held a piano and was attractively furnished throughout, showing what the home of the bride looked like on the day she and John were married.

The adjoining window showed a woman worn with toil, two poorly clothed children at her side, leaning over a washboard. Ragged curtains faced the windows, with a baby in a dilapidated cradle nearby. Other drab properties decked the room to create a most depressing picture. "This is the dream house that John's bride ended up in," read the caption card. From that day on, the washboard in Spokane was usually referred to as a "Durkin Piano."

Another window held a display of old shoes, run down at the heels and showing other evidence of wear. Among them was a handsome pair of patent leathers, topped by a display card label: "The shoes of the saloonkeeper."

As Mr. Matthieson often mentioned in reminiscing of the exhibit he helped prepare, "Jimmie never grew tired of parading in front of the store windows, his new 'head of teeth' as he called his artificial dentures of solid gold, glittering as he grinned over how his display was attracting more business than the store had ever known before."



Jimmie Durkin's "rarest" bottles. "Durkin's Drum" (wine jug) on left, and his "megaphone" bottle on right.

WINDOW DISPLAYS however, were not Durkin's only method of stimulating sales. Four main arterial roads entered into Spokane—from the Coeur d'Alenes and Wallace mining country on the east; from Ferry, Adams and Lincoln Counties on the west; from the Colville and Canada area on the north; and the Palouse wheat country to the south.

On any day a horse-drawn rig with a canvas-domed top might be spotted parked along the dirt roadway's approaches wherever big boulders or a huge rock wall was available. Jimmie Durkin had a Swedish sign painter on the road day in and day out, with no letup for seasons, who traveled the county around Spokane. Wherever the sign painter spotted a location where a ledge might accommodate one of his boss' slogans he went to work. The sign might read, "Jimmie Durkin's Fine Wines and Liquor," or "Jimmie Durkin, A Man of his Word."

A. R. Scott, veteran Spokane County engineer, once invited some friends from Stevens County to take a ride through Spokane County with him. Scott was driving a team of spry grays and the surveyor's party had not proceeded far when a large smooth boulder loomed up at the roadside. One of the horses shied, and Scott had some difficulty in keeping the team on the road.

"What made the horse shy at that rock?" Scott's guests asked.

"That's easy," replied Scott. "That rock didn't have a 'Man of His Word' sign on it."

It was also Jimmie Durkin who initiated the idea of business houses cashing pay checks for workers. The Durkin Bar at Mill and Sprague ran east and west, with its entrance on Mill Street. At the end of the bar a free lunch was always available, including sliced bologna, ham, cheese, sardines and bread of all kinds. The Durkin Bar was presided over by the Old Colonel, a white-haired, dignified individual with a Buffalo Bill goatee and mustache.

While Durkin's Bar was known as a working man's club, it was more of a gentleman's club than many of the other 120 saloons in Spokane. Loud or boisterous talk was never allowed, and the Colonel maintained a deportment at the bar which bordered on the genteel. Beyond the free lunch counter, at a little pedestal oak desk, Durkin held sway for most of the afternoons of the business day. Here he cashed checks, whether he knew the individual or not, dishing out his philosophy of life as he did so.

The back wall where his desk stood, was plastered with cardboard slogans and bits of advice which came straight from

Durkin believed in advertising.

DURKIN says:

I have 30 barrels of very high grade old Whiskies to dispose of—

Hermitage Rye O. F. C. Bourbon
Old Crow Stewart Rye
Carstairs No. 6 Hermitage Bourbon

Come in, look over our bargain tables. Durkin has been looked upon in the past as a kind of Rock of Gibraltar in the whiskey business, but I cut off my source of supply and the demand of the trade on our wholesale business, with the rush that has been steadily going on in our retail houses, our bargain counters are not as trim looking as they were, but you will see more goods upon them than all others have to offer in Spokane.

Old Crow 1894---$6 Gallon---$1.50 Full Quart

121 Howard Street
702 Sprague Ave.
415 Main Ave.

Jimmie's heart. "Don't buy booze if your children need shoes," was one. Another was, "Don't lean on the bar thinking it will support you." Or, "A man who sings in a saloon gets his pay in spoiled eggs when he tries it from a stage."

Other Durkin slogans were: "Durkin's bottles are good when they are full, that's more than you can say for the fella that gets full emptying them"; "Buying a drink from a bartender is like paying a conductor's fare"; "Leaning on a bar, wearing out the elbows of your coat admiring yourself in the looking glass, isn't going to help buy you a new one."

Augmenting the many signs throughout the establishment were a dozen or more cages of singing canaries. Durkin was an expert on the birds and even laid claim that he had one canary which could warble "Home Sweet Home."

IN THE YEARS between his arrival in Spokane in 1897 and the arrival of statewide prohibition in the State of Washington on December 31, 1915, Jimmie put in two more liquor establishments, one on the west side of Howard between Riverside and Main, and a second at 415 W. Main Avenue between Washington and Stevens. Yet Jimmie was one of the most zealous in complying with the new Prohibition law. His bars were dismantled, shelf stock sold, and all remaining liquors shipped out of the state in compliance with regulations. His number three establishment on Main Avenue known as Durkin and Ulrich's was turned into a workman's hall and provided with pool tables and card rooms. Originally Durkin had sold the place to Stewart and Ulrich, but later came back into the picture to form a partnership with Ulrich. As Jimmie put it, "I needed someplace to keep me busy."

The pinnacle of Durkin's fame for advertising was the inscription he had carved on his tombstone while he was still alive. It read: "Jimmie Durkin born 1859; died .... The minister said, 'A man of his word.'" The tombstone occupied a gravesite in Greenwood Cemetery. The marker elicited considerable comment among the town's citizens but Jimmie claimed it was no joke. He just wanted to be sure that he had someplace for his remains when his time came, and that he carried his "Man of his Word" identity to his grave. It had been the Rev. Braden who had called Jimmie such, and Durkin had never faltered in living up to the description. That time came on July 8, 1934 when Jimmie Durkin, a true character of the Old West, died at the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane.

Motion Pictures Vignettes

(Continued from page 15)

was always certain—in Westerns there had to be action!

Veteran director George Marshall recalls, "The cowboys did all their own stunts—the horse falls, crashing through windows on horseback, and so on. There was no imitation glass during this period, either, and they didn't dig up the ground to spot a fall. Wherever they were shooting that's where you fell."

Sid, of course, did his share of stunts,

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from a chariot race with Mix in "A Roman Cowboy" (Fox; 1917), to running at top speed along the narrow ledges on the face of the Grand Canyon in "Sky High" (Fox; 1922), to riding through a pane of glass, doubling for George O'Brien in the 1930s.

"They needed someone to do this stunt, and they asked me if I could do it, and I said, 'Sure.' I put blinders on the horse, but that was the only precaution. We were on location, and only had real glass, but the single injury was a small cut on my hand. Then we went to the studio to shoot the same thing from the inside. This time they used sugar-glass. They mussed up George a little bit and set him in the middle of the glass for the close-up."

OVER THE YEARS Sid worked with almost every major Western star, and was one of the most respected cowboys in the movie colony. The night before Buck Jones signed his first contract he asked Sid if it were the right thing to do. George O'Brien had it written into his contract that Sid was to work in all his pictures. And Sid was one of the few cowboys who could play a practical joke on Tom Mix.

"Tom did the most daring stunts, but he got spooked at the sight of spiders and mice. One morning we did a scene where Tom's rival put some mice in a bouquet that Tom was supposed to take to the girl.

"Some studio big-wigs came to the set for lunch, and Tom was still pretty jittery when he sat down at the card table where it was served. I had found some bulk cotton and fishing line, made a 'mouse' out of the cotton, tied the line around it, and lowered it over Tom's hat as he was eating. He jumped up and knocked the whole table over! When he realized what had happened, he yelled, 'It was that damn Sid Jordan that done that!' "

In the mid-1920s Jordan was picked by Fox to be groomed for stardom. In fact, Sid had starred in a group of two-reel Western comedies in the Fox Sunshine series in the late 'teens. But stardom was not to be, for just as the studio began to promote Sid, one of Fox's directors discovered a young trick rider named Ken Maynard. Fox worked on Maynard for quite a while before they decided that Maynard was not suited for pictures (of the Fox variety at least) and let him go.

As time went on, Sid made fewer appearances before the camera and worked more behind the scenes as a foreman, which meant in the picture business that he became a stock supervisor and the man who hired the cowboys to be used in a picture. His cousin, Frank Jordan, of Odessa, Texas, remembers, "I came out to California for a visit in the 1930s. Sid just couldn't sit down or take a bite without his phone ringing—it just never stopped. All the calls were from cowboys asking for work. There wasn't enough work to go around, but Sid wouldn't hire the same crew all the time—he'd spread what work there was around so that they could all work some."

Today, at eighty, Sid is long retired from the picture business, but he and his wife Alice are still active. They have recently moved into an "old farm house," with twenty acres of land. Though there is neither running water nor electricity, they love it. The pioneer spirit still lives in the Jordans, that same spirit of "improvise as you go" which brought so much excitement to the screen when movies were young.

Let's Go Rob the Bank!

(Continued from page 35)

been shoved inside the vault but the robbers did not know how to fasten the steel door.

Down the street the sweaters' bench before the John Grigsby and Louis O'Neal stores was occupied by the usual number of tobacco-chewing and snuff-dipping loafers, and I tore out to give them the news.

"The bank has just been robbed!"

The entire bunch broke off telling each other lies to gape at me in the late afternoon sunlight. They thought I was crazy. Who would be foolish enough to hold up a small country bank which never had more than two or three thousand dollars on hand? Besides that, the days of the Dalton, Cook, Doolin and Jennings outlaw gangs were in the past. Old Oklahoma and the once bloody Indian Territory had joined to form a sovereign state a few years before.

Trying again I said, "Two men robbed the bank! They left through the alley behind the stores!"

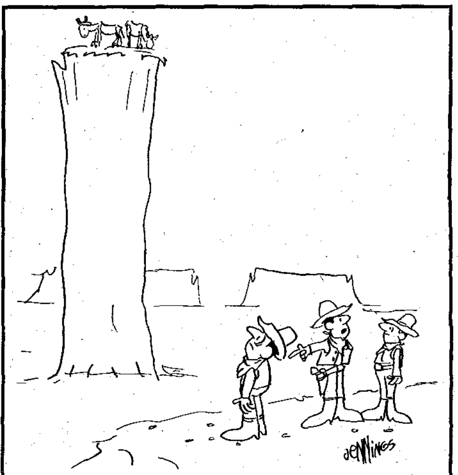
Louis O'Neal eyed me flatly. "Now, now, boy. That can't be."

Bob Arnold, a storekeper, ambled over from his store front in time to hear. "There was two hayseed-looking boys rode into town fifteen minutes ago," he said, "and they ain't from around here."

Not one man stirred himself to go find out if the bank had indeed been held up. They just turned their heads to stare at the building's short front wall, window and door facing Main Street.

By that time they didn't need to investigate. From the building rushed the cashier, a clerk and the bookkeeper yelling in unison, "Robbery! Robbery! The bank has been held up!"

The loungers came to their feet fast, staring around at each other, not knowing what to do in an emergency. One of



"Bill, you take the south range—Curley here will ride the mesas."

those present was the local constable, a skinny, wiry little shoe cobbler of uncertain age. But he found his voice first.

"I'll form a posse! Go after them scoundrels! Every man here is now sworn in. We'll need plenty of help to grab them desperate culprits!"

He started running crookedly down the street toward his shop next to the post office. The others plummeted into action like a scattering bunch of hawk-scared hens. No one paused long enough to ask me what the robbers looked like, or get a description of their horses.

The unusual shouting brought people from the other two stores and the blacksmith shop, drug store and restaurant across from the mercantile establishments. Yells passed back and forth from running men, none of their words making any sense.

FROM THAT MOMENT there ensued a real Mack Sennett drama of hick cops pursuing petty thieves. Men got in each other's way and collided. Some ran home for guns and forgot the cartridges. Vehicles and riders left town without plan or sense, all in the wrong directions. Had they by mere chance happened onto strange riders no doubt they would have come hightailing back to town. In fact, that is what they did do, not once seeing anything of the robbers.

Halting a buggy driving into the business block, Louis O'Neal requisitioned it. From his store he grabbed a shotgun, and ran back while cramming shells into his pockets.

"They're bound to be heading for Wapanucka!" he declared, jumping into the vehicle beside the scared driver. While turning around on two wheels the buggy smacked against the sidewalk. Instead of overturning, it righted itself and left town in a cloud of wheel dust headed south into the next county. Four miles down the road it crashed into the side of a creek bridge, smashing both right wheels apart. O'Neal discovered, after catching a ride back to town that night, that he had carried the wrong gauge shells for the greener.

Three riders, a single six-gun between them, tore down another road. Stopping at a farm house two miles from Clarita, they inquired breathlessly if any strange riders passed there. None had. Then the man with the gun discovered that in his excitement he had forgotten cartridges. The cylinder was empty. Back to town came that bunch of courageous pursuers.

Four other riders took off west along the Tupelo Road. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad passed through there. The robbers, they thought, might try making their final escape by train. Others concluded they had headed north to hide out in the thick timber bottoms along Muddy Boggy Creek. Still more went south into the Red Hills where hardwood trees grew closely packed.

Panic had turned into chaos. Everybody was on the community's party telephones passing the astounding news to friends in the country. That alone brought men into town from their work, and soon the streets were filled with more people than Clarita had seen since the Missouri, Oklahoma and Gulf Railroad came through in 1908. Local people called this line the "Misery Oh God" Railroad.

When someone finally thought of notifying the county sheriff at Coalgate, not a telephone line could be had to put through the call. A long hour passed before it was remembered that the bold constable had rushed to his shop to arm himself before leading a posse from town. Perhaps he had gone manhunting on his own; the man with sheer nerve! But no. Having scared himself half to death by his own proposal he was found busily working around his cobbler's bench. Not until the next day did he recover his aplomb.

A woman ran into town holding her skirts knee high, screaming that the robbers were concealed in her chicken house. Would somebody go shoo them away? She knew they were there because right after eavesdropping on the telephone to a report of the robbery she had heard peculiar noises out there. A small army of men and boys, five armed, the others carrying pitchforks from Arnold's store and hammers from the blacksmith shop, marched forth. Surrounding the chicken house they wasted half an hour yelling for the robbers to surrender. But the hen house was empty. The woman owned a too vivid imagination.

One band of riders leaving town passed a man on a cultivator. They reined over to the fence to give him the amazing news.

"I'll take out a horse and go 'long!" he declared. Dropping the driving lines he stepped off the seat, whereupon the team ran away and tore out several rows of late sorghum cane besides wrecking the equipment.

UP ON THE HILL overlooking the town toward the schoolhouse lived Clarita's "elite." After listening to the story of the robbery on the telephone a very prominent woman started taking a wash-tub bath in the kitchen. During the process she heard "funny" sounds in the living room.

Panicked instantly, she jumped out of the soapy water, tore off the rear porch screen door getting through, and fled into the alley. From there she streaked down the hill and onto O'Neal Avenue screaming as if she were being murdered.

Neighbors rushed outside to see her go tearing by, and some even made a futile attempt to overhaul her. By the time she neared the first block off Main Street there wasn't a soul left in Clarita who could honestly say they had never seen a naked woman! Grabbing a cotton blanket in Andy O'Neal's store, a man rushed outside to head her off and cover her up. It was like trying to put clothes on a panther. For months afterwards that incident was whispered about and giggled over.

On the edge of town and far out into the country, folks saw bloodthirsty robbers behind every bush and tree. They were in their barns, or skulking in persimmon thickets. No sooner did one bunch of men return from shaking down a suspected hiding place than they were gone on another wild goose chase.

Before sundown the town was completely filled. No one did any trading.

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People were there solely to enjoy the excitement, and "Oh" and "I swan!" over the sudden return of the region to outlawry. Speculation was voiced how soon twenty or forty U. S. marshals would arrive. Also whether one company of soldiers could restore order.

Somewhere down the M. O. & G. line a depot agent telegraphed us that two men had been seen riding a freight train toward Clarita. No doubt they were the robbers! Men and boys lined up on each side of the tracks near the depot. When the freight train arrived it was halted and searched. Not even a hobo was on board.

THE FEELING GREW that the bank robbers were still in Clarita, but where could they be hiding? Other than the two business blocks there were only family residences and they were scattered wide apart, principally around the three church buildings. Finally someone came up with the suggestion that the wanted men were inside the two-story, red painted Woodmen of the World lodge hall that had been moved over from Kitty.

The building was surrounded and the space beneath the ground floor, about twenty inches in depth, was crawled into and searched. Before the lodge rooms could be broken into, members of the Order arrived. They opened the *locked door* and searched the meeting hall.

Just about sundown Father, cowman Dane McMillan and his son Rock, rode into town. Only these three displayed some sense and did not give way to excitement. I don't think they would have panicked over even a shootout with the worst of outlaws. They asked me to describe the robbers and their horses.

Then Father said, "You'd better lope on back to the ranch with the mail you was sent after. Your mother is looking for a dress pattern." (According to him the only writing my mother did was ordering dress patterns.)

From there on my knowledge of events came second-hand. Father and the McMillians checked the alley. Their discovery was that one horse was entirely barefoot and the other shod only on the forefeet.

They tracked the horses out of town past the Campbellite Church on the southeast edge of town. Across the road from it the robbers had pulled up the posts of a cornfield wire fence to get in and had pulled up more to get out. When darkness put an end to tracking, the hold-up artists had been traced into the bald prairie leading toward Delaware Creek.

People in town and in the country locked their doors and went to bed. Then along about midnight a shotgun crashed on the hill. A minute later several guns opened up, after which there was sporadic firing. Alarmed townsmen telephoned around for help. When other men hastened onto the hill they were informed that the robbers had been cornered between the Green and Taylor homes in an alley. It was a wide one, with buggy sheds and single horse-stalls on each side.

Armed men completely surrounded the area, occasionally shooting at shadows around the sheds. During quiet spells orders were yelled for the robbers to come out with their hands in the air. No one answered the demands.

As gray dawn began breaking, the Clarita men closed in. There were no robbers in the alley. One buggy horse had been killed and several wounded. All vehicles in the sheds were damaged by bullets and buckshot, and the windows in both houses facing on the alley had been broken.

The story slowly emerged that Green, stepping out on his back porch, had observed what he imagined to be two men standing in the shadows of the alley. Rushing back inside he grabbed his shotgun and blasted away at the spot. Across the way another gun fired, and confusion spread until all the neighbors were shooting at imaginary skulkers, too. It was a miracle they didn't kill or maim each other.

Soon after daylight the county sheriff arrived in Clarita. Father and the McMillans led him over the trail to where they had quit. From there they crossed several creeks into the dense timber near the Rock Island Railroad depot close by Wapanucka in Johnston County.

The mare and horse, "borrowed" from a pasture, were found where they had been abandoned. The saddle, a blanket and the bridles were cached under a dead tree. One pair of boot marks and hobnailed shoe tracks led to the Rock Island depot. The agent described the same two men that I had seen leaving the bank. They had bought tickets but he could not recall their destination!

The alarm was telegraphed around asking other county officers to be on the lookout for them, and pursuit ended at that point for the time being.

AS IT TURNED OUT, the robbers causing Clarita's near hyteria lived near Wapanucka. Would-be cowboys, they worked mostly on farms. They were a harmless, lame-brained pair who just got tired of monotony. Robbing the bank was a lark to them, something to create a little excitement in their prosaic existence.

They won't be named, for after capture they did a short period of time in the state penitentiary at McAlester. On release they lived honest lives and raised respectable families who still reside in Oklahoma.

Contributing to the comical goofs they had no more sense than to go directly to Coalgate, the county seat, where they hid in an old storm cellar. The first night they sneaked into town, trying to learn if they had suddenly become famous outlaws. There was no news until the second night, when they listened to oft-told wild and impossibly exaggerated tales of the bold Clarita hold-up men. This they repeated for several nights more, preening and congratulating themselves on pulling off a successful robbery. Not one clue had been uncovered as to their identity. Oklahoma newspapers waxed eloquent on many theories. One claimed they were experienced outlaws from another state, had escaped back there and probably would never be apprehended.

Most likely if the cowboys had not attracted attention by denning in the storm cellar on the edge of Coalgate they would have gotten away with their "prank," but one day a man living a quarter mile from where they hid went into town to see the sheriff.

"You got to do something about them hoboes living in a cellar near me," he declared. "They're liable to start stealing from us folks. You better run them out of town!"

The sheriff was a big, good natured individual. He moseyed to the cellar alone to roust the bums on their way. Lifting the rotting door he threw it wide, not bothering to draw his gun.

"You boys come out of there," he ordered. "What's the idea scaring folks on this side of town?"

A minute of stunned silence followed before a frightened voice replied, "All right, sheriff. Don't shoot. You got us. We're them you been looking for."

Coming out of the dark hole with hands in the air, one said, "We could of killed you only we didn't admire to."

Unimpressed, the sheriff surveyed their very crummy condition. Despite the dirt and unshaven faces he thought they resembled the bank robbers. But he still didn't think it necessary to draw his gun.

"One of you go back down there and fetch the money," he commanded. "Come up with a rouser and I'll kill the one here."

Towhead dropped into the cellar and returned with the flour sack. It contained slightly less than $1,200, all in currency except for some silver change. Only this amount had been in the teller's drawer, and was soon restored to the bank.

In jail awaiting trial, the youthful robbers cleaned up and got new clothes from somewhere. Soon their grieving families came to see them. Were they sorry? Not by a long shot. Strutting around in jail they enjoyed their small, pitiful measure of notoriety. In their minds the boys imagined they were real tough *hombres*. Like Al Jennings, for instance, who in all his several comic opera robberies at gunpoint never latched onto a third of the loot they had picked up in one holdup.

Their boast of outdoing the Jennings gang was no idle one. But by the time they got out of the pen they were through being celebrities. Not posing as famous robbers and making outlandish publicity of the fact as Jennings did, they went home quietly.

For years after, Clarita's only daylight bank robbery (the safe had been blown one dark night a year or so before) was the topic of much conversation and laughter over the antics of the citizens. Of course the longest remembered incident was of the prominent club member and church-going woman running naked down the street. She stayed home in shame for weeks before she got up enough nerve to start going back to church. But any time folks put their heads together in a whisper, her face turned very red. She believed they were talking about her.

Unfortunately—in a way—following that afternoon and night of sheer chaos, Clarita settled down to humdrum existence where nothing ever happened again.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 43)

in Nebraska at the time. Jim Clark, when last heard of, was living in Castle Rock, Washington and ran a cafe there at one time. He had a wife and two daughters but their names are not known. I'm sure two daughters are alive but probably close to seventy years old now.

My grandfather was the baby of the family. He had two sisters, Emeline Clark, who married Louis Larson. They adopted a girl named Sophia and lived around Boise, Idaho at one time. I don't know if the other sister, Rose, ever had any children or not but she lived in Boise also and raised rabbits. At one time the entire family lived in or around Superior, Nebraska.—Mrs. Sylvia Clark Armstrong, General Delivery, Cimarron, Kansas 67835

Calvin and Julia Dart

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give me any information about my great-grandparents, Calvin and Julia Wright Dart, who lived in Peoria County, Illinois around 1850. They came to Illinois from Bristol, Vermont in the late 1820s, moving on to Boone County, Iowa around 1854. They had eleven children, Wilson being the elder of the boys and Martha, the oldest of the girls. It is my belief that they later moved to Grundy or Daviess County, Missouri. Can anyone help me?—Lola Dart Doane, 3824 East 93rd, Kansas City, Missouri 64132

Bates-Ulph

My great-aunt, born Jennie or Jeannie Ulph in 1841 at St. Ives, Huntingdon, England, immigrated to the United States, San Francisco, about 1859 or 1860. She married a John Bates. I do not even know where they settled, possibly San Bernardino or in later years Riverside. I feel it was somewhere in the San Fernando Valley for in letters she spoke of the great heat as high as 115 degrees. They had three daughters, Florrie, Nellie and Olive, all of whom died without issue so any descendants would be nephews, nieces or cousins of John Bates.

He died young, I think under forty, and was a man greatly esteemed in his home town as there was a memorial erected to honor him. I think my great-aunt died in the 1930s in her nineties. She wrote regularly to my mother right to the last. I will be pleased to hear from any descendants of John Bates. Olive, the youngest daughter, married a Mr. Brown.—Joyce (Mrs. P. H.) Johnson, 7068 Union Street, North Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada

Sands-Tipton

My grandfather, Daniel Duggar Sands, died about 1910 in Marion County, Illinois. He immigrated to Illinois from the South, probably Robertson County, Tennessee. It is my belief that he was born in a wagon when his people immigrated to Tennessee. His people were perhaps from farther south, perhaps Mississippi.

(Continued on page 67)

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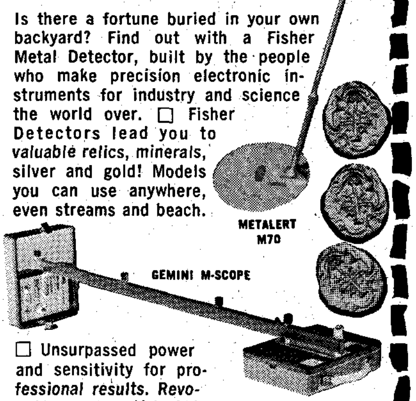

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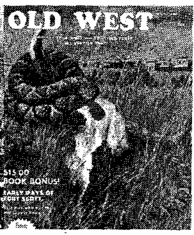
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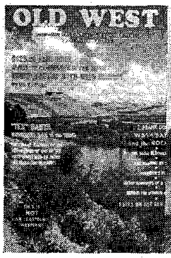
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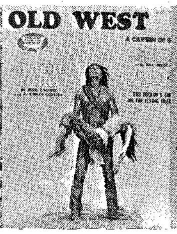
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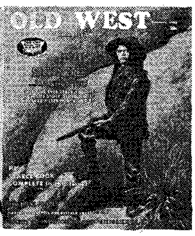
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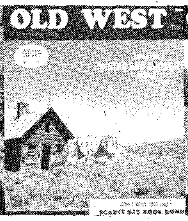
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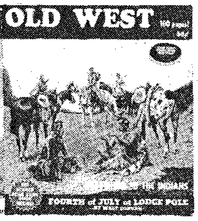
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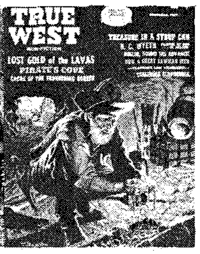
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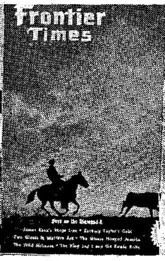
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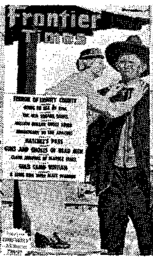
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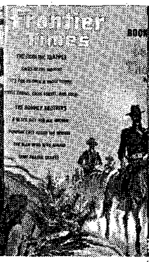
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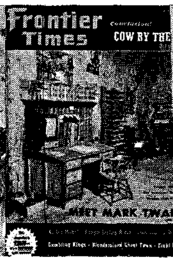
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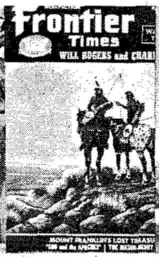
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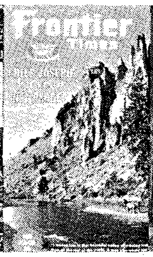
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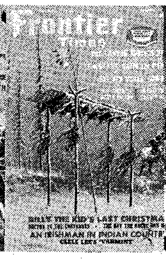
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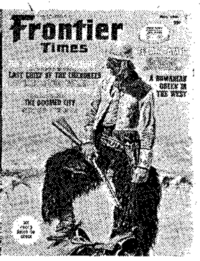
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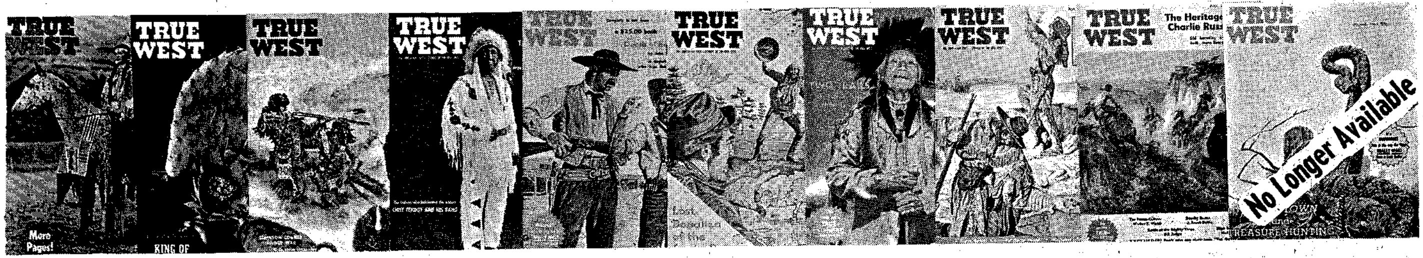

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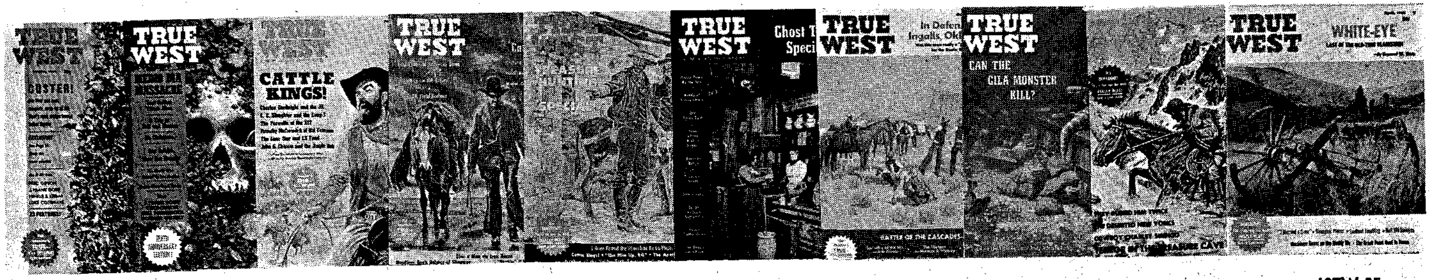

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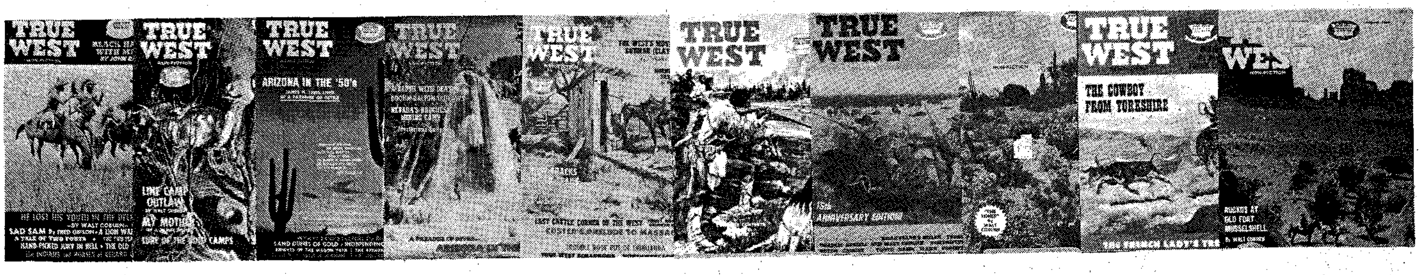

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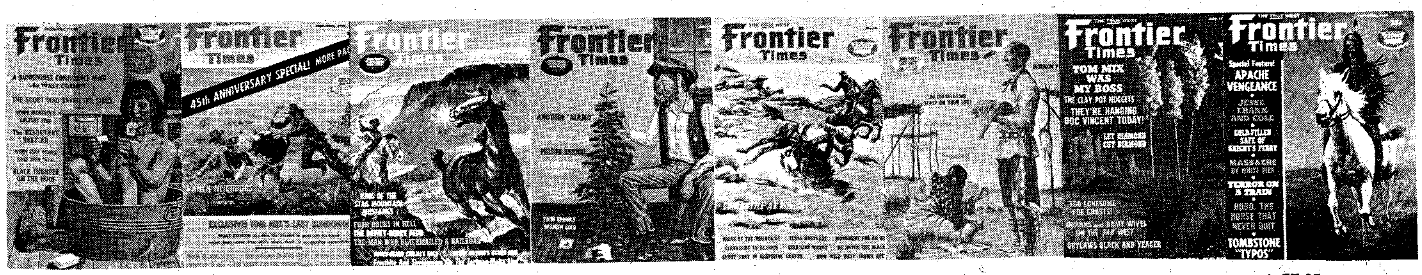

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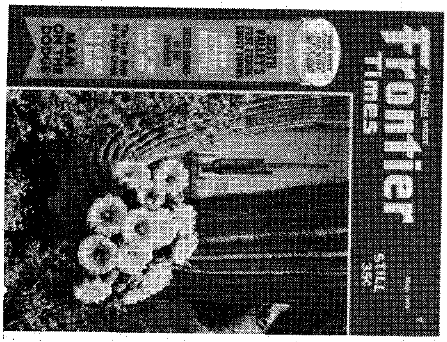

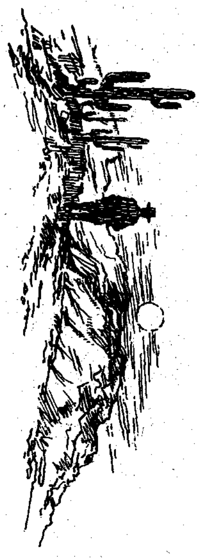

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The Tow Boys

(Continued from page 33)

where the same thing happened. Later, it was at Coleman, the same event. Finally, from the road near Abilene, the same account, except there it was said, "He trailed a new lead rope better than twenty feet long."

Jim was old when he told me the tale and when I asked if he had ever heard any more of his claimed-to-be-kin visitors, his answer was to the point: "Yep—years later, heard he got shot up in Oklahoma Territory—been a-site better if it'd took place afore he made it by here."

FOR forty years, Jim Tow had courted a lady who lived across the hills; at least he seemed to have figured it that way. The lady lived on the Little Llano and Jim lived at the headwaters of Falls Creek, and theirs was the last link of an old party-line telephone. After each weather spell, Jim would phone over to compare rainfall and temperature changes in the two locations.

Over the years the affair had advanced to the stage where Jim saved his grease and rancid lard for her to render into soap on the halves. Every month or three, he would ride over with a bundle of clothes to be patched or have buttons replaced, and a Sunday shirt to be ironed for a reasonable fee.

For several days following a rainstorm, Jim had been unable to raise an answer on the phone, so he saddled up to see if the line was down. He found the trouble not too far from the house. The line was not only down but it had also been rolled up most of the way across his pasture.

At the saddle gap on the divide between Falls Creek and the Little Llano River, he found "a feller a-tyin' up the gap good and tight with telegraph wire that was half mine."

As Jim told it, "He looks up but don't stop workin' an' says, 'Be Jim Tow, I reckon, an' me, I'm the man of the house on this side of the fence now, an' I allow my woman won't be washin' er sewin' fer anybody except me from now on—so's we won't be needin' this gate er phone anymore.' An' I don't say nothin' an' he keeps on tyin' wire.

"You know, he was the ugliest kind of a lookin' little cuss. If'n she wanted to get married, why didn't she say so to me? I could of beat that for her. He shore don't look like much to me."

WHEN the Tow Boys were still asthmatic old men crowding their seventieth year, with Jim riding a horse about seventeen years old and Sid on one that was twenty-two, I saw these two old codgers push a mixed herd of heat-crazed cows with calves and long yearlings out of the cedar brakes, then keep them bunched and moving as they crossed the slick rock bottoms of Falls Creek, on across a long glade covered with wide flat rocks and loose boulders, and on into the pens. And when some fool cow or scared yearling tried to break away from the herd, they were shoved back into place with a heated fearless display of real cowhand riding which would have left you stunned with amazement.

Gouging spurs to the flanks and lifting rumps off the ground with quirt lashes and yelling their heads off, they would bust those old ponies across that glade with shod hoofs scraping blue smoke from the top of flat rocks and sending loose boulders the size of a man's head in all directions. I wouldn't have taken one of those old skates by the bridle and walked him across that particular piece of real estate *afoot!* But following one of these wild rides, while Jim stood leaning against the rail fence wheezing and fighting for his breath, when he was chided about the doctor's orders to stay in and take things easy, it brought: "What that Dr. Hoerster don't see can't hurt him none—you hain't a-tellin' nothin', see." It figured—for a Tow, that is.

The old Tow Place is no more. Jim and Sid are gone. The log house their daddy laid in 1866 has been bulldozed and burned. The pastures are denuded of most of their timber, and the springs run low. It is now a ranch where sportsmen go to shoot tame corn-fed deer. I don't go there anymore.

—Excerpted from *The Wimberley Hills: A Pioneer Heritage*, by C. W. Wimberley, published by Von Boeckmann-Jones, Austin, Texas.

Man on the Dodge

(Continued from page 25)

I was in and out of there a good many times after salt, and everytime I was there I saw something new among those Indians. The old squaws got to be a regular pester to me, bumming me for smoking tobacco everytime I would come in sight with my pack train. I venture to say that I gave away five dollars of Bull Durham while I was packing salt. Although they would carry the salt out of the store and help pack my ponies, which saved me some time, they were a pester at that.

AFTER I GOT through packing salt and the boys got back from the railroad, Henry, myself and a boy by the name of Jim (I don't remember his last name) started work branding mavericks. Just moving around the range, staying in one place a few days at a time till we thought we had them all, then moving to a new place. We sure jumped some snaky ones on that work but I don't think one ever got away after one of us spotted him.

I think I would have lost a three-year-old bull one day but I had some good luck. I ran him all morning, wearing my pony out, but I was trailing along behind as he came close by camp. So I stopped and got a fresh horse. This bull was a wise one. He was heading for Salt River, evidently figuring on swimming the river and coming out on the Cross S range. But after I got my fresh pony I fooled him a bit. I caught him down on the last bench above the river. After I branded and marked him I let him loose and he crossed the river anyway, but I didn't care then for he had a Flying H signature on him that he couldn't rub off. I never saw him anymore but I guess the Cross S outfit picked him up the next year on their work, providing they were fast enough to overtake him.

A few days after that Henry went to the post office and on his return I was told by him that I was wanted over at Socorro. Our trial had come to a close. Julian had appeared and was sentenced to Santa Fe to make little rocks out of big ones. Owing to the fact that they had plenty of work I was supposed to go along as his helper. That didn't sound good to me at all so I decided I would hunt a new range to work on.

Julian appealed the case to the Supreme Court and made bail again. But they thought so much of me they were sending runners out trying to find where I had gone to. They should have been satisfied, having already collected one hundred dollars bail money from me for not showing up in county court, but they were on my trail just the same. Poor Julian tried to get away before the Supreme Court met but they overtook him just before he got into Old Mexico and returned him back to stand trial again.

After Henry told me my troubles I made plans to leave as soon as possible. He owed me about three months' wages and had to go to Globe to get the money. That took him three days on horseback. It seemed three months to me. I was like a cat on hot bricks. I didn't know where to step next. In order to avoid giving up my cowboy clothes for a pretty striped suit and a number, I would have to start stepping far apart and fast, taking my tracks along with me because tracks are a bad thing to leave behind. Many a wild cow has been caught by cowboys by not taking her tracks with her.

I LAY AWAKE at nights most of the time while Henry was after my money, trying to plan safely. I decided I had seen enough of the U. S. A. and thought I had better cross the frog pond and survey some new country. But getting there was a problem to me. I couldn't go across horseback and that was the only way of transportation I had ever tried. I didn't like the idea of train traveling, for instead of side-tracking towns and thickly populated country as I could do on a horse, they stopped at every place they could find.

That didn't suit me at all for I knew that I was so well thought of over at Socorro that they possibly would have my picture sent to different places, trying to find out on what range I was grazing.

By the time Henry got back I had made my plans, having no destination except over the hill and far away. I decided to try the train but keep one eye open so if I saw anything that didn't look just right I could hunt a hole and pull the hole in after me. I was going to travel light, only my saddle and what I had on my back. I couldn't afford to leave my saddle, for a fellow couldn't make a living anywhere without his saddle. I planned to ship it to the end of the railroad, wherever that might be. If I got there I could get it; if I got caught before I got to it, I wouldn't need it to break rocks with anyway.

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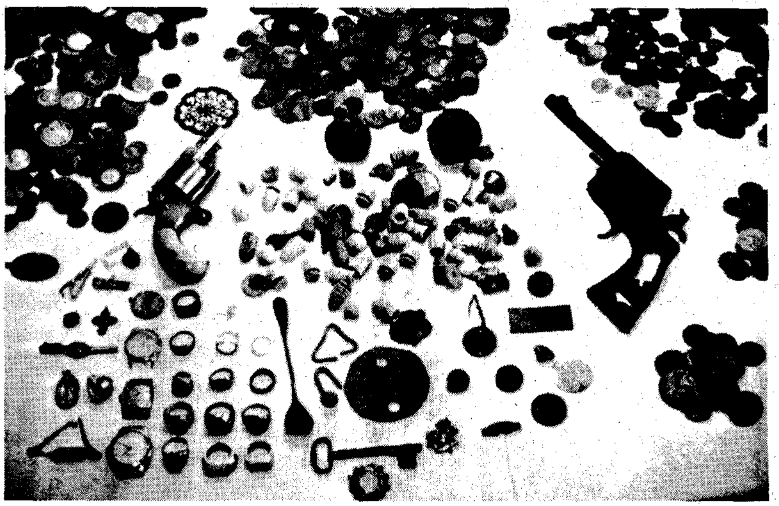

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Henry paid me off that night. We talked the thing over. I decided to leave out the following afternoon as I could make Rice by daybreak. The train came through there going to Bowie which was on the main line of the S. P. Henry decided I could ride a stray pony that was there. He didn't know where he came from so it didn't make any difference where he was turned loose. I was going to leave all of my life's gatherings with Henry, which consisted of a bed and a few old clothes. He went with me to where I started down the trail to Salt River. It is about two miles to the river from the top and very near straight down. Henry sat on top of a high point till I swam the river to see if I made it across all right. After I landed I heard him let out a war whoop. I answered him back, we waved our hats goodbye, and I started on my way somewhat nervous, not being lazy but not caring for the job that New Mexico had planned for me.

I rode along all that evening planning my trip. I didn't have very much to plan with but was doing the best I could. I arrived at Rice about two a.m. Rice was only a trading post on the San Carlos reservation, the south division of the Apache. No one was there except the station agent, the government agent and a few Indians.

I unsaddled my pony, ran him off, threw my saddle on the platform of the depot, and lay down on it and went to sleep. I was awakened the next morning by the station agent who was opening up to meet the train. He questioned me some about where I was from, my name, and where I was headed. I gave him an answer for every question—of course, not a correct answer but how was he to know the difference for he knew nothing about me at all.

I bought a ticket for Bowie, put my saddle in a gunny sack and checked it. I figured on shipping it to the end of the main line when I got to Bowie if I made the grade.

I was trying to think ahead all this time about how to disguise myself, and decided the best I could do would be to dress up in city clothes, as we called them. I had no idea, though, how to do it as I had never been dressed up in my life and didn't even know when anyone else was well dressed. I was between a rock and a hard place, fearing that I would make a poor job of it and would be suspected by the detectives and watched on that account. I finally abandoned the idea and decided to put on a bold face and keep going till they either caught me or I got so far away it would cost ten dollars to send me a postal card.

I ARRIVED at Bowie about noon, very hungry. I didn't know where I was going to sleep that night and I hadn't had a bite to eat since the day before at noon at the Flying H cow camp.

I had to wait two hours for the westbound train so I filled myself up and spent the rest of my time expecting to be looking down a gun barrel any minute. So you can imagine I didn't feel very good, knowing I had five years of that life ahead of me before I could outlaw my case. Some kind of future I had to look forward to. Nevertheless the train finally rolled in and I was still free.

I bought a ticket as far west as the line ran and shipped my saddle to the same place. Believe me, I felt some relieved when that train rolled out with me aboard it. I knew I might be stopped en route but lucky for me I wasn't and I moved on into the unknown.

In later years I found out that the little sweetheart of mine had let the cat out of the bag as to my whereabouts and the law had paid me a visit only to find I had disappeared. For a long time I was from everywhere but where I was and was leaving there at once.

Poor Julian was put on the rock pile but I guess he didn't make a very good mason for his friends got him out shortly and he was a free man long before I was. Anyway I escaped being a hammer man for the ducks that I drowned.

I was badly handicapped at getting along for I knew nothing but to ride a pony. And I will tell you that a man has one hell of a time trying to get a job that he knows nothing about. He has trouble again, if he does land one, for he doesn't know where to start nor what to do if he did get started. Nevertheless I made it through but I never have heard from my girl again. I don't condemn her at all for letting the cat get away from her, but it taught me one thing—if you have anything of importance to tell, don't tell it.

I answered many a question during those next few years about where I was from and what I had done, but I don't think anyone was the wiser after what I had to tell them. I never told a lie in my life but I sure have been reckless with the truth. Anyone who has never followed the cowboy life may not believe me but that is perfectly all right with me, for I don't expect them to.

There are three classes of cowboys—rodeo cowboys, movie cowboys, and real honest to God cowboys. The last are the ones who have it rough and tough. I would advise young boys not to try such a life for there is nothing to be gained. It has taken me many years to outlive the ducks that were pushed in the creek. Even after I was a free man I had a lot more to go through. I became a drifter—always trying something, leaving it, and going on. Now I am old and have nothing to show for my life.

Editor's note: Shorty Andrews died in 1966.

Sacred Arrows of the Cheyennes

(Continued from page 19)

When the ailing Pawnee looked up, the ferocious Cheyenne was above him, spear poised. The feeble Indian instinctively reached for it and, miraculously, seized it at the moment the Cheyenne's pony wheeled to return to the Cheyenne lines. Bull had to make a split-second choice. He could leave the spear and save his own hide or hang on and lose his mount. So near the Pawnee lines the latter decision would have meant death. He chose life—and left the spear.

BIG EAGLE rode to the sick man and took the spear. It was a long stick

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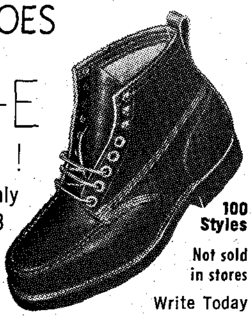

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painted with white clay. A coyote-hide bundle tied to it contained four sacred Cheyenne arrows. The Cheyennes fought furiously to recapture it, but the Pawnees retaliated even more fiercely, killing many Cheyennes and finally forcing them to flee.

When Big Eagle returned to his tipi he unwrapped the bundle attached to the spear and found the four medicine arrows. Even as he gloated over this magnificent prize, the relatives of the sick man came to him and demanded that they be given the spear since their own kinsman had captured it.

Big Eagle announced that they could have the spear and one of the arrows as a reward for the ancient one's deed. The other arrows he wanted for the Morning Star Bundle. Big Eagle, as chief, was keeper of the Morning Star Bundle, the Pawnee equivalent of the bundle the Cheyenne had lost. The invalid's relatives thought this a fair arrangement, took their reward and left.

Evil days ahead were predicted for the Cheyennes unless they could recover the magic bundle which contained their tribe's "medicine." They tried to lure the Pawnees into a trap but Big Eagle wisely refused to leave his village. However, when the Pawnee braves went on a hunt the following year and only the sick man and his relatives stayed behind, the Cheyennes promptly attacked the weakly defended camp. The Pawnee women and children fled into the timber and when they returned they found that the sick warrior had been slain and the sacred Cheyenne arrow which had been his prized possession for a year was gone.

Now only three arrows remained for the Cheyennes to recapture. They sent a party of priests and braves to visit Big Eagle, promising him a great reward if he would bring the sacred arrows to the Cheyenne camp. Big Eagle refused. The Cheyennes pleaded, finally offering many ponies for the return of just one of the arrows.

To this Big Eagle agreed, and since the Cheyennes had promised many ponies for the arrow's return the Pawnees set out on foot to accompany the Cheyennes back to the latter's camp.

For several days they traveled, the Cheyennes leading the way on their ponies, the Pawnees trudging along behind. Then one afternoon one of the Cheyenne braves rode alongside the Pawnee who was carrying the bundle with the sacred arrow and offered to get off his pony and let the Pawnee warrior ride while the Cheyenne carried the bundle. Every once in a while the Cheyenne would repeat this offer and the Pawnee would ride while the Cheyenne carried the bundle. But a few days later the Cheyenne rode up with a different idea. He would carry the bundle on his pony. The tired Pawnee agreed and the Cheyenne rode along with the bundle, returning it when they stopped to eat.

Later in the afternoon, the Cheyenne rode up to the Pawnee warrior and offered to carry the bundle again. The Pawnee warrior handed it up. Just then the Cheyennes whipped their ponies and, turning, signalled to the Pawnees that they were going after some buffaloes just over the hill. When the footsore Pawnees reached the crest they saw only their enemies, far away, urging their horses toward home. The second arrow had been recaptured without the loss of even one pony.

SOON THE Cheyennes made another try. A party of warriors came to request an audience with Big Eagle, denouncing the renegades who had tricked the Pawnees and snatched the bundle. They were shocked, they said, that low elements among their people would do such a thing without authorization from the chief or the prophet!

The Cheyennes pleaded for Big Eagle, himself, to return the arrows. As an ultimate inducement, they said they would let him witness their ceremony. No greater concession could be made. The ceremony was a fanatically guarded secret, never open to an outsider—especially an enemy. To allow a person to witness a bundle-opening rite was tantamount to accepting that person as a member of the tribe.

Big Eagle was impressed. He called his braves and told them what the Cheyennes had asked.

"Big Eagle," one of his followers said, "you are a brave man. The Pawnee people know it. The Cheyennes know it. Don't let the Cheyennes think that Big Eagle is a coward, that you are afraid to go into Cheyenne country."

Big Eagle agreed. "Go and gather all my warriors and tell them that we go to visit the Cheyennes."

While the warriors assembled their weapons, Big Eagle called the priests to his lodge for a ceremony of sacrifice. The chief told the priests that he planned to return the red arrow but that he would keep the black arrow in the Morning Star Bundle. He told them to offer the red arrow of the Cheyennes as sacrifice in this ceremony. This was done, ceremonially, and the red arrow was put into a separate bundle.

When the Pawnee party neared the Cheyenne village a delegation came out to welcome them. The Cheyennes handed Big Eagle little sticks as they came up to him, explaining that each stick represented a horse. But Big Eagle disdainfully threw them down.

"If the Cheyennes want to honor me, let them put ropes on their ponies and put the ropes in my hand," Big Eagle told them. "Then I will know that the Cheyennes are giving me a pony."

"Big Eagle is a great chief and a great warrior," the Cheyenne chief said when the council settled down. "We know that he is a brave man for he has counted coup several times upon our warriors. We want to reward him by giving him many ponies."

But Big Eagle was no better satisfied with sticks from the Cheyenne chief than he had been with sticks from the warriors. He threw them down. "You must not give me a pony in words. Bring the pony before me so that I may take the rope with my hand."

Seeing that the Pawnee flatly refused to accept their stick promises, some of the Cheyennes ran outside and rode their ponies into the tipi, jumped off, and

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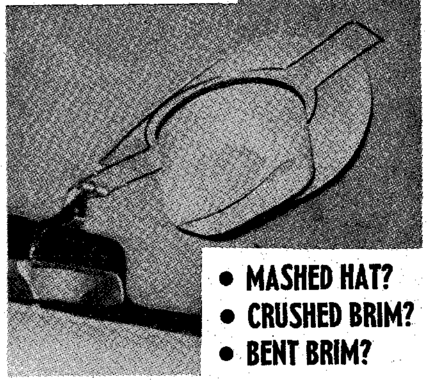

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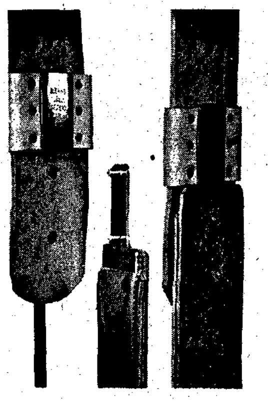

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handed the reins to Big Eagle.

"Now," said the Cheyenne chief with undisguised impatience, "Big Eagle, it is time that we see the arrows."

"Oh, no," Big Eagle replied. "It is not time. You promised me many ponies. I have received a few ponies and a lot of sticks."

THE CHEYENNES pleaded so earnestly, however, that Big Eagle consented at last to show them one arrow.

"Now, brother," a Cheyenne warrior said to the Pawnee, "lay your bows and arrows and knives to one side. We are going to see something sacred."

Big Eagle rose and glowered at the Cheyenne. "I am not a woman that you should tell me to lay my bow and arrows to one side! I am a warrior. I hold my bow and arrows. If I lay them aside what would you do? If you show any treachery, if you kill any of my warriors, this chief by whom I am sitting shall die by the hand of Big Eagle!"

The Pawnee leader smoothed the robe in front of the Cheyenne, then unwrapped the red arrow and placed it in full view of all. As he turned to walk back to his seat a young Cheyenne jumped from the crowd of warriors seized the arrow, and darted out of the tipi. It had happened so quickly that Big Eagle and the other Pawnees hardly knew what had occurred.

Big Eagle was furious. He told the Cheyennes he would not give them the other arrow now. He stormed at them, saying that they had played a trick just as he had expected. The Cheyennes, in return, pretended to be horrified that such a thing had been perpetrated in their midst. The old chief dispatched warriors to hunt the guilty man but Big Eagle realized this was just an act for his benefit. He knew the plot had gone off just as it had been planned—except that only one arrow had been taken.

The Cheyennes continued their apologies, offering Big Eagle even more ponies if he would give them the one remaining sacred arrow. They even tried to get him drunk on whiskey they had taken from some emigrants but the only result was a brawl in which Big Eagle thoroughly drubbed the Cheyenne chief while his Pawnee braves held the Cheyennes to a standoff.

Finally the Cheyennes brought the promised ponies forward and Big Eagle started home. Some of his warriors—without his permission but certainly with his approval—looped back and captured the remainder of the Cheyenne horse herd. The Pawnees were determined to get full payment for the arrow they had surrendered!

The Cheyennes made further attempts to trick or steal the final arrow from Big Eagle but he resolutely refused to be taken in by any of their plots. The sacred black arrow remained in the Morning Star Bundle of the Pawnees.

Mary Wadams

(Continued from page 31)

Up until then the Nez Perces had paid (often at outrageous prices) both storekeepers and ranchers for everything they acquired. After the battle, as they made their way across Horse Prairie, they drove off range and ranch horses, stealing the best not only to replace their own severe losses but to keep General Howard from securing fresh mounts which would give him an advantage.

Even then, the chiefs counseled against harming the settlers but some of the angry young warriors got out of hand and went on a binge of destruction, burning and looting. In the raid several white men were killed, two of whom were Myers and Flynn. Names of the others have been forgotten.

Among the first white men to see the smoke of burning buildings and to sight the Indians were the Winter brothers and Mike Herr. While some others rode hard and fast to alert the scattered settlers, Herr and the Winters are credited with carrying the terrifying news to Bannack which lay in the path the "ruthless savages" were expected to take.

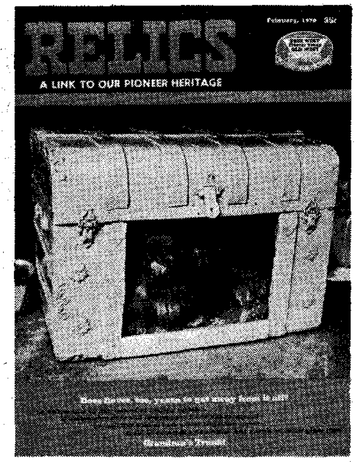
One story had it that those three men knew if they attempted to ride horses they would be seen, overtaken and butchered by the Indians; so they walked the entire distance, several times having to get down and crawl through the sagebrush to avoid capture. Supposedly they arrived in Bannack in a state of exhaustion with hands and knees raw and bleeding. The story holds more of the dramatic than the logical. Since the Nez Perces were mounted on good horses, had they intended to go to Bannack they surely could have arrived there far in advance of men on foot—to say nothing of hands and knees.

Whatever their true identity or their means of locomotion, messengers did get to Bannack and the townspeople were warned that thousands of bloodthirsty Indians were on the warpath, headed that way and killing and laying waste to everything as they came. That was scarcely the truth but it was believed, which was natural under the circumstances for without doubt the messengers believed it.

Actually, the Nez Perces, under the new leadership of Chief Hototo (Poker Joe), with Chief Joseph looking after the women and children, were striving to outdistance General Howard's troops and had no time to spare on attacking a town. In a little museum in western Montana is a powderhorn which Chief Joseph traded to a rancher for milk for the Nez Perce children. A small thing, but it speaks well for Joseph. He could easily have killed the isolated rancher and taken whatever he wanted without pay.

IN BANNACK the worst was feared. Terror brought quick action. In a remarkably short time logs were brought and piled around the hotel which was the town's largest and finest building. Timbers were nailed over the windows. The well was also barricaded with logs, and food was stored in the hotel. There all the women and children were housed. Work horses, unaccustomed to running, came dashing into town, sweat and foam flying from their heaving sides as they brought wagonload after wagonload of ranch families, the women white-faced and shaking, the children frightened and bewildered, clinging to their mothers.

These families were received by the townspeople with true western hospitality. Room was made for them in the hotel; food was shared. Every man



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loaded his gun and kept it within reach, determined to sell out dearly.

There was one woman in the crowd who did not seek protection. If she went to the hotel at all, she did not stay there. That woman was Mary Wadams. She was as fearful as any of the others but not for herself. Her concern was for her boys out on the cattle range, seventy-five miles away. That they were in danger of an awful death at the hands of savages, she never doubted. Someone must try to save them.

Mary was not the kind to ask another to do what she would not do herself but she felt the need of support. Quickly she went from one to another of the men she knew, those she knew were her friends, with her plea: "I'll go if just one man will go with me."

Every man was sorry. Not one liked to think of what would happen to those two young boys if they were caught by the "cussed Injuns," but in spite of sympathy, each man shook his head in turn.

"'Taint no use, Mrs. Wadams, them red devils would have us scalped 'fore we got across the Grasshopper." Some added hopefully that most likely the young'uns would be all right. Hid out somewhere.

"Then," said Mary, "I'll go alone." Women begged her not to go. Men tried to reason with her, reiterating that it would be suicide and she would not live to see her boys. Mary paid no attention. Instead, she threw a saddle on her little pony and in less than a quarter-hour was on her way.

Mary traveled light for she knew every added pound of weight the small horse had to carry would tell on him and slow him down, but she did take a large umbrella. That was a precaution which proved her ability to think of practical measures in a time of emotional stress and great anxiety. The August day was hot, with seldom a cloud to afford a moment's respite from the burning sun. And on that trail she traveled there was mile after mile where a tree for shade was, in the expression of the times, "as scarce as hen's teeth." Without the umbrella Mary might easily have suffered sunstroke and died on the prairie.

URGENT AS THE need was to contact her sons, Mary Wadams was much too good a horsewoman to kill her mount by running him to death at the start of the trip. Whenever Ives broke his steady lope and showed signs of fatigue she let him stop to rest. She then slid to the ground, opened her umbrella and relaxed in its small but merciful shade. Ives, too, knew how to take advantage of a few moments of ease. He would shift his weight onto three feet, lifting the fourth so that the tip of the hoof barely touched the ground, drop his head low, close his eyes and doze. But at a word from Mary up would come his head, his weight back on all four feet and ready for another stretch. Mary never closed her eyes for fear of being surprised by Indians, although she saw no signs of them.

Sundown brought relief from the intense heat and in spite of the weariness

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of both horse and rider they pushed on all night. By morning they were about sixty miles from Bannack. Suddenly there appeared on the ridge of a not too distant hill a horseman silhouetted against the sky. Just a glimpse and he had dropped from sight. An Indian? Mary wasn't sure and couldn't know if he had seen her or not. She left the trail and tried to keep out of sight by riding along in a ravine, but as she rounded a hill she came face to face with the horseman. To her immense relief he was not an Indian at all but her own son Dick, who was as much surprised at seeing his mother so far from home as she was at meeting him on the trail. Dick had heard nothing of the Indian trouble and was on his way to Bannack simply because the outfit he was working for was fresh out of tobacco.

Dick had left Duncan alone at the cow camp but when he and his mother arrived there they found an old man had come to stay with the little fellow until his brother could return. Upon hearing Mary's story the old man offered to stay with her and Duncan while Dick, on a fresh horse, just touched the high places as he raced from one camp to another giving the alarm that the "cussed Injuns" were on the warpath.

Shortly after Dick got back to camp after his exciting mission, Mary and her sons started on the return trip to Bannack. The boys had fresh horses, Mary her sturdy little cayuse. It is claimed that the three made that seventy-five mile ride in thirteen hours, never stopping more than momentarily along the way so fearful were they of being caught by the Indians. They did not see any but several times in the night their horses spooked, and cold chills ran over them.

When Mary Wadams and her sons rode into Bannack the town turned out to do them honor. Women, shedding happy tears, embraced them; men praised Mary for her bravery. That she had confronted no Indians did not detract from her heroism. Had she been attacked by a savage without time to draw her revolver she would have poked him is the eyes with her umbrella. She was that kind.

One fellow noticed the condition of her little pony and remarked that he looked like he was about done in. Mary answered in somewhat earthy language to the effect that if the man had gone through what that little horse had, he'd look a damn sight worse. To which there was general agreement.

The Nez Perces did not come to Bannack but took a more southerly route east. General Howard did march through the town with his forces, relieving the citizens by assuring them that the Indians had passed on and were well on their way to the buffalo country.

That fall my father was in Fort Keogh when Chief Joseph was brought in after his surrender in the Bear Paw Mountains. Not long afterwards Father was in Bannack while the story of Mary Wadams' ride was still fresh in the minds of her friends and neighbors. Since then it has been told many times in Beaverhead County.

Mary and her family continued to live in Bannack for some time, then moved to Wyoming. In 1920 she came back to the Beaverhead and spent the last years of her life with a daughter. The brave old lady died in Dillon, Montana and was buried in Mountain View cemetery where a small headstone bears the simple inscription: "Mary Wadams, died May 5 1921, age 91 years and 249 days."

Her long life covered much of the pioneer era, and some of her "days" were memorable indeed.

Saga of the Camp Bird

(Continued from page 27)

had two children to feed and clothe. Evalyn was about nine and Vinson seven when, in 1894, Tom Walsh pulled up stakes and headed for Ouray in the rugged San Juan Range. The town had been founded in 1875 and rode high through the '80s on the crest of the silver boom. Now even though silver had hit bedrock, Walsh figured he still had a chance to find low-grade ores—copper and iron—which would keep his Silverton smelter operating at a profit.

He tramped the Ouray district, searching long and hard, but nothing came of it. Just when it seemed that Lady Luck had deserted him forever, he stumbled upon the Gertrude, an abandoned gold mine perched on an 11,000-foot mountainside at the head of Imogene Creek. The Gertrude had changed hands several times during the years. Its ore assayed at around $20 a ton, but transportation problems being what they were, only ore bringing at least $100 a ton would keep a mine operating in the black.

Bill Weston and George Barber had owned the Gertrude first. They sold it and an adjoining mine, the Una, to the Reed brothers with the understanding that they would drive a tunnel between the Una and the Gertrude. The Reeds did so, but their bore hit a dead spot in an otherwise rich vein. If they had moved a few feet, they would have found the fabulous ore which Walsh discovered later.

The discouraged Reed brothers finally sold out to Orrin Skinner for $50,000. Skinner bought expensive mining machinery and hauled it up the long five miles from Ouray. He went into business on a grand scale, and went flat broke in 1882.

BY THE TIME Walsh arrived, the mines of Imogene Basin were regarded as worked out and good for nothing. No one tested ore samples for anything but silver and lead content, since they had long been the only elements sought. Nevertheless, Walsh hired Andy Richardson, an old prospector, to collect samples from abandoned mine dumps in Imogene Basin. When Andy came back from the Gertrude he, being a silver miner, figured the ore he had found was worthless. Walsh, however, suspected the dark, thread-like lines that ran through the quarts were gold telluride. He gathered more samples from the same dump, and discovered that many of them assayed at $3,000 a ton. That was when he made the remark which has since become famous: "I've struck it rich!"

He bought the Gertrude, then began

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ickering for other mines in the vicinity. Vord of this wasn't long in getting round Ouray.

"Hear the news?" one miner asked nother. "Tom Walsh—buyin' up no-ccount diggings."

"He's crazy," came the reply. "Plumb oco!"

So they and everybody else with any emblance of a claim in Imogene Basin ook advantage of a good thing. They un-oaded on Walsh and laughed up their leeves. Eventually Walsh's holdings umbered 103 claims, comprising an area f 900 acres.

Meanwhile, a chance happening made im decide to change the name of the Gertrude. While on one of his many trips o the mine, he went off to explore the ld tunnel, leaving his lunch on the ground. When he came back, he saw the ast of his sandwiches being polished off by a flock of Canada jays, familiarly known in the Rockies as camp robbers, or camp birds. Even though they had robbed him of his lunch, Walsh figured the birds must be a good omen—since they had got what they wanted, it stood to reason he would do the same. His mine became the Camp Bird.

After Walsh had bought all his prop-erties—plus mining machinery—his capital, such as it was, was practically nil. However, he plugged along and by 1898 he had a mill in operation, and his 400 miners were living in a three-story boarding house with electricity, steam heat, running water, and indoor plumbing. He installed an aerial tram to haul ore from mine to mill. Once operations were going full blast, Walsh was shipping out $4,000 in gold each day.

When the Camp Bird began to pay off the Walshes moved to Denver and bought a country place called Wolhurst, near the suburb of Littleton. Here, over a period of years, the couple gave lavish parties and glittering receptions for their friends and illustrious visitors, including one in 1909 for President William Howard Taft.

Walsh continued to work the Camp Bird until 1902. By that time, it had netted him between three and four million dollars. Then he sold it to an English syndicate, the Venture Company, for $5,250,000, keeping some shares of stock. He and his family moved to Washington. It became their official home, although they maintained Wolhurst for some years.

TOM WALSH was familiar with the nation's capital. He had already finished out the unexpired term of a senator from Colorado, and had also been appointed to represent the United States at the Paris Exposition of 1900. He built a million-dollar mansion on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington. No other home in the city had more magnificent furnishings. His guests ate from a golden dinner service which cost $500 a plate—and there were forty-two place settings.

His Washington parties were even more lavish than those at Wolhurst. Walsh's latchstring was always out for kings, princes, and celebrities from every country in the world. But parties were not Mrs. Walsh's dish. She was a quiet, retiring person who wanted only to keep out of the limelight. Daughter Evalyn, on the other hand, was a vivacious redheaded extrovert like her father. She loved to entertain, and she became the presiding hostess of the house of Walsh.

Then tragedy struck. There was forewarning of it in a tiny society note: "Favorite pastime of the Walsh family is automobiling." Apparently son Vinson loved motoring even more than the rest of the family. He wanted a car of his own, and his father bought one for him. Vinson couldn't wait to get it out on the road. From there on the story sounds much like those of today. Speeding. A crash. And an eighteen-year-old lying dead in the wreckage. It was August 19, 1905.

After that, Tom Walsh was never the same. Although he continued to do some entertaining, his customary animation gave way to increasing lethargy. His health began to fail and in January 1910 he suffered a severe heart attack. Pneumonia developed, followed by a lung infection, and Tom Walsh died on April 8.

Tragedy sought out Evalyn also. Two years before her father's death, she had married Edward McLean, wealthy owner of the Washington *Post*. The couple spent a gay honeymoon in Colorado Springs, but their marriage was destined not to last—some said because of the ominous Hope Diamond which McLean bought for his bride.

The history of this fabulous blue stone began in 1642 when it passed from the hands of an East Indian potentate into those of a Parisian jeweler, thence to Louis XIV of France. It disappeared during the French Revolution only to turn up in London forty years later as the property of a banker, Henry Hope, from whom it got its name. Tragedy supposedly stalked every queen and courtesan, every king and commoner who through the centuries had treasured the diamond. Be that as it may, Edward McLean lost his money and his health soon after he bought the 44¼-carat gem in 1909.

Evalyn, however, still had her own fortune, since she and her mother were sole heirs of Tom Walsh's millions. When Evalyn Walsh McLean died in 1947—fifteen years after her mother—the Hope Diamond was put up for sale with other jewels from her estate. It was purchased by Harry Winston, a New York jeweler, who later turned it over to the Smithsonian Institution.

WOLHURST, scene of so many of Walsh's great parties, is today a private club, and his Washington mansion an embassy building. In 1953, workmen discovered a twelve- by fifteen-inch granite slab of $100-a-ton ore in its foundation. No doubt Tom Walsh placed it there as a sentimental memento of the extraordinary mine which had brought him his millions. The gold-bearing slab faced Massachussetts Avenue in plain view of passersby. Still no one had seen it, any more than those old-time miners of Ouray had seen the gold in the dumps of the Camp Bird. It was Tom Walsh's private joke; he had the last laugh.

Today the road to the old mine climbs fast out of Ouray in the crimson San Juans, just as it always did. It follows

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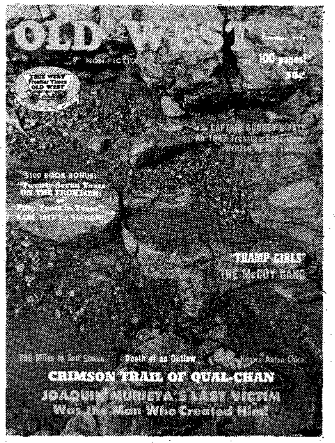

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plunging Imogene Creek between granite cliffs and thick stands of spruce and aspen. Although it remains narrow and winding, the road has been improved since the days when Tom Walsh and his mule teams brought down the gold-bearing ore. A new mining corporation took over the property in 1963, but not to dig gold. There is again a strong demand and firm price for silver and its related metallic elements, lead and zinc. It is for them that the old Camp Bird is in operation once more.

Goliaths from Glenrock

(Continued from page 18)

movie-star friends there on his visits to the "old stomping ground."

Harry, the last of the Young Brothers, died in Glenrock in 1966. He lies at rest in the town cemetery along with his brother Bull. Harry was a surveyor and he charted the Wind River Canyon site in Wyoming for the building of a railroad grade through one of the most difficult terrains in the country. Though he was a great trap shooter, sprinter, and wrestler, Harry's main interest was the violin which he learned to play while tending sheep. Harry fiddled for many gay country dances. He was the only brother who married and his widow still resides in Glenrock.

The Noah Young family remains a unique one, and while they all shunned fame, memories of them linger in the many hearts they touched. These three sons of a husky miner cherished both strength and gentleness—they were truly giants, both in body and soul.

Far Roamin' Tex McLeod

(Continued from page 29)

down, and every now and then one would try to jump through the canvas side.

Those experiences helped to develop the young cowboy into a top bronc rider, but they also had him walking with a limp and usually short of temper. At Boise, Idaho he "spoke back" to Vern Tantlinger, the arena director. And on the 101 in those days one just didn't do that. Tex McLeod was fired.

BACK ALONG the route, the show had played in Elko, Nevada, and while there, much talk had gone on of a big rodeo to be held in Elko over the Fourth of July weekend. Tex headed back to Elko and on arrival visited the Garcia Saddlery, a popular cowboy hangout. Through the efforts of saddler Garcia, Tex secured a job breaking colts and working cattle on the Hunter-Banks ranch some twenty miles out of Elko.

At the Fourth of July rodeo there, Tex won the saddle bronc riding event and was presented with $500, a trophy saddle and other gear. But they had a tough audience on hand, and some of the toughest and loudest in the stands were of the opinion that Art Hardwick—not Tex McLeod—should have been selected winner of the bronc riding event. One shouted word led to another and soon everyone was involved.

Bets were made and a special bronc riding match between Hardwick and McLeod was arranged. The two contestants, in turn, rode six of the rankest bucking horses on hand. Hardwick lost a stirrup on his last horse, which should have disqualified him, but the judges, fully aware of the tempers of the spectators in the stands, prudently called the riding match a draw, with all bets off.

Now living in Brighton, England, Tex and two of his three daughters, Juli, 10, and Cordelia, 12.

THAT NIGHT Tex put his spanking new trophy saddle on the ranch horse he was riding. In a reminiscent mood Tex told me, "When I stepped up on that horse, I realized I was a tired, worn-out cowboy. The horse's best ground-covering gait was the trot. And that twenty miles out to the ranch at a trot—a very hard trot—after all that riding in the Elko arena, had me arriving at the home place a bit the worse for wear.

"The following afternoon I was delegated to drive the buckboard into Elko to get supplies. There I heard that Art Hardwick was sick and staying at a local hotel. I went to see him and he was in bad shape. At least I could navigate; Art couldn't get out of bed. He was a real nice guy and a good bronc rider. We talked and I did what I could for him.

"Well, we were busy on the ranch at that time and I didn't get back into town for a couple of weeks. Art wasn't at the hotel so I started inquiring around. I learned from the town butcher that instead of getting better he had got worse. Friends put him aboard a Southern Pacific train headed for California. Art's mother was living there, in the San Joaquin Valley. But that cowboy didn't make it home. He died on the train of what was later diagnosed as Bright's Disease."

Tex McLeod left Elko to contest at Cheyenne's Frontier Days, Guy Weadick's first Stampede at Calgary (Cheyenne and Calgary's dates were in later years moved forward to July), at Pendleton's third annual Round-Up, and at rodeos held in Spokane, Walla Walla, and elsewhere. He won big at all those rodeos.

That fall he and other top hand cowboys, including the then nineteen-year-old Hoot Gibson (later a famous western movie star), were contracted for a winter tour of Australia with the Bud Atkinson Wild West Show. Tex, at that time was traveling in a sporty 1912 Marion touring car. (I never heard of a Marion but Tex insists it existed.) Being in the chips, he decided to take his car along to Australia. The car, the cowboys, and a group of Indians left San Francisco on the good ship *Sonoma.*

The Atkinson show eventually folded and the cowboys and Indians were stranded. I suppose the government assisted in getting the Indians back to their reservation. The cowboys, though, were on their own. In the emergency Tex sold his car in order to purchase a second-class ticket home. The rest of the boys including Hoot Gibson, worked their way back across the Pacific to San Francisco by peeling potatoes and doing other menial tasks in the *S.S. Ventura* galley.

Vaudeville was then in its heyday and along with tumblers, magicians, animal acts, and song and dance teams, the theaters would often include cowboys—spinners of ropes and yarns—on the bill. Will Rogers, of course, was the best known of all the roping monologists. Tex McLeod would have to be ranked number two.

Tex played his first booked date at the Columbia Theater in Cincinnati, Ohio. That was sometime in 1914. The anything but shy Texan always appeared about ten feet tall up there on the stage. He could do wondrous things with a rope and was—and still is—a stand-up comedian of the top drawer variety.

In the following years he divided his time between rodeoing, Wild Westing, and in playing vaudeville circuits. Then in 1919 he decided to try out the cowboy act in England. He went over so well there that a series of extended European tours was arranged. Tex worked in theaters in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and even Africa. He was a star in the popular London Follies and occasionally recrossed the Atlantic to again spin is ropes and tell his jokes in theaters hroughout America and Canada.

He always preferred traveling by car ather than by train. In 1925 he hapened to be playing theater dates in his .ative land. He bought a rakish twoeated racing car—a Haynes—which had een in action on the Indianapolis Speed-ay. And he drove the car in an India-apolis Speedway manner. That fall he as booked for a theatrical tour of Aus-ralia. Tex and his second wife, Alex-ndra (he has been married three or four imes), drove cross-county from New ork to San Francisco in the Haynes. nd on that run he probably set up an inofficial cross-country speed record. On hat return trip to Australia, Tex again ook his car with him, and oddly enough ie again was aboard the *S.S. Sonoma.*

After that, Tex went back to England ind continued putting on the cowboy act n variety houses there and in various European cities. He was a rich man and ie lived in a mansion in London and owned a couple of farms where, of course, ie had horses.

Then the tide turned. He lost money in investments and in backing shows, ind there was World War II and the iightly bombing raids. Now Tex lives with his family in a modest home in Brighton. The home is bought and paid for.

Tex, at eighty, has not yet retired. He is still spinning ropes and yarns. "It is getting tougher all the time," he says, "to get a hall to perform in."

Much of his roping and joshing routines today are done at overseas army camp shows. A lot of young soldiers and marines in attendance at Tex's performances had never before seen a trick roper work. In watching him in action, they were watching one of the best—one of the old masters.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 55)

Some of his people went west and to California. My father, William Andrew Jackson Sands, died in Illinois about 1952. My mother was a Farthing, her mother was a Tate, and her mother was a Tipton. I do not know her first name, however she married a Joe (perhaps Josiah) Tate. They both died in Illinois. They immigrated to Illinois from the South but were married after they got to Illinois. Great-grandmother Tipton was Tate's second wife. I would be happy to have any information on D. D. Sands and Great-grandmother Tipton.—Lyal Sands, Box 182, Irvington, Illinois 62848

Marvel Mattison Olive

Zeporah Cullum married Marvel Mattison Olive about 1844. At the time, my great-grandfather, M. M. Olive, was living in Van Buren County, Arkansas. Was she living with her parents in an adjoining county? The Olive family lived in Milam County about 1860. I believe a son, Jesse, enlisted at Franklin, Texas during the Civil War.

Does Mary Ann Olive still live at Haskell, Texas? Sally Olive married Charles M. Burland October 7, 1866 at

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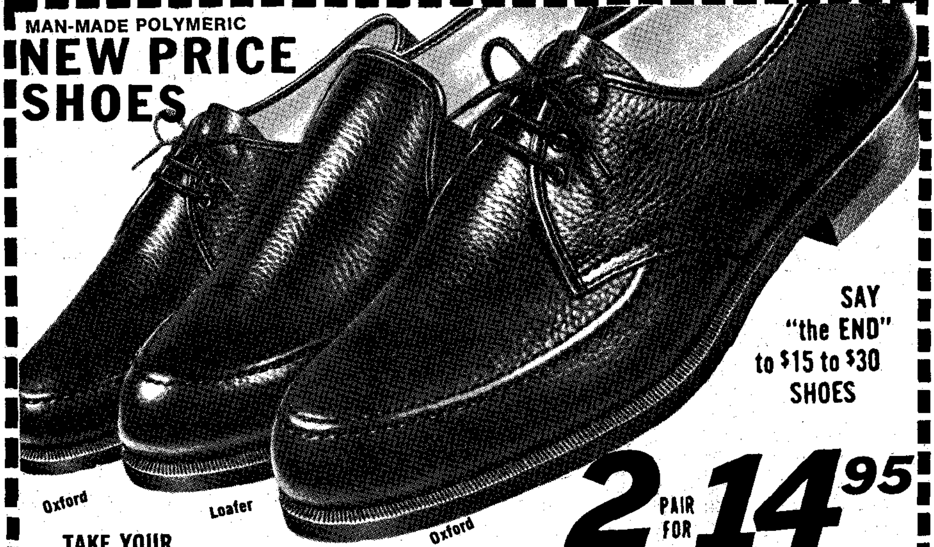

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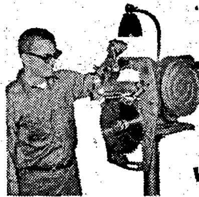

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Bastrop, Texas. He sold some land October 12, 1867 and this is the last information about this couple. I would like to hear from anyone having information about these people.—Mrs. J. G. Thomas, Lexington, Texas 78947

Allison Patricia Murphy Pogan

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has information concerning my mother, Allison Patricia Murphy Pogan, born an only child in New York City in 1916 or '17. Her father's name was Deacon Murphy. Her mother's maiden name was DuBois.

Her father was a lawyer connected with the law firm of Minton and Murphy of New York City. They had a summer ranch in the Pecos, New Mexico area. My father George O. Pogan met her there and they were married in 1936-'37 at Santa Fe, New Mexico. They were divorced in Albuquerque, New Mexico in 1938.

The last information on her whereabouts was an announcement in a Miami, Florida paper in 1942-'43 of her coming marriage to a Navy lieutenant. It would be a great act of kindness if anyone having information concerning my mother would write to me.—Mrs. T. S. Parks, 1901 Palouse Street, Boise, Idaho 83705

Twitty

I am seeking relatives of my grandmother, Ida Bell Twitty. I am the great-granddaughter of Dr. Sterling George Twitty. Ida Bell married my grandfather, Hal Street Hudspeth of Bandera, Texas. I have never met any of my grandmother's family but I have quite a few pictures and would like to correspond with someone in the Twitty family. The names on the pictures are Edwin Apperson Twitty, Annie Twitty, her brother Harold Twitty, and my grandmother's brothers, Uncle App, Uncle Richmond, and my Uncle Clarence Twitty. I have a cousin, Birdie Robertson, who knew the family when her father married Maggie Twitty. At the time the Twitty family lived in Monticello, Arkansas. Birdie is around eighty-two years old and lives in Fort Worth. I would like to hear from some of the family and would like for them to visit me and my mother's sisters and all our family. I live on a ranch in Bulverde, Texas.—Mrs. George Steele, Route 1, Box 116, Wetmore, Texas 78163

Cody-Robbins

I am looking for information on my great-grandmother, Sarah Jane Cody, said to be a first cousin to Buffalo Bill Cody. Her parents were born in Mississippi and she was born in 1845 in Texas. She married Joseph Alson Robbins, born 1830 in North Carolina. They lived in Palo Pinto County, Texas in 1880. Any information will be appreciated.—Mrs. S. T. Mahaffee, 4212 N. E. 13th, Amarillo, Texas 79107

Beck-Carter-Brown

We are very much interested in contacting any descendants of James Wesley Beck and Martha Carter, who met in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia about 1850. Their eldest child, Margaret, our grandmother, was born about 185 Two other children, Mary and Jame Wesley, were born before 1855 and wit their mother moved to St. Joseph, Mi souri about that time. Margaret, with he father and his brother Aaron, move from Virginia to Michigan about 186 and located in the vicinity of Marcellu and Nichollsville.

She married Lewis Arnold in 1870 an later moved to Salem, Oregon and t Idaho in 1888. No contact with the family in St. Joseph was established. W would like to hear from anyone wit knowledge of that part of our famil as well as any descendants of Aaron Bec and Susan Brown, also originally fron Virginia.—Maxine Arnold Pell and Virginia Arnold Ketcham, Box 192, Grangeville, Idaho 83530

Daniel-Austin

I wish to contact the descendants o Jim J. William, Walter, Calvin, Jane and Carolina Daniel and the descendant of Mattie, Kate, Ella, Will, and Joh Austin. They were the brothers and sisters of my great-grandfather, Elija Monroe Daniel, and my great-grandmother, Mary C. Austin.

The Daniels were originally fron Mississippi. Calvin Daniel lived near (o in) Ripley, Mississippi. Walter lived i Union County, Mississippi. William moved to Titus County, Texas. Jim J. Daniel lived in Johnston County, Texas. The names of some of his children were Jesse Jurdon, Louise Ann, Jane, Viola and Ishma. Ishma married Fannie McDaniel. Jane Daniel married a Mr. Oak. They moved to Altus, Oklahoma. Carolina married a Mr. Lee and they moved from Mississippi to Johnston County, Texas.

The Austins were originally from Tennessee. Some of them lived in Arkansas after the Civil War. Their brothers, Daniel and Uriah (called Rice) were killed during the Civil War.—Bobbie Steuart, Box 268, Nashville, Arkansas 71852

Thomas Mulconery

My grandfather was one of about nine children who migrated to this country from Ireland when he was just a child. Something happened to the parents of these children and they were placed in a New York City Catholic home for children. After they left the home they were never heard from again. My grandfather's name was Thomas Mulconery. I have no idea as to any of his brothers' or sisters' names. Thomas died at the age of seventy-three in about 1934. If anyone is a descendant of a Mulconery, I wish that person would get in touch with me as I am anxious to locate any relatives on my father's side, merely to know who they are and where they live.—Maureen Mulconery Brewer, 1872 Davis Street, Elmira, New York 14901

Borwick

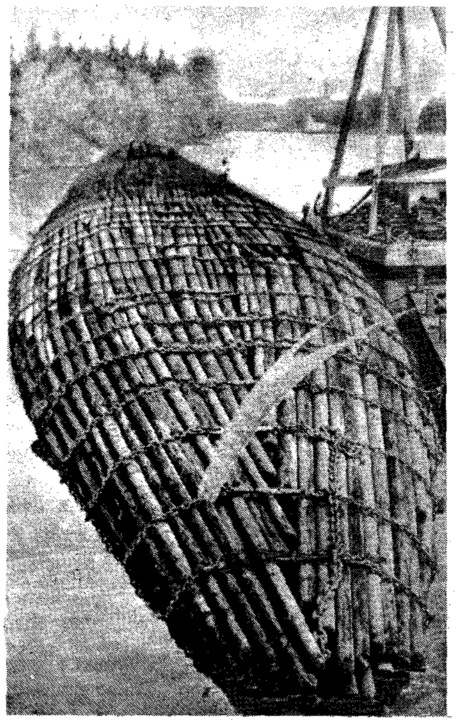
Does anyone have any information they could give me on the name Borwick? The Borwick I'm asking about invented a blood-letting knife called a Fleam sometime between 1835 and 1850.—Dale McCullar, Route 1, Box 422, St. Helens, Oregon 97051

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

ays and the photo was probably taken i "Ebey Slough" just southeast of verett, Washington. Lots of boats still se this water.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Venatchee, Washington 98801

Log raft of 8,000,000 feet of timber.



Life in Navajo Country

Dear Joe:

I have just finished reading Gladwell Richardson's "The Last Christmas" in he January 1970 FRONTIER TIMES and I must say it left me with an acute eeling of nostalgia. I am an Arizonian and I am very familiar with the part of he Navajo Indian Reservation that Mr. Richardson speaks of in his story and I am old enough to have experienced some of the happenings he tells about, such as Christmases that were celebrated in the remote parts of the reservation during he early days.

The reader who has never visited he Navajo Indian Reservation or had an opportunity to meet the early-day traders on the reservation can only have a faint impression of the conditions that existed in that strange and fantastic country forty and fifty years ago.

As Mr. Richardson says, roads were nonexistent in most areas. Trails, running in every direction, led to everywhere and nowhere, and the traveler could get lost in no time unless he or his guide knew the country. A lonely store such as Inscription Trading Post was like an oasis in the desert for it was at such places that a weary traveler could get supplies and a place to sleep and other assistance if needed.

The dollar was not the prime motivation. Many hungry or lost travelers found refuge at trading posts without paying a cent, and no Indian was ever turned away for the lack of money. And believe it or not, very few traders ever lost money by trusting the Indians to pay their bills.

More than anyone else, traders on the reservation, whose places of business were located in the most remote places imaginable, did more to placate the Navajos and gain their confidence than anyone else in the history of this nation. That includes the cavalry, Indian agents, missionaries, government spokesmen and all the other people who attempted to influence them. The traders gained their respect and friendship and treated them as human beings and *men* and *women* and the Indians reciprocated with trust and respect. The traders were their advisors, doctors, nurses, suppliers of foodstuffs, interpreters, *real* friends and confidants.

Today a modern highway, the so-called Four-Corners Highway, takes the traveler through the remotest part of the Navajo country. It runs from the Four-Corners country (where the states of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado meet) to Tuba City and south to Flagstaff, Arizona, and such old and historic Indian villages and towns as Nezlah, Dinnehotse, Kayenta, Tsegi, Tonalea and Tuba City are along the route. Modern cars whiz along the highway and the traveler views scenes seen only by Indians, traders, Indian agents and a few adventurous souls prior to a few years ago when the modern highway was opened to traffic.

Few of the travelers of today have any special interest in the happenings of the past in that vast, lonely land which is often filled with untold hardships. The Navajos had no choice in the matter for that was the land the government elected they live on. Early day traders, being the pioneers they were, established roughshod trading posts where they thought it would be profitable and accepted life in the raw without complaint for they were a special breed of men and women.—Dewey Tidwell, Box 381, Morenci, Arizona 85540

Gentlemen:

In 1929 I was elected District Attorney of the old 29th Judicial District of Texas. My father had been District Attorney of that district from about 1902-1906 and had told me many interesting court stories of violations that occurred in Palo Pinto County. Until some few years after I served in this capacity the little old rock courthouse was still in use. Since that time it has been replaced and many of the stones in the old building were put into the new one.

I well remember an incident that occurred one afternoon sometime after court had adjourned for the day. I watched our Judge as he stepped out of the store just before dark and was making his way across the street which was also Highway 80. He was walking as if it were taking all the power he had to keep him from falling. About this time he bumped into an old post oak tree which had stood just north of the highway and south of the old courthouse and when this happened, he raised both hands and placed them above his head and on the trunk of this tree and slowly went around the tree and then stopped and

(Continued on page 72)

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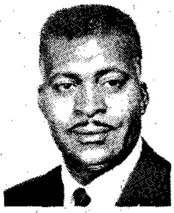

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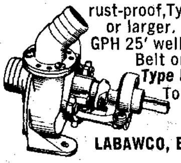

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

LABAWCO, Box 80 Belle Mead, N. J. 08502

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 69)

put his hands to his side and said, "Walled in, by God!"

I was fairly successful at the prosecution of every type of violation, especially theft. Except when Roy Creighton and John Moyer teamed up many times and really whipped my ears down in murder cases. They could think of more defenses, such as hip-pocket play, various threats which the deceased had made toward the defendant, and another they used very effectively and often—that the deceased had threatened and insulted some of the female relatives of the defendant.

There is one case particularly among many that I will always remember. A man was charged with stealing fifty registered white leghorn hens. Growing out of some transaction, he was charged with felony theft in that the chickens were alleged to be over the value of $50. One of these cases was a perfect case up to a certain point.

There was in Palo Pinto County a happy-go-lucky fellow by the name of Harland Owens. He was a son of ex-Sheriff Owens and a close friend of the accused. He took the stand and testified that he saw a stranger buy these chickens, then saw two strangers there, and then saw the buyer start toward Fort Worth with these chickens. The sheriff had proved that a man who appeared to be the size and who fit the general description of the defendant had sold these chickens to a poultry buyer in Fort Worth. The jury had a reasonable doubt of the defendant's guilt and so found.

The next week the state announced ready for trial and it reached the point where Harland Owens had to save his friend from the penitentiary if he was going to, and after reciting his story, the alibi, I asked him to please turn to the jury and tell them again what happened in so far as he was concerned.

He turned his chair to the jury and looked the jurors straight in the eye and told the same story. I then asked him if he had been to school. I asked him if he had learned a verse of "Mary had a little lamb" and he picked it up and went right on through giving it word for word. I then asked him if he learned another little verse or two for which he replied by giving each verse from memory.

I then asked him if he had lived in Palo Pinto County all his life, and he said that he had. Then I asked him if practically every man in the county knew him and he said they did.

I said, "Now, Harland, turn your face to the jury once more and tell them if it is not a fact that you are known as the biggest liar in Palo Pinto County," and they all began to object at once, but before you know it he answered, "Yes, that is a fact and I really oughter been a lawyer."

In all of my time as a lawyer, I have never seen a poor county practitioner razzed, laughed at, and ridiculed like the District Attorney suffered from that day. But the jury was out only a few minutes and returned a verdict of guilty.

I would never have thought of these things if I had not seen a short article in the January issue of your magazine of a lady who lives in California who told of a few things that happened in Palo Pinto County.

Gib Abernathy was sheriff of Palo Pinto County a long time. He was wounded, from which he never really fully recovered, in assisting in the arrest of a man near Strawn, Texas in 1928. He was succeeded by John Bonds who was also a fine man and wonderful sheriff. Although they did not use the same methods, each were very fine men.—Fred C. Chandler Sr., Box 1073, Ozona, Texas 76943

Al Hernig's Horse, Ink

Dear Mr. Small:

I have just finished reading a story about "Old Spook" by Harry E. Webb and about Al Hernig, a friend of mine.

I don't know anything about Old Spook, but I can tell you about Ink, a coal-black gelding that Al acquired for a saddle horse. Ink stood about fifteen hands and weighed about 1,000 pounds, and he would kick hell out of you and never give you a second look. Where Al acquired him, no one knows, but he really had Al buffaloed to the point where h told the stable boss to take the hors up to Pottstown, Pennsylvania and sel him. Just get him far away.

Phil and Eleanor Hoffman, friend and neighbors, were just beginning t turn to western riding, and Phi needed a horse. He heard Al had one fo sale so he looked at Ink and liked wha he saw. The stable boss warned Phil tha Ink was a kicker but Phil liked the hors and bought him.

Eleanor and Phil stabled in Bustletou a suburb of Philadelphia. One Sunday m wife and I took a ride there to look th horses over. As we walked in the stabl Phil warned me not to get too close t Ink's heels because he aimed like a mule He showed me where Ink had kicked a piece out of an 8'x8' stanchion about even with Phil's head, and Phil stood six feet

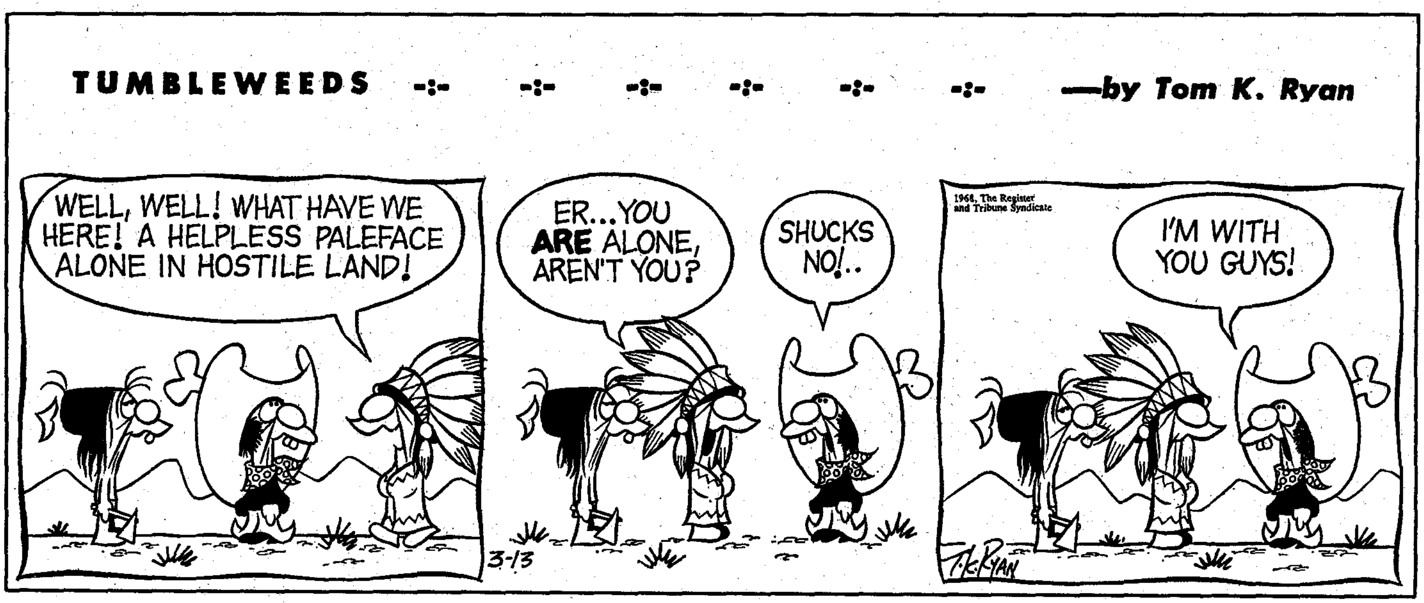
Phil figured Ink needed an education, so he got a club and put the fear of man in him. After that Ink would never raise a hoof with Phil, but strangers were warned against him.

Phil and Eleanor later moved to Mt. Holly, New Jersey where they raised Arabians for years. I haven't seen either of them since they moved, but my granddaughter in Mt. Holly knows them very well and says they are doing okay.

I knew Al Hernig in the early thirties when he rode in parades and at rodeos. His gear would make Col. Joe Miller's outfit look antique. He passed away from a heart attack several years ago. So passed another Eastern-Western rider. Western riding in the East is catching on fast.

In case anyone wonders why a Texan from Cleburne is stuck here, it's because I'm married to a Yankee who is is loyal to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania as I would be to Cleburne and Texas. I've been here nearly fifty years, and that is too damned long!

Joe, there isn't a magazine on the market that can hold a light to FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST and OLD WEST. Just keep them coming and I'll read them. I'm already looking forward to the next issue.—John "Tex" Cashion, 249 W. Sulis Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19120


TUMBLEWEEDS -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- —by Tom K. Ryan
WELL, WELL! WHAT HAVE WE HERE! A HELPLESS PALEFACE ALONE IN HOSTILE LAND!
ER...YOU ARE ALONE, AREN'T YOU?
SHUCKS NO!..
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1968, The Register and Tribune Syndicate
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T.K.RYAN

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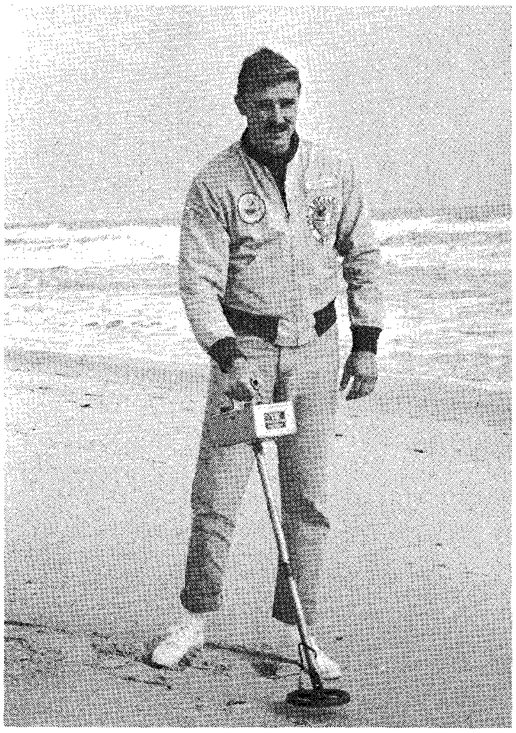
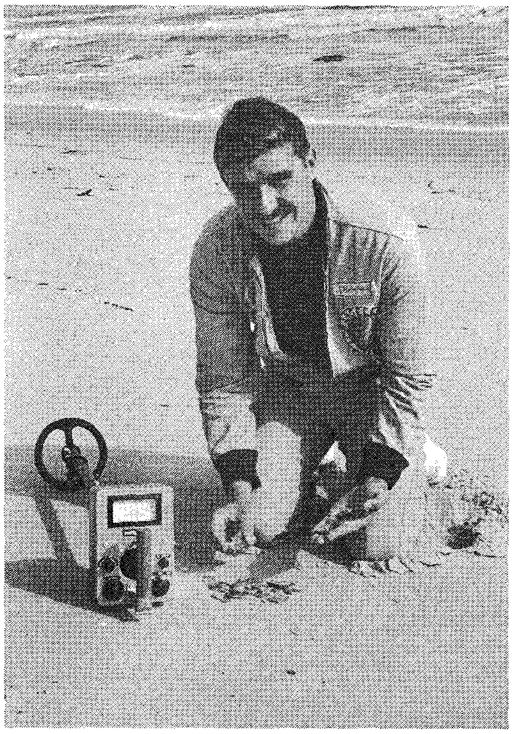


Robert Marx treasure hunting on Florida beach.



Robert Marx with coins found in less than 30 minutes with D-Tex Professional.

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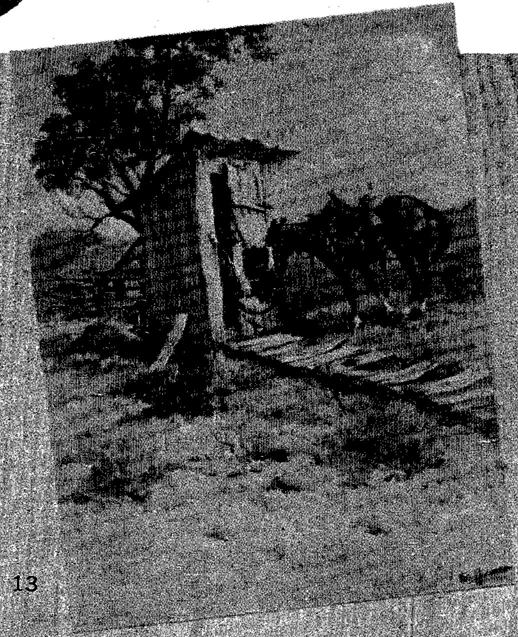
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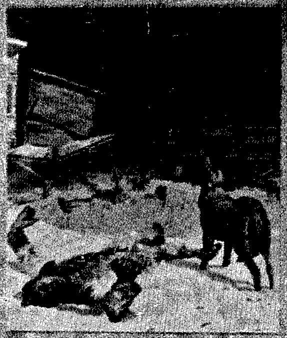
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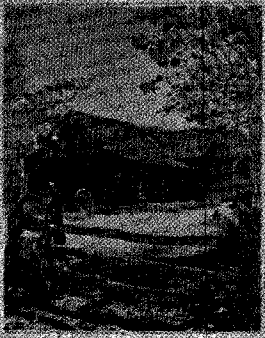
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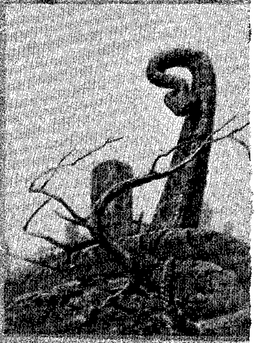
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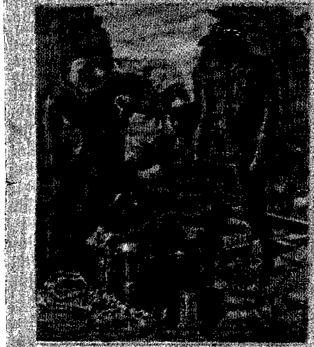
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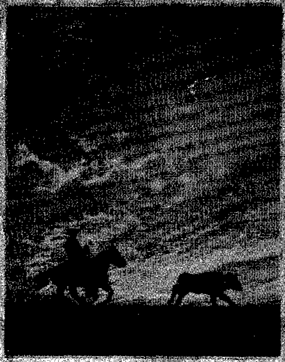
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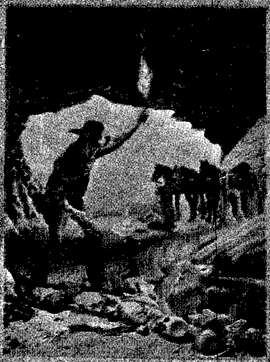
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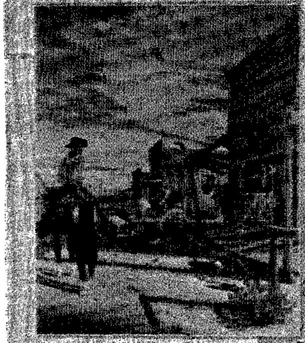
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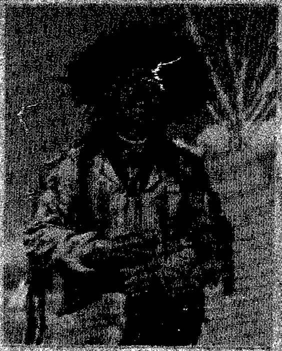
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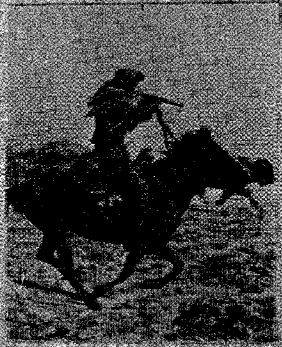
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